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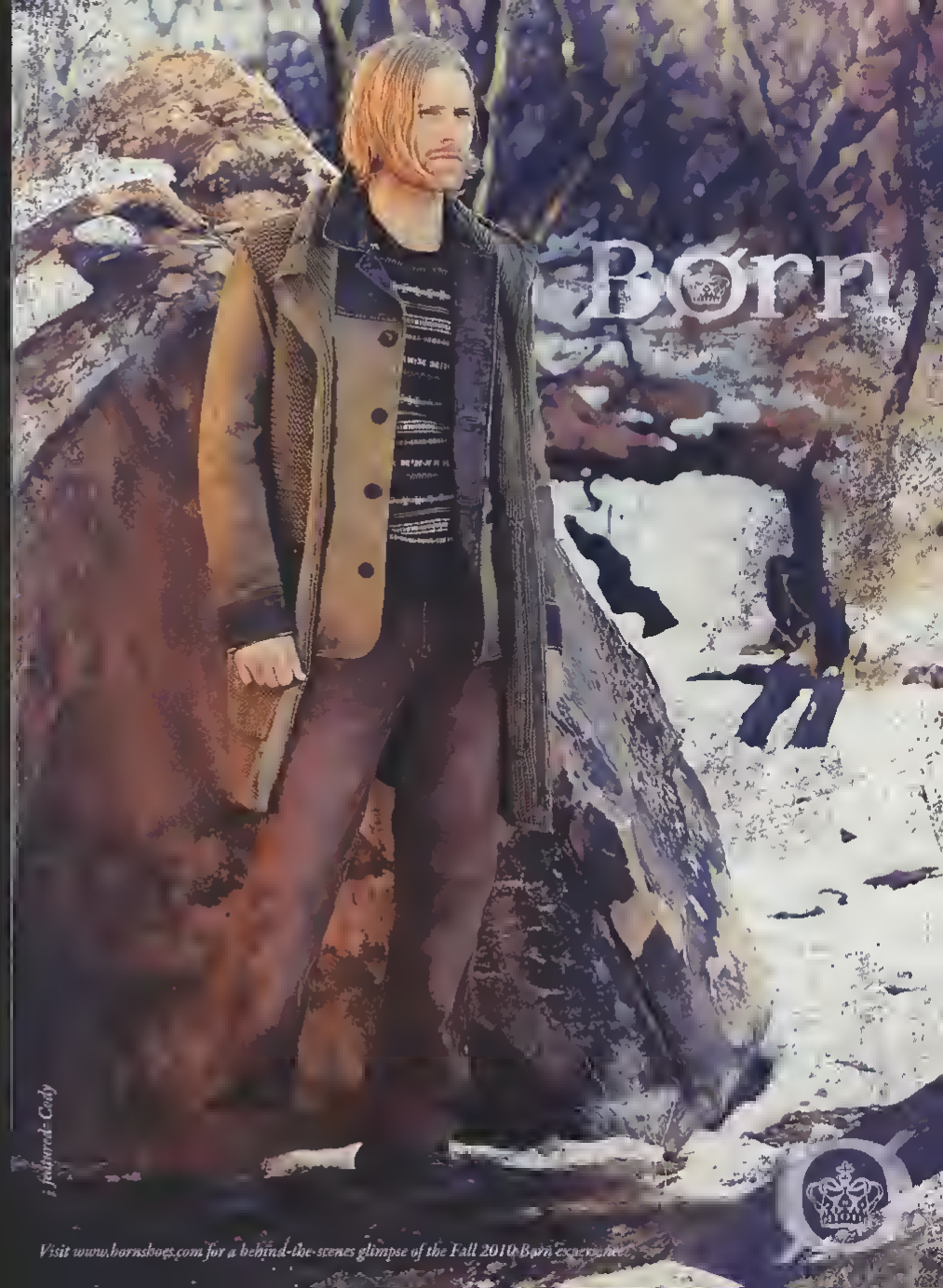


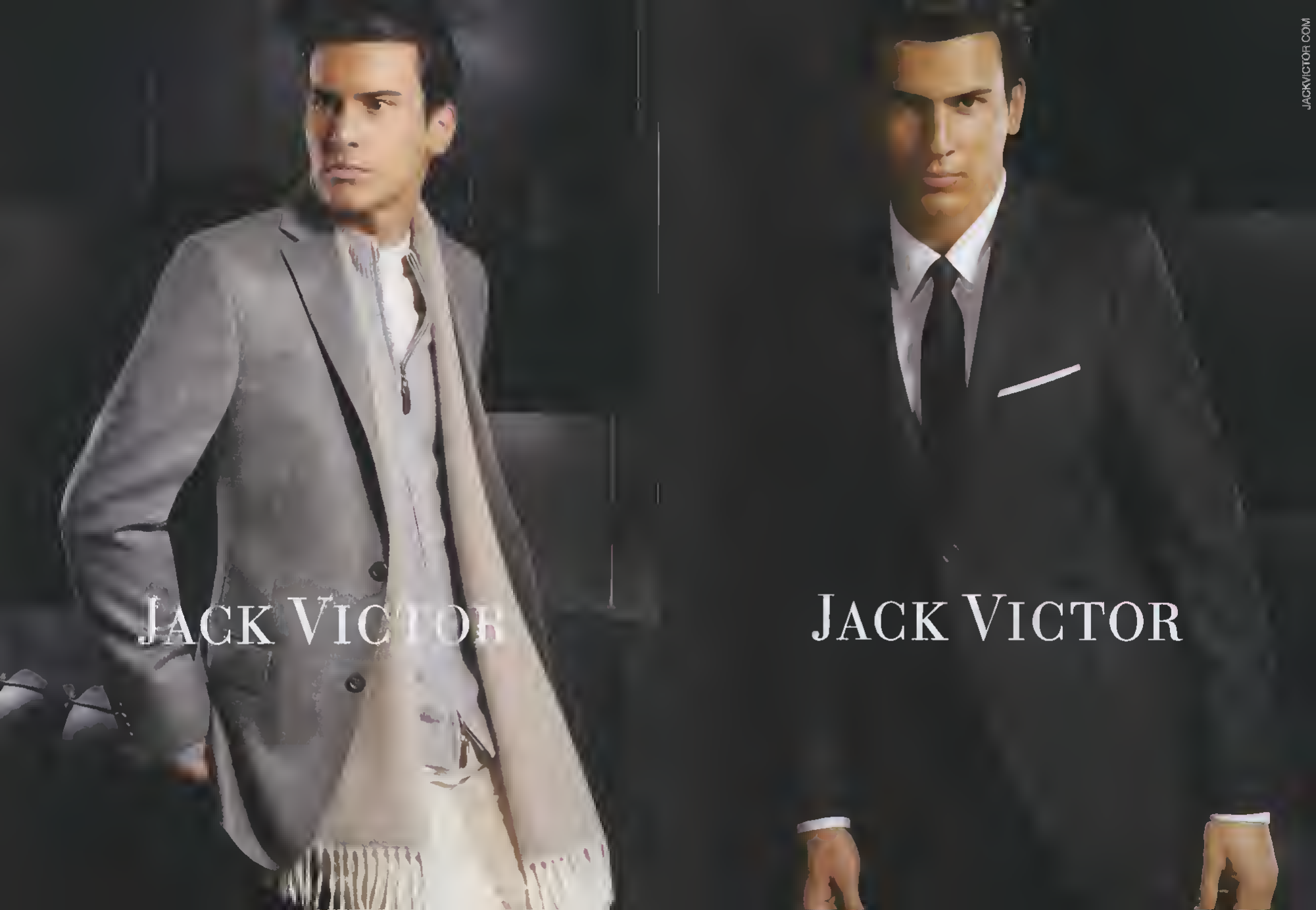
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By Tom Chiarella

PLUS:
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By Benjamin Percy

ON JAMES FRANCO
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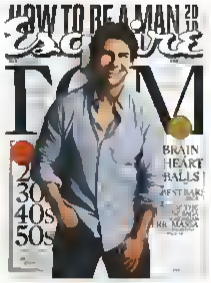
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THIS WAY IN

THE GOOD & THE BAD

This Month In This Way In: Your letters! pages 42, 44, 48, 50, and 52
(Another) funny joke from (another) beautiful woman page 50
What to expect in your sixties page 44. Why our grooming expert is running 250 miles—in eleven days page 50. Things you might not know about sex page 48. And even more James Frauen page 52



YOU LIKE HIM!

Our How to Be a Man issue featured actor, father, and occasional eccentric Tom Cruise on the cover. Cruise spoke about the influences—including greeting cards, minibikes, and Soul Train—that made him the man he is today ("The Fixer," June/July).

It's good to see that Cruise is a real guy with real roots. Reading this story was like spending time with a wise older brother. Thanks for getting the focus on his character and off tabloid hype.

DARRIN PODESCHI
Lake Oswego, Oreg.



SORT OF...

This is the first time I've finished an article on Cruise without thinking, Wow, what an unbelievably whacked-out, out-of-touch jackass. Congratulations.

DANIEL HARTZ
San Francisco, Calif.

...AND ONLY SOME OF YOU

You pictured Cruise under the title "How to Be a Man." In my opinion, the two are mutually exclusive.

JOHN SILVERS
Loveland, Colo.

Please. The only Cruise we want to see is Katie Holmes.

MICHAEL WEAVER
New Orleans, La.

LUMPS, VASECTOMIES, AND WHY DR. OZ SCARES NILS WETTERLIND

The June/July issue included a comprehensive guide to maintaining the things you need your brain, your heart, and your balls ("The Vital Organs").

The section on balls finally pushed me to see a doctor about the lump I'd been ignoring on my testicle. It'll probably be another few weeks of tests and prodding before I really know what I'm up against, but I'm going into it more confident than I could imagine. Count me in as a lifetime subscriber. (It's the least I could do.) Hell, I may even take some of your fashion advice more seriously, as you obviously have better judgment than I do.

JUSTIN SCHMIDT
Phoenix, Ariz.

CONTEXT-FREE HIGHLIGHT FROM A LETTER WE WON'T BE RUNNING

"You may have shoes, but you will never *be* shoes."

What You Wrote About → *Best Bars in America* · *Tom Cruise* · *Congressmen Eric Massa* · *Your testicles* · *The eighties* · *Gay bikers*

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THIS WAY IN

[redacted]

Thank you for Chris Jones's insightful and hilarious article on getting a vasectomy ("Balls"). I've been contemplating getting snipped since the birth of my second daughter, and Jones's article completely put me at ease. It also nearly made me piss myself from laughing.

BRIAN WILKES
Helena, Ala.

I can't be the only one fed up with Dr. Mehmet Oz's constant scaremongering (i.e., if your heart rate isn't this, your chance of death doubles!). Oz—and Esquire—would perhaps be wise to remember that our chances of dying are exactly 100 percent, and that a leading cause of premature death is stress—often caused by fearmongering, to be sure.

NILS WETTERLIND
Bali, Indonesia

CONTEXT-FREE HIGHLIGHT FROM A LETTER WE WON'T BE RUNNING

"I hold the neighborhood record for consecutive free throws made on the basketball hoop at my parents' house."

HOW TO GROW UP

In case you needed direction "How a Man Ages... Or Should" (June/July) tracked the progress you should be making between the ages of eighteen and fifty-nine.

I really like your guide to being a man, but I disagree on two points: 1. You suggest that a man invest in his first real suit at twenty-one. I work at a college where I meet plenty of twenty-one-year-olds. For most of them, even a nice pair of slacks would be a giant leap forward. 2. You suggest that a twenty-three-year-old familiarize himself with Bob Dylan or Leonard Cohen. Both are overrated.

RYAN JOHNSON
Lansing, Mich.

Over thirty-five years, you've turned me on to many things: Gucci loafers in the seventies, Lafite in the eighties, and Cohiba Robustos in the nineties. So I was a bit dismayed that your guide ended at fifty-nine (my current age). Seems to me you guys have given up on us old f*ckers. I've got plenty of time, money, and energy left, so don't write me off.

ALAN LOPENA
Fair Haven, N.J.

Please see right. —Editors

[continued on page 48]

How a Man Continues to Age

YOUR 60s

Our recent guide to the specific transitions men should make as they get older ("How a Man Ages... Or Should," June/July) stopped at fifty-nine. This frustrated a few readers who are just concluding their fifties. For them, we offer this addendum.

AGE 60
Feeling neglected by magazines. ➡ Feeling appreciated by magazines.

AGE 61
Racquetball ➡ Soccer

AGE 62
Comedy Central ➡ The History channel

AGE 63
Right Guard ➡ Gold Bond.

AGE 64
Appreciating a couple more hours of sleep ➡ Appreciating the sunrise.

AGE 65
Watching *Antiques Roadshow* as entertainment. ➡ Watching *Antiques Roadshow* as a retirement plan.

AGE 66
Working for the Man ➡ Feeding the fish.

AGE 67
Reading labels for calorie content. ➡ Reading labels for fiber content.

AGE 68
Dressing up ➡ Dressing comfortably.

AGE 69
Trying to find things to talk about with other people ➡ Letting other people find things to talk about with you.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JAMES VICTORE, ABRIDGED

This month MoMA-exhibited artist and Esquire contributor James Victore releases his first book, Victore, or Who Died and Made You Boss? (Abrams Books, $40). In it he tells the stories behind his greatest works. The greatest of those greatest works (in our opinion, at least) are included below.



A sign Victore made and hung in the New York City subway as part of a guerrilla campaign against the city's own signs discouraging donations to panhandlers.



From a 1999 issue of *Mother Jones*, for which Victore was asked to create an imaginary poster on any topic. He chose the availability of handguns.



One of the many hand-drawn plates Victore created as mementos for friends or in exchange for a beer that were exhibited in a show called "Dirty Dishes."



Bar Related, as inscribed by Victore with the words of a new Stephen King story for the July 2009 issue of Esquire.



THIS WAY IN

A *Letter from the Editor*

WOW...



ARE THINGS BAD? Or are things good? In this magazine, as in our lives, we toggle back and forth on that question.

On one side of the ledger, when we send writers like Tom Chiarella to Haiti (as we did for last month's issue) or Tom Junod to the Gulf (on page 130), we address tragedies of immense impact, and in so doing we also address our sneaking suspicion that the problems we face as individuals and as a society are insurmountable. For months, the oil gushing into the Gulf was a daily metaphor for all the things we don't have the resources or the wherewithal to fix. From immigration to the economy to the unspeakable violence at our southern border to the ongoing struggles in Iraq and Afghanistan and on and on, one can feel as though no progress is being made. Especially when political representatives in state capitals and in Washington are as deadlocked as ours. One can feel as though we're stuck in a morass of our own making.

But then you consider your life. Eh. It's not so bad. The weather's been great. You did something fun this past weekend. The World Cup was pretty good to watch. Culturally, musically, stylistically, culinarily there are people committing thrilling acts of creation everywhere and every day.

And so it is with this month's issue. We find ourselves interested in everything across a broad spectrum. Having Francine Manukian (see left) ask several of the great female chefs in America to cook for us? Yes! Poetry (among many other things) about James Franco? Why not? The Encyclopedia of Now? The resurgence of classic values in men's fashion? The most charming actress on television? A new American novel of sweeping ambition? Shatner? A scientifical survey of the drinking habits of men?

And, of course, Newt Gingrich—as contradictory and possibly insane a figure as has ever fomented a political revolution, destroyed his own career, and, now, emerged resurgent and triumphant as the philosopher king of the conservative movement and a possible presidential candidate.

Wow.

The first story I ever edited by Tom Junod took place on the Gulf of Mexico. It was about oysters—oysters as a metaphor for postindustrial America, a shellfish and a country that we had besmirched to the point that the oysters in New Orleans could, on occasion, kill. Despite the danger, Tom ate the oysters and in that act affirmed that despite everything, it's all pretty damn good.

Esquire, like the lives we lead each day, is a little like that—a whipsaw between the worrisome and the wonderful. We're constantly amazed by the sadness and the delight inherent in our world, while trying to remain unconvinced by either.

—DAVID GRANGER

Esquire

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THE WOMEN BEHIND "EAT LIKE A MAN"

This month's "How to Eat Like a Man According to Women" (page 146) couldn't have happened without the work of our food writer Francine Maroukian (top left) and the six gracious chefs pictured along with her.



THIS WAY IN

[continued from page 44]

A MAN IN CRISIS

Also in June/July articles editor Ryan DAgostino presented a haunting portrait of former congressman Eric Massa ("The Congressman's Secret") Before his resignation amid scandal Massa came to Esquire with a story about what he said was a potential coup d'état He alleged that Dick Cheney was attempting to recruit General David Petraeus to run for president potentially putting him in the position of running against his own commander in chief

It's great journalism when you can tell the story of Eric Massa in a way that makes us abhor him and feel sympathy for him at the same time

CHRISTOPHER RUFFOLO
Alexandria, Va

Regarding the "coup," so what if Petraeus had political ambitions? Has Massa never heard of George B McClellan, the former general-in-chief of the Union Army who ran unsuccessfully against President Abraham Lincoln, the commander in chief, in 1864? We've had a number of former generals elected to the office of president, none of which resulted in a constitutional crisis.

SCOTT RYE
Mobile, Ala

CONTEXT FREE HIGHLIGHT FROM A LETTER WE WON'T BE RUNNING

"At twenty-five I was one of the top fourteen mink designers in the world."

THE MAKING OF DR. DEATH

For years writer at large Chris Jones's father John took on the burden of other people's horrors. In the June/July issue he finally got to tell his own tales—to his son ("The Madness of Men")

I would never wish pain on anyone, but if pain helped to form a man like John Jones, well, wow Best article you've ever published.

MARTY VAN TOL
Courtenay, British Columbia

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As gleaned from the amusingly crude, absurd and occasionally hilarious new book cowritten by frequent Esquire contributor Mike Sacks Sex Our Bodies Our Junk (Broadway Books, $19)

1. The male sex pheromone is most closely replicated by the scent of a spicy chicken sandwich from Wendy's
2. Since 1964, there have been seven documented cases of women impregnated by waterslides.
3. Soft kissing is a natural diuretic
4. Up until 1953, a good long stare was considered "getting to second base."



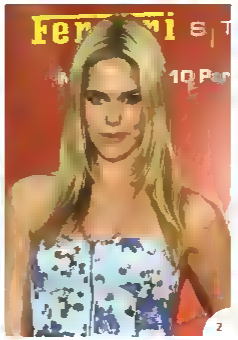
"Subtle and sensual, a fragrance should be an aura that surrounds us."
Giorgio Armani

ARMANI code

Lift here
to discover
ARMANI code

DILLARD'S


1


2


3


4


5


6


7


8

1 2010 Ferrari California 2 Actress and Model Byrdie Bell 3 Actor Zach Braff 4 Actresses Kiera Chaplin and Serena Merriman with Sabine Heller 5 The Ferrari Showroom and the New Ferrari 458 Italia 6 Actor Justin Theroux 7 The Ferrari Store of New York 8 Actor Matthew Settle

THE FERRARI STORE OF NEW YORK LAUNCH

The Ferrari Store of New York officially opened its doors with a private VIP reception—unveiling a retail space with an array of branded apparel and lifestyle products. The 2 000 square foot space is situated on the corner of Park Avenue and 55th street in New York City and is adjacent to the Ferrari Showroom.

Hollywood actors Zach Braff, Kiera Chaplin, Justin Theroux along with fashion designer Prabal Gurung and a host of New York's elite turned out to celebrate the occasion. On display throughout the event were relevant cars in Ferrari's history, a 1959 250 California and a 1984 GTO, together with the brand new 458 Italia, the Ferrari California, the 612 Scaglietti, and the special limited 599 GTO.

The Ferrari Store aims at becoming a strong element of attraction for the Ferrari brand as it pays homage to its 60 year history of racing and luxury.

For more information, visit: www.ferrari.com

Ferrari STORE

BY INVITATION ONLY

THIS WAY IN



How to Run 250 Miles, Part 1

In November our grooming expert, Radnay Cutler, will run from the coast of Kenya to the top of Mount Kilimanjaro to raise money for a children's hospital. (To donate, go to shoe4africa.org.) And over the next few months, he'll be testing gear for it in This Way In. First up: grooming.



Jack Black Jack's Dry Goods powder ($18, getjackblack.com)
Running can lead to chafing which leads to pain, sometimes blood. If you want neither, or it's just a hot day, shake this onto anything you really care about.



Mission Skincare Anti-Sting Sunscreen SPF 30+ Facestick ($9; mission-skincare.com)
I can't stop to rub on lotion every time I need more sunscreen. Facestick is sweat proof and simple to apply—even while running.

WE'RE STARTING TO THINK TEXANS ENJOY DRINKING

The June/July issue included our fifth annual collection of the best places to drink in the United States ("Esquire's Best Bars in America").

You missed a small treasure. Rio 24 is a fine cigar bar in an upscale area north of Houston. It is extremely well ventilated, the atmosphere is dark and ambient, and the staff will help you perfectly pair your cigars with your drinks. No other bar comes close.

ZACH SCARDINO
Conroe, Tex

Lee Harvey's is a crazy little bar with a huge front yard in southern Dallas. It is nestled in a pretty shady part of town, where razor wire fills the air, but it offers a great gruff-roadhouse atmosphere. On the weekends you get live music on the large front porch, and in fall, winter, and early spring you'll find roaring firepits and s'mores. You can even bring your dog.

BILL CROSS
Dallas, Tex

You missed out on two great bars. The first is Anvil in Houston, homemade infused liquors, more than a hundred cocktails on the menu, legit egg whites whipped in front of you, and the best Sazerac I've ever had. And there's Lala's in Austin. Christmas-themed, preserved exactly as it was in the seventies, with a kick-ass jukebox.

KARLENE BERGER
Austin, Tex.

TWO VIEWS ON DRINKING

"Esquire's Best Bars in America" also included a complaint against the inherent stinginess of the measured pour and a case for the weak drink.

Regarding writer at large Tom Chiarella's endorsement of the weak drink, I agree with him that thinking "the more booze, the better" is misguided. But I believe that a drink must always be stiff. You should be able to taste the devil lurking in your tumbler, and you should know that as a man, you have the power to consume him—not the other way around.

PATRICK CUNNINGHAM
Phoenix, Ariz.

For five years, I have tried to articulate to my girlfriend exactly what David Granger stated in "The Complaint: The Measured Pour." Give me a drink, not a splash! I'm there to have a nice drink, and I'll pay for it. Otherwise, tell me of an establishment close by where I don't feel ripped off.

LOU SCHECHTER
Baltimore, Md.

AN OLIVE BRANCH

June/July's Man at His Best included a beautiful woman, Yaya DaCosta, but not a monthly staple. Funny Joke from a Beautiful Woman: Quite a few of you felt slighted. So for those guys—for all of us, really—this month has two funny jokes and two equally beautiful women. (For the other, see page 68.)



As told by Aly Michalka: A cop approaches a man he's just pulled over after a long chase and says, "It's Friday, and it's the end of my shift. I don't feel like doing any more paperwork, so if you can give me an excuse I haven't heard before, you can go."

The guy thinks for a second and says, "Last week my wife ran off with a cop. I was afraid you were trying to give her back."

"Have a nice weekend," the officer says.

About the jokester: *After getting her start on the Disney Channel (and onstage as half of sugary pop-duo Aly & A.J.), Aly Michalka has taken a transitional step toward her adult career: the CW This fall, the twenty-one-year-old California native stars in Hellcats as a feisty student forced to join the cheerleading squad in order to keep her scholarship. It's a role you could say she was born into, considering that her mom is a former Raiderette. Lucky for Michalka, her future is a little more promising than the Raiders'.*

CONTEXT-FREE HIGHLIGHT FROM A LETTER WE WON'T BE RUNNING

"I highly recommend you interview and photograph my two children."

WE ALSO WOULD HAVE ACCEPTED CAROL ALT, THE OREGON TRAIL, OR EVEN SLAP BRACELETS

Every month I look forward to Stephen Marche's "A Thousand Words About Our Culture." But his thoughts on the eighties (June/July) made me angry. While the decade did have its low points, there was plenty to counterbalance them. Tom Cruise in *Risky Business*, Huey Lewis and the News, and the decline of communism, to name a few. Our current culture is far more screwed up than the eighties ever were.

RYAN DEVLIN
Syracuse, N.Y.

SAME GOES FOR TANDEM BIKES

The "List of Things *Not* to Do Before You Die" (June/July) included "ride on a motorcycle with your arms



THIS WAY IN

wrapped around another man's waist" and "voluntarily see *Sex and the City 2*." I am usually pretty laid-back, but these homophobic swipes angered me. I and my motorcycle-riding boyfriend now have one more thing not to do before we die: give money to your magazine.

JEFF SEAMAN
New Hope, Pa.

Sorry, but regardless of your feelings for the person in front of you, there's just no dignity in riding on the back of a motorcycle. Especially if you're on your way to see a movie as terrible as Sex and the City 2. *—Editors*

TANDOORI FOR CARLTON

In "The Way to Cook Fish" (Man at His Best, June/July), there was one missing element in Eric Ripert's recipe: where to find tandoori powder. I didn't find it at a local or specialty national grocer. Maybe at an Indian specialty food store?

CARLTON URBAN
Tampa, Fla.

An Indian specialty food store would definitely carry it. We can say definitely because our intern Eve checked, and India Bazaar on West Waters Avenue in Tampa has some waiting for you. —Editors

ELSEWHERE IN THE BIN

Nick Sullivan's style advice is always helpful, and it is good to know that rubber soles, with their extra traction, are acceptable on dress shoes ("Ask Nick Sullivan," June/July). However, if your well-shod feet may face the prospect of dancing, then the graceful glide of leather soles are a better choice.

MARK WEAVER
Mexico, Mo.

I have a suggestion for the Vocabulary (Man at His Best): *grill anxiety*. It's when men constantly fret over how food is or isn't cooking properly on the grill. One of the symptoms is frequently lifting the lid to poke around. It is also characterized by spending an unnecessary amount of time worrying about the order in which food is put on the grill and what to do with food that finishes cooking before the rest. The condition is treatable only by gaining grilling experience. Or by consuming more alcohol.

JOHN F. WHALEN
Albuquerque, N.Mex.

CONTEXT-FREE HIGHLIGHT FROM A LETTER WE WON'T BE RUNNING

"If you haven't already checked out the U.S. Pole Dance Federation, you might want to."

A few days ago, my girlfriend demanded that I shave because my stubble was irritating her skin. That was the last thing I wanted to do—until she said she'd read me something from Esquire while I shaved. It was the most generous thing anyone has ever offered to do for me. So I shaved, slowly and carefully, as the most beautiful woman I know read me Answer Fella (Man at His Best). I was flooded by how much it meant to me. I thanked her, and now I am thanking you.

JOHN SPIGGLE
Rochester, N.Y.

Letters to the editor may be mailed to The Sound and the Fury, P.O. Box 1704, Sandusky, Ohio 44870. Also, Esquire encourages the use of e-mail (to editor@esquire.com or via the Web at esquire.com/talk) and fax (212-649-4305). Include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. For subscription questions, please go to service.esquire.com.

How to Be Stylish, Internet Edition

To coincide with our style issue, the Style Blog (esquire.com/the-style-blog) will host an extravaganza of complementary (and complimentary!) fashion advice. A brief guide:



If it's possible to celebrate fabric, we're doing it on page 176, where we showcase the most important cloths this season, along with how to wear them. The celebration continues online.



On page 174, we deconstruct the Dolce & Gabbana suit on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of its men's-wear collection. Accompanying the deconstruction is insight from the founders, which is kind of like what you'll find in the survey of designers from around the world that we'll be posting in September.



If you're a fan of the dark classically tailored suits on runways this fall (worn by Mark Ronson on pages 162 to 173), follow the Style Blog's up-to-the-minute reports from Fashion Week in New York, starting September 9. There will also be runway women, in case you're a fan of those, too.

JAMES FRANCO, TWO MORE WAYS

This month we take a look at prolific cover subject James Franco from five perspectives—as a profile, a short story, a memoir, an art exhibition, and even a poem (page 122). At esquire.com/franco-video you can find two more:



As a video: Franco's brother Dave is also an actor. So we gave them an assignment. Interview each other.



As a living art exhibit: For her exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, performance artist Marina Abramović sat in a chair in the museum every day for seven weeks. Across from her was a chair on which patrons could sit. Franco stopped by to participate and was filmed as part of a larger documentary, *Marina*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARCO ANELLI, COURTESY SEAN KELLY GALLERY, NEW YORK



THIS WAY IN

THE BEST DRESSED REAL MAN IN AMERICA

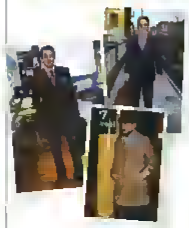
OUR ANNUAL SEARCH for superlative style brought us nearly two thousand submissions, and we are happy to report that only a few involved jean shorts or sports jerseys. The rest of our contestants—especially the finalists, chosen by our editors for their originality and attention to detail—prove there's more than one way to dress well.

ARGEL RAMOS REAL ESTATE AGENT • 29 • MIAMI



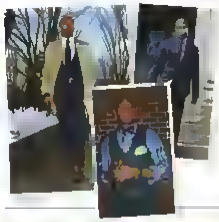
HOW HE GOT HERE: By following a path of what he calls eclectic elegance. "The elegance part is wearing a custom suit with a nice spread-collar shirt. Then the eclectic part comes in—like my glasses."
HE'S GOT TO KEEP UP: "Most of my clients are high-net worth people, so I can't just walk in with a button down shirt that has like five buttons open."
HE WOULD'VE'VE BEEN CAUGHT IN: "A short-sleeved dress shirt with a tie."
STYLE ICON: "Domenico Vacca is the coolest person in the world. Just look ing at the way that he and other Italians dress, it's a huge inspiration."

ROBERT ROSSICONE TEACHER • 33 • NEW YORK CITY



HOW HE GOT HERE: By staying true to his roots. "Brooklyn has a kind of edge to it. I grew up in a blue-collar family, so I dress a little rough around the edges, but I still put it all together well. My tailor who makes most of my clothes is a local guy, an Italian guy, a Brooklyn guy. That's who I am. You dress for who you are."
ON THE THICK TO A GOOD HEAD: "Trim underneath the neckline, brush it out if you can, and trim above the lip. And try to keep it free of cheeseburgers and peanut butter and jelly."
STYLE IDOL: Fred Astaire. "When I saw how this guy carried himself and how he dressed, I thought, 'Why can't I?'"

SAOIR PEELE COLLEGE ADMISSIONS COUNSELOR • 24 • COLLEGEVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA



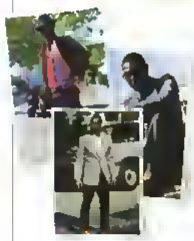
HOW HE GOT HERE: By being chosen fan favorite by online voters and by being smart with his money. "People always describe my style as a little bit more upscale, and they say, 'Oh man, you must spend lots of money on your clothes.' But I don't spend a lot. I have a trench coat that usually costs $150, but I found it on eBay for $30. You've got to be willing to search for good fashion."
ON TEACHING THE OLD TIMERS A FEW TRICKS: "I'm known for wearing a lot of purple. A lot of older guys, especially where I work, say, 'I would never have worn a purple gingham shirt with that three piece suit, but you made it look nice.'"
STYLE IDOL: Sammy Davis Jr.

ZEPR COLOMBATTO STUDENT • 20 • NEW YORK CITY



HOW HE GOT HERE: By being versatile. "For me, great style is something that can cross over from really formal outfits to really relaxed and casual ones. I think it's all about finding little tricks of the trade that set you apart."
SUCH AS? "Recently I've been playing with bright reds and pinks a lot, and it all goes back to the attitude. It's like, 'Yeah, I'm wearing pink. You going to mess with me?'"
AND ANOTHER THING: "Really know your fit. That means going to the tailor, getting the proper fit in the shoulders so it's not falling off of you and yet not look ing three sizes too small with your shoulders bulging out."

WALE OYEJIDE ATTORNEY • 29 • PHILADELPHIA



HOW HE GOT HERE (PART ONE): By learning to just go for it. "It's all about conviction. If you wear a fedora and take yourself seriously, people will take you seriously wearing a fedora."
HOW HE GOT HERE (PART TWO): "It started because my wife, who was my girlfriend at the time, told me that my roommate was dressed better than me. Which was a huge blow. So I got some magazines and it was basically an A-to-Z type of thing."
ON THE UPSIDE TO BEING A LAWYER: "I was a starving-artist indie musician before I went to law school. I had records out, but it wasn't getting me the fly new wing tips that I like to wear."

THEY'VE ALL GOT STYLE. BUT THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE BEST DRESSED REAL MAN IN AMERICA. VISIT ESQUIRE.COM/BDRM TO FIND OUT WHO WINS.

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AND ACADEMY AWARD®-WINNING DIRECTOR MARTIN SCORSESE

ATLANTIC CITY, 1920

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outlaws became kings.

BOARDWALK
EMPIRE

SERIES PREMIERE SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 9PM
HBO

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MaHB

MAN AT HIS BEST

THE VOCABULARY

TERMS AND IDEAS YOU WILL ENCOUNTER IN THE PAGES THAT FOLLOW. GREAT FOR CONVERSATION



Fig 1

the grooming paradox *n* A LOGICAL INCONGRUITY IN WHICH A MAN MAY BE MOCKED FOR GROOMING CERTAIN PARTS OF HIS BODY BUT ALSO MOCKED FOR NOT GROOMING THEM (E.G., TOENAILS, FINGERNAILS) (SEE PAGE 76)

CANADIAN *adj* "Sleepy and prudent" (SEE PAGE 78)

Fig 2
Words and phrases a man should never say, nos. 59 to 63



Words to use in polite company when describing a weird-tasting quality in food



Fig 3

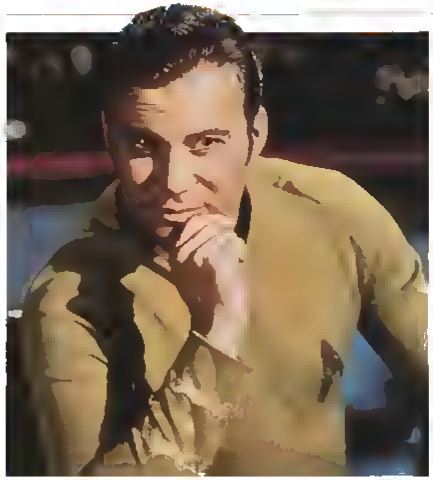


Fig 4

SHATNERIAN EASE *n* A quality that famous people possess, allowing them to be perfectly comfortable with their inability to do simple things, such as type. (SEE PAGE 62)

HOGO *n* A vaguely spoiled flavor possessed by certain rums (SEE PAGE 72)



Fig 5

lorreian *adj* SUBSCRIBING TO A BELIEF ESPOUSED BY CHUCK LORRE, CREATOR OF SUCCESSFUL SITCOMS (*ROSEANNE, GRACE UNDER FIRE, DHARMA & GREG, TWO AND A HALF MEN, THE BIG BANG THEORY*) THAT VALUES SUCCESS OVER ACCLAIM (SEE PAGE 60)

TRANSFERABLE INTERESTS *n* Things that are marketed to women but that should be—from time to time and without shame—enjoyed by men, such as a pint of Chubby Hubby, a foot massage, light green paint for the bathroom, a little Joy Behar, etc. (SEE PAGE 58)

EUPHEMISM OF THE MONTH

SNIFFING THE PHEROMONES *v* 1. Responding to chemicals excreted during a sexual situation. 2. Gauging the delicate mood shifts of people around you. (SEE PAGE 82)

LOW — HIGH
▲ REQUIREN EMOTIONAL COMMITMENT ▲



Will Arnett, Steve Buscemi, Michael Chiklis.

SHOWS A MAN SHOULD WATCH

...Or at least the only new ones we're DVR-ing this season

HAWAII FIVE-0 Considering the history of classic-TV-show remakes (*The Fugitive, Knight Rider*), *Hawaii Five-0* already has one big strike against it. But those other shows didn't have Scott Caan. At 34, Caan finally plays more than just a thug. Caan's hard-edged Danno exhibits authentic emotions and provides comic and dramatic relief to a mostly one-dimensional foil—a former naval officer turned governor-appointed task-force leader myopically focused on finding the man who killed his father. *Mondays at 10:00 P.M. on CBS.*

BOARDWALK EMPIRE In Martin Scorsese's new HBO series *Boardwalk Empire*, Steve Buscemi plays the de facto political boss of Atlantic City during the dawn of Prohibition. He's involved in everything: glad-handing, gaming, bootlegging, and the violence and women that come along with those things. Like almost every role Buscemi has ever played, his character is neither likable nor despicable. Like all his memorable characters, Buscemi plays the miserable hero. A guy so desperate, so uncomfortable, so disappointed in virtually everyone else around him that you can't help but root for him—no matter how many people he orders killed, no matter how badly he treats his mistress. *Sundays at 9:00 P.M. on HBO.*

MIKE & MOLLY The newest sitcom from the guy responsible for *Two and a Half Men* and *The Big Bang Theory* (see page 60), only this time the main characters are fat. Mike, a Chicago cop, meets Molly, an elementary-school teacher, at an Overeaters Anonymous meeting—and then falls and crushes a snack table, as nervous, endearing fat people apparently do all the time. Gags like that make you wince, but the speeches at the OA meetings amount to good stand-up. *Mondays at 9:30 P.M. on CBS.*

THE EVENT When the president finds out his government has been detaining a group—foreigners? aliens? they don't immediately say—in a remote location in Alaska, he decides he's going to shut it down. This decision sets off kidnappings, hijackings, assassination attempts, and some kind of space portal, all in a way that's loosely connected and barely explained. At first. As with *Lost*, you're better off once you stop trying to understand everything. It's best to appreciate *The Event* for what it is: a fast-paced meandering thriller that's mastered the end-of-episode →

Shows Women Watch (But That You Might Also Enjoy)

Because sometimes you have no choice

The Joy Behar Show
The thing about *The Joy Behar Show* is that the world would be just fine without it. We don't need any more interviews with marginal news makers or assorted C-list celebrities. But the thing about Behar—and what makes her no bullshit, get a load-of this shtick so watchable (and funny) night after night—is that she knows it and treats her guests accordingly.

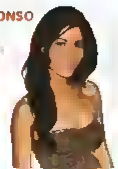
Cougar Town
Once you get past the name—which its cocreator Bill Lawrence has more or less admitted is the worst naming job since *Pootie Tang*—you realize this isn't a show about desperate middle-aged women at all. It's a show about desperate middle-aged people, men and women, who sit around and get drunk and make dirty jokes about one another's sex lives. And it's funny in the same zany, *seriously?* way that Lawrence's last show, *Scrubs*, was funny during its first few seasons.

"Hot Topics" on The View
Whoop! "Here's a story about some shit." Joy: "Wow, that's some crazy shit." Elisabeth: "As a patriotic American, I believe in that shit." Barbara: "I once did that shit with Anwar Sadat." Sherri: "What is shit?" It's a mesmerizing ballet of passion and ignorance.

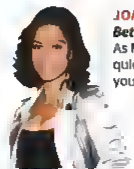
—RICHARD DORMENT

SOME NEW FACES

DANIELLA ALONSO
My Generation
As Brenda Serra: no, high school overachiever turned lawyer



GUGU MBATHA-RAW
Undercovers
As Samantha Bloom, caterer turned CIA agent.



JOANNA GARCIA
Better with You
As Mia, the ditzy quick-to-get-engaged younger sister



PROMOTION

Raise Your
Party Potential





Meet Juan Vega, the winner of the Heineken Choose Your Lineup Wisely Program. Juan made his party memorable with good music, good beer, good eats, and, most important, good people. Let's hear a little more from him:

WHAT CITY/STATE DO YOU LIVE IN?
I live in Deer Park, New York.

WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING?
I am a senior project manager in Farmingdale, New York.

WHAT APPEALS TO YOU ABOUT HEINEKEN IN PARTICULAR?
What I LOVE most about Heineken is the refreshing and unique taste. I have tried all kinds of beers over the years, and Heineken is by far the best. I also enjoy watching Heineken's commercials—the one with the wife showing her girlfriends the walk-in closet and the husband showing his walk-in cooler filled with Heineken is my favorite.

HOW MANY PEOPLE ATTENDED YOUR BARBECUE? DID YOU AND YOUR WIFE PLAN IT TOGETHER?
We had about fifty family members and friends present. And of course I served Heineken. I always do at all my parties and barbecues. All of my friends and family know that I love Heineken . . . I honestly always have.

YOU USED HEINEKEN DECORATIONS TO SET THE THEME. HAVE YOU BEEN ADDING TO YOUR COLLECTION OVER THE YEARS OR WAS IT ALL PURCHASED FOR THIS PARTY?
The Heineken decorations are all things that I have purchased over the years. I have been collecting them to one day finish my basement and build my HEINEKEN BAR.

WHAT WAS YOUR FAVORITE PART OF HAVING A HEINEKEN PARTY?
The best part of the party was that every guest brought Heineken, since they all know I love the beer.



Please visit EnjoyHeinekenResponsibly.com
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← cliff hanger (and the use of the sublime Sarah Roemer) *Mondays at 9:00 P.M. on NBC*

RUNNING WILDE The good news about *Running Wilde* is also the bad news about *Running Wilde*. It was created by the same guy responsible for *Arrested Development* (Mitch Hurwitz) and stars one of the same guys from *Arrested Development* (Will Arnett) in a very similar role (buffoon). Which is to say it feels very much like *Arrested Development*; it's infused with the same subtle, surprising, and unique humor as its predecessor. That's bad news, though, because *Arrested Development* had a hard time finding an audience. But that was seven years ago. Maybe now we're ready for Steve Wilde, an emotionally infantile rich man who pines for a long-lost love from his youth, Emmy, a do-gooder played by Keri Russell who moves from the Amazon rain forest to Wilde's backyard in the hopes of helping him become a better person. At least we should be ready. *Tuesdays at 9:30 P.M. on Fox*

NO ORDINARY FAMILY In this post-*Heroes* superhero drama, a family of four gains superhuman powers after a plane crash in the Amazon. It's the kind of show you watch with your kids or your cousins in from out of town or the kid you're mentoring in the Big Brother program. It's not a great show, but it's a sturdy show. And it wouldn't be if it weren't for Michael Chiklis, who is the most underrated American television actor working today. This show has a ridiculous premise, but Chiklis makes you want to believe



How to Make a Successful But Critically Ignored Sitcom

***A lot of people,** including many critics, say they don't like Chuck Lorre's sitcoms. But with nearly 18 million weekly viewers tuning in to his current shows—Two and a Half Men and The Big Bang Theory—his grasp on what America likes to watch is undeniable. Over his 28 year career Lorre's written for and created some of the most successful (and mostly unheralded) shows on television: Roseanne, Grace Under Fire, Cybill, Dharma & Greg. Now he adds another to that list: Mike & Molly (see page 58), about an overweight Chicago couple. We asked him for some insight into his methods.*

–PETER MARTIN

•MARE TRE STORY EMALL.
"Stories should be about these characters trying to make it through the day. The obstacles in [their] path—that's where the comedy comes from. You can start any story with the seven deadly sins. We all fall prey to those."

•RUMOR IZ ECCORDARY.
"If you start with a joke, it never can rise above glib."

•NO LAURA TRACRE
"I didn't use one on *Roseanne* 20 years ago, and I'm not doing it now. I have a live audience that comes in to watch the show. If they don't laugh in the silence you can hear your career going by. We rewrite the material on the spot or cut it. If it's not funny in front of 200 human beings, it's probably not funny at home."

•NO AR-LIBRING.
"We do 24 shows a year and actors are going to ad lib their way to success? I don't think so."

•DON'T ACRROWLEDRE POP CULTURE.
"Remember the Newt Gingrich jokes on *Murphy Brown*? You can feel the dust blowing off of them."

•REVER PANNER.
"The job is about guessing and hoping you're making the right guess. How the fuck do I know what the audience wants? Because I spoke to a guy on a train? Does that guy represent 15 million people? I doubt it."

•RET TRE RIGRT PROPE.
"You have to keep a ukulele on your desk when you write sitcoms. It's important so people respect you."

•IT'S RETTER TO BE SUCCESSFUL THAN ACCLAIMED.
Because you want to keep working."

Tuesdays at 8:00 P.M. on ABC

UNDERCOVERS *Lost* producer J.J. Abrams's new show is about a married couple who run a successful catering business in Los Angeles—when they're not completing missions for the CIA. It's not as bad as it sounds, but it really wouldn't matter if it were. You'll be watching this for Gugu Mbatha-Raw, a British actress basically unknown here who is even more beautiful than her name is hard to pronounce. It's she—not the needs of the plot—who makes you glad the show lasts an hour. *Wednesdays at 8:00 P.M. on NBC*



ELOISE MUMFORD
Lone Star
As Lindsay, a naïve young woman dating a con artist.

SHANNON WOODWARD
Raising Hope
As Sabrina, a wisecracking checkout clerk

STEPHANIE LEMELIN
$#*! My Dad Says
As Sam, the son's best friend.

REBECCA HAZLEWOOD
Outsourced
As Asha, an operator working in an Indian call center

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Q+A: WILLIAM SHATNER

After more than a half century of acting, directing, product pitching, and talk show hosting, Shatner gets a sitcom

[BY STACEY GRENROCK WOODS]



Seventy-nine-year old William Shatner has his first starring role in a sitcom, $#! My Dad Says (Thursdays at 8:30 P.M. on CBS), which is also the first show cultivated from a Twitter feed. Although technically new at it, he looks to be having the time of his life shuffling his boxy figure around the set, saying dad shit, and being generally funny in a way that only William Shatner can—a way that every American understands. We met with him at his office in Los Angeles.*

ESQUIRE: You're starring in a new show.

WILLIAM SHATNER: Do you mean "Bleep My Dad Says" which airs on Thursdays at 8:30 on CBS?

ESQ: The same.

WS: And by the way, the book, *Shit My Dad Says* was number one on the *New York Times* best-seller list.

ESQ: Indeed. You're a dad—what kind of shit do you say?

WS: My shit is a little, uh, looser.

ESQ: Would you say it's longer?

WS: This is getting.

ESQ: Agreed. I notice you Twitter.[1]

WS: Yes, well. I don't personally do it. I can't type.

ESQ: You're only allowed 140 characters. You can't manage that?

WS: Nope.

ESQ: Honestly, you can't hunt and peck out 140 characters?

WS: Can't do it.

ESQ: So you have a Twitter valet?

WS: You might say.

ESQ: You have a thought and someone, I don't know, beams it out to the world?

WS: That's right. Same for Facebook.

ESQ: Now that's power. On your interview show, *Shatner's Raw Nerve*,[2] you and your guest sit in an S configuration. What's the logic behind that?

WS: It breaks down a barrier. It lets my guests know I'm not there to hurt them.

ESQ: It puts people at ease? I'd like to try.

[We rearrange ourselves into the S shape. Shatner leans in and peers at me penetratingly.]

WS: Are you married?

ESQ: Yes.

WS: You see, now I know something about you.

ESQ: Ah. I get it. My turn. Do you like science fiction?

WS: Yes, I write science fiction.[3]

[He motions to a bookshelf brimming with his work.]

ESQ: I'm sorry. I didn't know. It's hard to keep track—you do so much—acting, directing, writing, singing, spokesmodeling. You were in *Judgment at Nuremberg* for God's sake. I have to admit, I'm a little intimidated by you.

WS: Me? No!

ESQ: Yes, you.

WS: Well, you're sort of a timid little person.

ESQ: I know, it's off-putting.

WS: Not at all.

ESQ: No. It is. I have no business interviewing anyone.

WS: Aw, come on.

ESQ: Okay, here's a question. How about horses? Do you like horses?

WS *[intensely]:* Yes, I like horses.[4]

ESQ: Great. Let's sit normally again, now that we're both at ease.

[We sit normally again.]

Tell me, how are you finding your first sitcom experience?

WS: I love it. It was strange at first—there's no fourth wall and you get immediate feedback, which is different for me—but I love it.

ESQ: I recall reading some shit on the Internet about you being unpopular with waiters.

WS: I don't know what you're talking about.

ESQ: It was on the Internet. I don't remember what it said, but it wasn't flattering.

WS: Who knows? Maybe someone was having a bad day or maybe it was really terrible service.

ESQ: Well, I waited on you once in the '90s.[5]

WS: And?

ESQ: You were a delight. A perfect gentleman. Very, very nice. I told everyone how nice you were.

WS: Well, you see? Why would you believe some crap you read on the Internet?

ESQ: Beats me. That guy was probably a shitty waiter.

WS: He probably was.

1. *Example: "By the way, my wife owns the rights to my pouty face. My best. Bill."*
2. *Season three starts this winter on Bio Channel.*
3. *He's authored more than 25 books of science fiction, many in the various Star Trek series.*
4. *He famously breeds and shows horses and is involved with multiple therapeutic horse-riding charities.*
5. *Al Toy, a rock 'n' roll–themed Thai restaurant on Wilshire in Santa Monica.*

NEW THIS MONTH



The AR.Drone
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Danny Trejo
The longtime character actor finally gets a lead role in the new Robert Rodriguez shoot-'em-up, Machete.



Chief
On its debut album, Modern Rituals, this California band sounds like Santa Monica feels—but on a really cloudy day.

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FRANZEN WILL GO DOWN SWINGING

Some people believe the era of the Great American Novel is over *Freedom* makes them look like fools

[BY BENJAMIN ALSUP]

The first thing people are going to want to know about Jonathan Franzen's new novel, *Freedom* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $28) is if it measures up to Franzen's last novel, *The Corrections*. It measures up. In fact, if you liked *The Corrections* you may like *Freedom* even better. Or not quite so much. It doesn't matter. Some like *Sticky Fingers* and others like *Exile*. Some say Bird. Others say Magic. These are fun arguments,[1] but they're not important ones. The important thing is that *The Corrections* is a great novel. So is *Freedom*.

Great isn't a term much associated with American novels these days. That's partly because so many Americans have given up on big books.[2] But it's also because many of our writers have given up on the very notion of greatness. Franzen hasn't. David Foster Wallace may have cashed in his chips, but Franzen isn't just hanging in, he's doubling down. And so *Freedom* kicks against the pricks like a thing intent on being. Whatever else *Freedom* is, it's a great slab of a book. Check out the specs: 576 pages (small font, tight spacing). Check out the sweep: a large cast of intergenerational characters, a narrative that covers more than 30 years and engages issues ranging from the influence of Big Coal on our politics to the way sex can both create love and destroy it. This is a book that acts as though people still had long conversations, still read long books.

This makes Franzen a writer deeply at odds with his times. While his contemporaries content themselves with small books about nothing much or big books about comics, Franzen delivers the massive, old-school jams. It's not that Franzen's prose makes other writers seem untalented. It's that he makes them seem so lazy, so irrelevant, so lacking in the kind of chutzpah we once expected from our best authors. *Freedom* doesn't name check *War and Peace* for nothing. It's making a claim for shelf space among the kind of books that the big dogs used to write. The kind they called important. The kind they called greats.

Is all this talk of greatness hopelessly out of touch? Probably. The Great American Novel has likely gone the way of the Great American Radio Drama. But I hope not. I hope that books like *Freedom* will still play a role in the culture, still engage us in a serious conversation about the anachronistic things that matter most—our families, our lovers, our country, our planet. *Freedom* reminds us just how much these things matter, reminds us that they matter more than Scotch and jeans and Jake Gyllenhaal. It lets us know that these things are worth thinking and fighting and may be even reading about.[3]



1. *Correct answers: Let It Bleed and Jordan.*
2. *According to an Associated Press–Ipsos poll, in one year, the typical American reads four books. One in four adults reads none.*
3. *If you disagree and dislike both The Corrections and Freedom, I'd be interested why. Write to me at b.elsup@yahoo.com and suggest some better contemporary novels.*

The Complaint: Roberto Bolaño ▶ **Another year, another "eagerly anticipated" posthumous release** from Roberto Bolaño. More stories in *The New Yorker*, I'm sure. More salivating by bearded, serious young literary men over this late, great Latin American author who wrote *2666* and *The Savage Detectives*. This time it's a story collection, *The Return* (New Directions, $24).

Well, I don't get it. I find his work affected and exhausting. His name-dropping, sandwich-eating, horn-dog characters feel more like ideas than actual people; their conversations pedantic and weighed down with intellectual references. Reading one of his stories is like sitting through dinner with a babbling, amazingly pretentious asshole—the best part is getting the check, reaching the last page.

When asked about their love of Bolaño, most people begin by listing his biographical details—the author's journey from Chile to Mexico, his imprisonment by the Pinochet regime, his rumored drug addiction, and his premature death—which is what the majority of articles and reviews seem to do as well. They mistake a fascinating life for fascinating fiction. —BENJAMIN PERCY




[Fig 1]

[Fig 2]

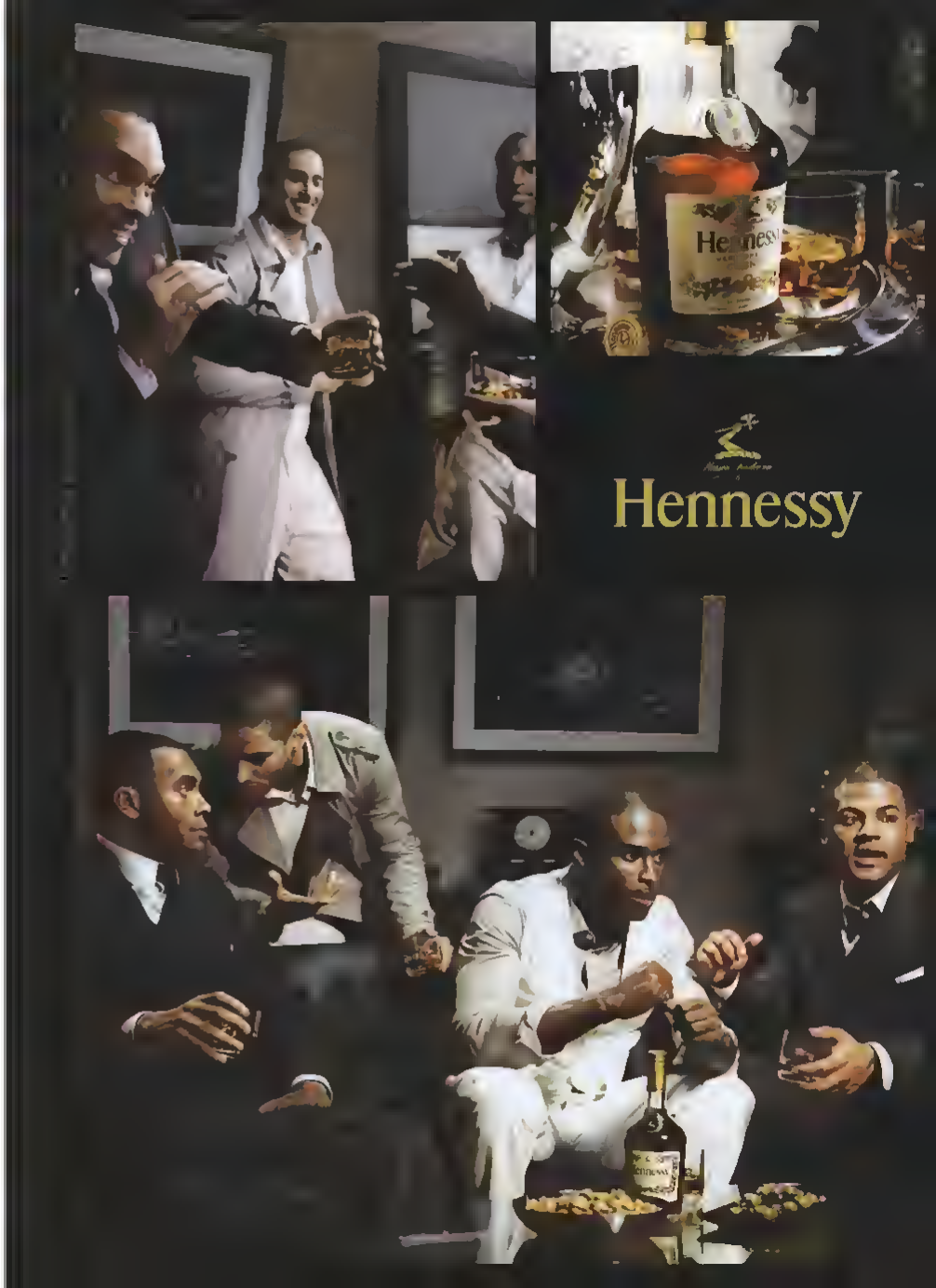
[Fig 3]

[Fig 4]

[Fig 5]

[Fig 6]

[Fig 7]



MaHB

FUNNY* JOKE FROM A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

AS TOLD BY

Violante Placido

Two men are playing a round of golf when they get stuck behind two women. Eventually one of the men walks over to ask if they can play through. He scuttles back and says, "When I got closer, I realized it was my wife and mistress," he says. "You go and ask them instead."

The other one walks over to the women but hurries back and says, "Small world."

ABOUT THE JOKESTER

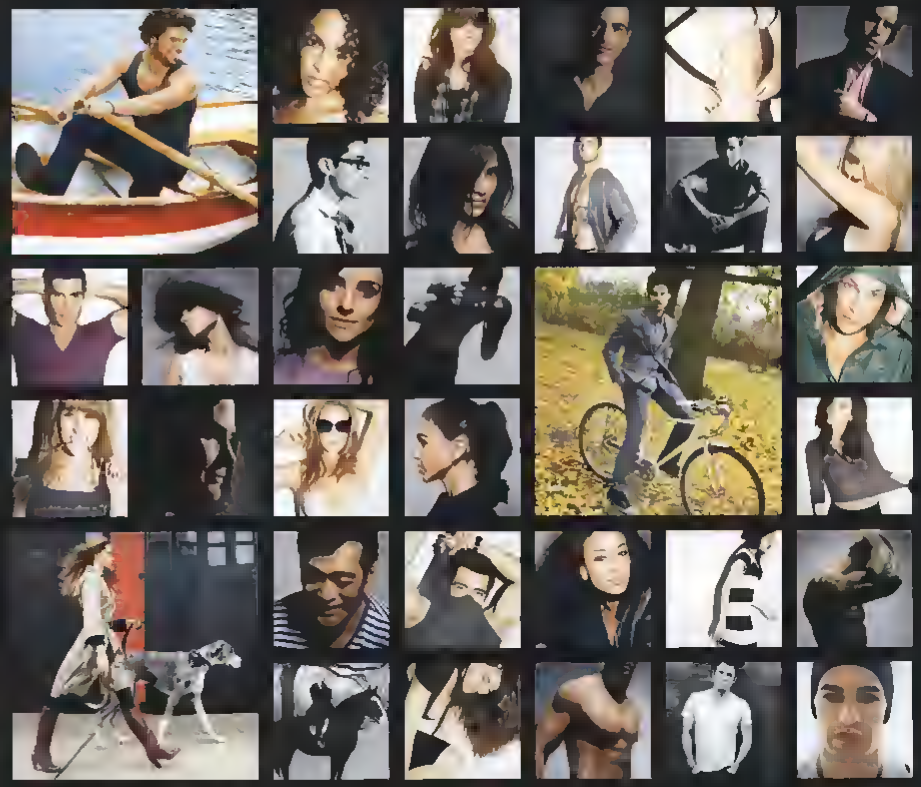
She's huge. (In Italy.) The daughter of actor and filmmaker Michele Placido and actress Simonetta Stefanelli (Michael Corleone's first wife, Apollonia in *The Godfather*), Violante Placido, 32, has had starring roles in film and television since she was a teenager. (In Italy.) She sings and plays guitar and became a bona fide pop star in 2005 when she released the album *Don't Be Shy* (in Italy.) Her latest movie, *The American* (out September 1), follows a hitman and weapons maker played by George Clooney awaiting his next assignment in the Italian countryside. (In Italy and everywhere else, finally.)

—ERIK PRICE

* Esquire cannot guarantee that this joke will be funny to everyone



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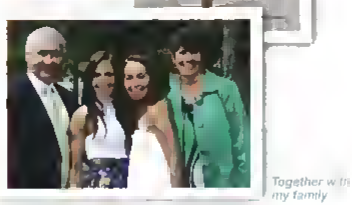
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For Caitlin Tormey running is life. An athlete since elementary school, she ran competitively and eventually joined Princeton University's track team. That meant daily practices for a sport that became her passion, and a group of fellow athletes that became family to her. "Running keeps me in shape physically, mentally, emotionally. It's my meditation," she says. "I define myself as a runner."

After college Caitlin moved to New York City, where she joined an Equinox around the corner from her office. She finished 13th place in the New York City Marathon and joined a US Olympic Development Running Team. Caitlin began competing as an elite marathoner, which meant long training sessions and lots of dedication. By hitting the gym at the same time each day, she was soon recognizing the same faces. "Genuine friendships developed, and trainers started to remember my name. I felt like part of an athletic community again."





Together with my family

"I define myself as a runner."

CAITLIN TORMEY

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A few months after finishing 23rd place at the Olympic Trials, she faced a debilitating obstacle: a recurring stress fracture to her pelvis. The injury left her bedridden for weeks and on crutches for the next month and a half. The most devastating news was that she would be sidelined from running for an entire year, the longest she'd ever gone without it. "That was a really challenging time for me as a person and as an athlete."

Caitlin is taking time off from running to do physical therapy and to completely rehabilitate from her injury. During the downtime, she could have felt depressed and alone, but the trainers at Equinox "have become my trusted advisors, fans, and friends," she says. "That's how I know Equinox can play a part in anyone's transformation." Thanks to those strong relationships, Caitlin knows her life will be back on track—and that she'll be running on an actual track—in no time.

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A BETTER WAY TO RECORD

Our director tries out an HD camera that attaches anywhere and a pen that captures everything

BY BARRY SONNENFELD

They say if a woman remembered how painful childbirth was, she'd never have a second baby. Directing a film is not dissimilar. Although right now I'm overwhelmed by preproduction pain with *Men in Black 3*, I realize it would be nice to keep a diary of the surreal discussions that take place during the script writing and location scouting phases, even if most of them devolve into arguments about where, when, and what we should eat. In hopes of appreciating these events long after the pain fades, this month I tested two very different recording devices.

The **Echo smartpen** from Livescribe ($170, livescribe.com) lets me record the audio from meetings along with an electronic version of my handwritten notes, storing everything in its four- or eight-gig drive. The pen's special dotted paper (which you can buy separately or download and print from the Livescribe Web site) syncs up the audio with your handwriting. So at the end of the day, when everyone is taking credit for my brilliant idea, I can just tap on a specific place in my notes and the Echo will play back from that point in the meeting—proving that *I* was the one who suggested Chinese food. Later I can download all the information to my computer, where I can save, search, and play back notes as well as publish online the audio, handwritten notes, or both. Just remember: Some states have laws against recording conversations without getting permission. Plus, it's immoral.



For HD video in a profoundly small package, the **GoProHero** ($300; gopro.com) is 1.6 by 2.4 inches and weighs a little more than three ounces. It will shoot two hours of high-def video or five-meg stills, which you can set on a timer for snaps as infrequently as once every minute. I hooked it to the grille of our car to document a day of scouting in the five boroughs of New York. What's amazing about this supersmall camera is that it can be mounted pretty much anywhere. In fact, it is designed more for sports than for documenting a stressful day in the city. The Hero can be attached to anything from bikes to helmets to windshields, and with its underwater housing, it can record sound and video at depths up to 180 feet. On the off chance that we'll have any meetings on surfboards, the Hero will be there. (Although with my failure to ever learn how to swim, it would mostly be used to document my drowning.) In order for the camera to be so small and relatively inexpensive, there's no LCD screen, which means you have to guess where to aim. But it does have a super-wide-angle lens. Even though you won't know your exact framing until you transfer the files to your computer, it captures pretty much everything—which, in our case, seemed to be a lot of restaurants in Chinatown.

Barry Sonnenfeld is an Emmy-winning television director and the director of Get Shorty *and* Men in Black.

THE RE-ENGAGEMENT COWBOY HAT



Unfortunately for Sweetie (the wife), she fled Texas only to end up married to a New York Jew who embraces all things cow boy: boots, barbecue, and hats. A cowboy hat, especially in Manhattan or L.A., makes any man stand out with just the right amount of affectation. Plus, it keeps you warm in the winter and in the summer, although you might sweat like Albert Brooks in Broadcast News, *a cowboy hat will protect your ears from the sun. I prefer hats custom made of waterproof beaver fur from Bounty Hunter in Telluride, Colorado. Sadly, it's hard to wear one while directing, since the side of the camera tends to knock off the hat whenever I put my face to the eyepiece. —B.S.*

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THE WAY RUM USED TO TASTE

Which is to say, pretty funky. But in a delicious way

[BY DAVID WONDRICH]

Rum has come a long way since 1724, when Ned Ward, a London writer-turned-bar-owner—so not a dumb man, our Mr Ward—labeled it "damn'd Devil's piss." These days if you pick up a bottle of, say, Angostura 1919 or Appleton Estate 12 Year Old and pour some in a glass, you'll have a hard time finding even a hint of, uh, "piss." Smooth, rich, clean, and tasty, it's about as pleasant a spirit as you can hope to find. But back when it was young, rum was possessed of a certain "hogo."

Derived from the French phrase for the "high taste" game meats develop when they're hung up to mature before cooking—and by "mature," we mean "rot"—hogo used to be a term of art in the rum trade to describe the sulfurous, funky tang that raw-sugarcane spirits throw off. For 300 years, rum distillers have sought ways first to tame and then to eliminate it: high-proof distillation (more alcohol equals less hogo), filtering, tweaking the fermentation, long aging in barrels—all very effective, particularly when used in combination. Perhaps too effective.

There's always been another way of taming that hogo, and it begins with limes and sugar. While they're not miracle workers, in all but the most extreme cases—the bottle of raw Haitian busthead we once purchased in deepest Brooklyn comes to mind—they have an amazing ability to turn that funk around, to make ugly sexy. They're like beer goggles for rum. In fact, mixed with sugar and lime juice, a rough, funky rum is often better than a smooth, pleasant one. Mixed up in the traditional way, suave, hogoless sipping rums can be distinctly underwhelming, and some rum drinkers are beginning to recognize that as the new popularity in cocktail circles of *rhum agricole* from Martinique and cachaça from Brazil, both traditionally hogo-rich styles, attests.

Until recently, the distillers in the English-speaking parts of the Caribbean were moving in the other direction, toward smooth sipping, not spicy mixing. But that's starting to change. Here are four new rums from the region that don't fight the funk, in order of hogosity. (If that wasn't a word before, it is now.) We didn't worry about tasting them straight, although the first two are more than sippable, but went straight to the daiquiri test, in which we shook them up with lime juice, sugar, and ice.

1 El Dorado 15 Year Old (Guyana), $40. The Demerara River region of Guyana has a long history of making big, pungent rums. Even after 15 years in the wood, this one retains a dry tang that peeks through the layers of vanilla and brown sugar that cushion it, making for a daiquiri that's like liquid gingerbread and a dynamite old-fashioned.

2 Plantation Grande Reserve (Barbados), $20. The funk here is subtle. Just enough to add a little depth and spice to a drink. The most balanced of the daiquiris: clean and soft.

3 Banks 5 Island (a blend of rums from Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbados, Guyana, and Indonesia), $28. Plenty of hogo and a daiquiri that's crisp, bright, and juicy. Dark chocolate smoke, habanero pepper. Wild.

4 Smith & Cross (Jamaica), $29. An attempt to bring back the huge, intense rums for which Jamaica was once famous. This one clocks in at a stiff 114 proof, the traditional strength for Navy rum. A daiquiri mixed with this—well, it starts off almost too intense. Just plain wrong. But then you find yourself taking another sip, and another, and another.

THE DAIQUIRI TEST



Give any rum-loving bartender a new bottle to play with, and the first thing it's subjected to is the daiquiri test. Because the daiquiri doesn't lie. Three ingredients, each of them essential, combine to form a perfect synergy. If a rum can't hold up its end, there's little point in giving it further play. If it comes through, you've got something that you can work with. Here's how:

Put ½ oz fresh squeezed lime juice in a cocktail shaker. Stir in ½ tsp superfine sugar, or a little more if you've got a sweet tooth. Add 2 oz rum. Fill the shaker with ice, cover, shake hard, and strain into a chilled cocktail glass. Evaluate.

—D. W.

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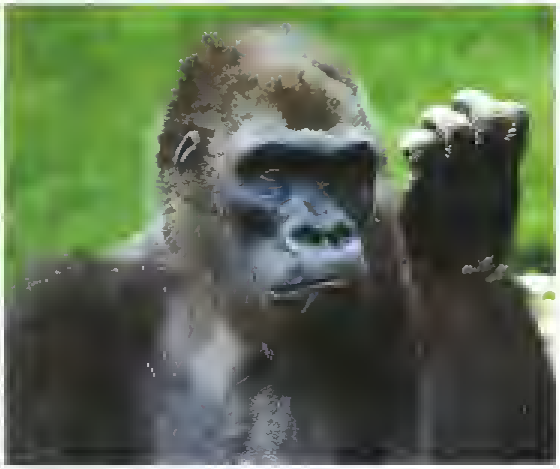


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THE THOUGHTFUL MAN'S GUIDE TO HANDS AND FEET

[BY RODNEY CUTLER]

Properly caring for your hands and feet means maintaining a delicate balance. As much as you don't want to look like you neglect such things, you also don't want to look like you pay attention to them. With that in mind, we've put together this semi-comprehensive guide to taking care of your extremities the best way we know how: only just enough.

THE RULES FOR HANDS

You are allowed to have long fingernails only if you are a flamenco guitarist. And even then it might not be worth it. Long finger nails on a man evoke images of reclusion and wizardry.

A man's nails should be no longer than the width of a dime. This should be achieved with the help of a nail clipper. The small one is fine. (The big one is for toes.) No nail clipping in public. Also, no biting or chewing. In public or otherwise. Men who find it hard to break this habit should remind themselves that they are adults with a free will. Never cut your cuticles. In fact, never think about your cuticles. Hang nails? Like a loose thread. Trim them; don't pull them.

As bad as calluses can look, it's no worse than being seen wearing gloves in the gym. And if the skin on your hands starts to crack, then hand cream. There is no shame in hand cream. Correction: There is a certain shame in hand cream. But when a man needs hand cream, a man needs hand cream.

YOUR FEET: A TROUBLE [illegible]

Strange, horrible things can happen to your feet—corns, bunions, hammertoes, webbing. But what are they? And more important, how do you get rid of them? Dr. Stuart J. Mogul, a New York City podiatrist, offers the following explanations.

Ingrown toenail: When your toenail digs into the flesh around it. Usually the result of trimming into the nail bed. If the ingrown nail pierces the skin, it can easily become infected. For relief, soak in warm water.

Mycholic nail: The result of fungus that discolors your nail, sometimes drying it out and lifting it from the nail bed. Treat with an antifungal medication.

Hammertoe: A permanent contraction of a toe or toes, in which they arch up and can rub against your shoe, often leading to a painful callus. Caused by a tendon imbalance and aggravated by tight shoes. Your only hope is surgery.

Callus: Any dry, hardened patch of skin. Results from friction. You can get rid of most with a pumice stone, but if the callus is in a small area, not diffused along the ball of the foot, it could be a wart or lesion, both of which require medical attention.

Corn: A bigger callus, shaped like a kernel of corn. Best left to professionals.

Bunion: Enlargement of the joint of the big toe. Caused by a tendon imbalance, which makes your big toe point toward your second toe, pushing out the first metatarsal (the bone in your foot attached to your big toe). Get roomier shoes. Otherwise, surgery.

Morton's neuroma: Burning and numbness, usually between the third and fourth toes. Caused by a pinched nerve within the foot. Again, get looser shoes. Or a series of injections, possibly surgery.

THREE WAYS TO FIX [illegible]

Option 1: Foot powder. Putting on socks when your feet are even slightly wet promotes bacteria—the cause of odor. Before you put on your socks, even if you think your feet are dry, sprinkle on a little powder.

Option 2: Antiperspirant. Dr. Mogul recommends a roll-on, like Drysol, which works just as it would on your armpit.

Option 3: Tea. Darjeeling, orange pekoe—any kind you want. The tannins in tea kill bacteria. Just remember to let it cool first.

UNACCEPTABLE [illegible] YOUR NAILS

On the bed
Near a baby
At the dinner table
At a friend's house
Over shag carpeting
Anywhere on the Sabbath (Jewish readers only)
On the subway (system)
At Subway (restaurant)

Rodney Cutler is an Ironman triathlete and the owner of the Cutler Salons in New York City and Miami.

POTENTIAL ISSUE WITH FRESHLY CUT NAILS



(1) You see a penny on the street. *Catch the lip of the coin with the heel of your shoe. Gently step down.*

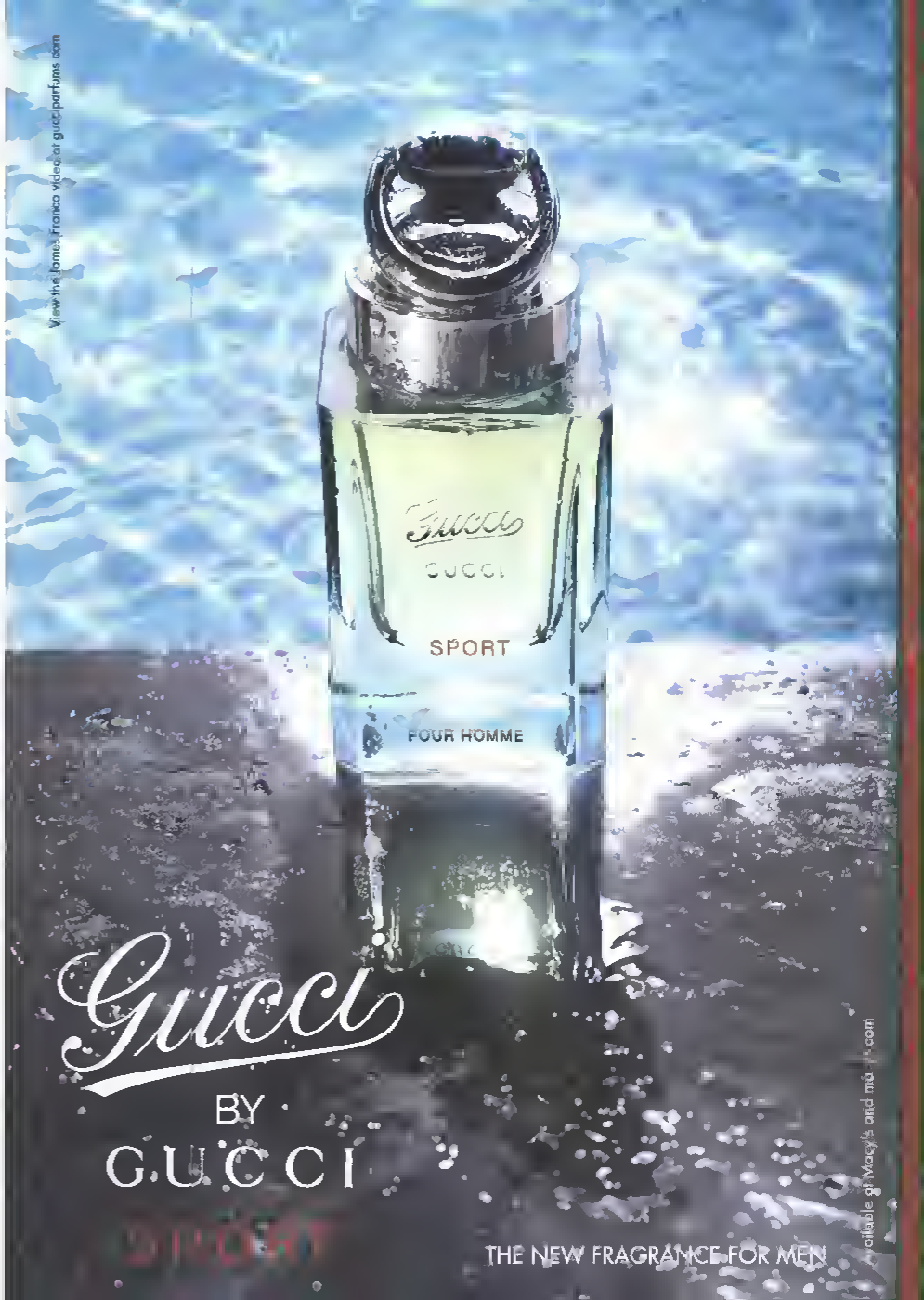


(2) You need to open a soda. *Use a penny. (See above.)*



(3) Your leg itches. *Tell Grandma it's a lottery ticket.*

*For part one ("How to Pick Your Haircut"), part two ("How to Treat Your Face"), and part three ("The Precisely Scented Man"), go to esquire.com/grooming-tune-up.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE MCKENDRY





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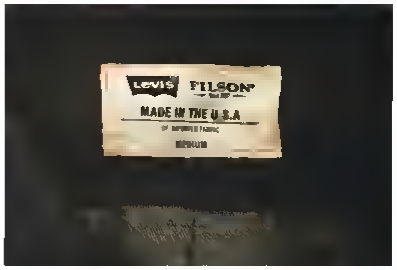
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AMERICA'S HAT

Turns out Canada knew what it was doing—and now its dollar, its economy, and its opportunity for investors look a lot stronger than ours

[BY REN RURSON]

The idea that a Canadian dollar should always be worth about 15 percent less than its American counterpart used to be sacrosanct. Canadian band Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet—whose best-known song is the theme to *The Kids in the Hall*—even has a song "5 American 6 Canadian."

A couple of years ago, something went wrong. Our neighbors to the north became discontent with Tim Hortons, Doug Henning, Justin Bieber, and Jason Bay being their primary contributions to higher culture. All of a sudden, they wanted to beat us at capitalism, too. Today, five dollars U.S. buys five dollars CAN.

It has always been easy to dismiss Canada's economy. Despite giving birth to some great business titans (Conrad Black, the Bronfman family, Ross Johnson), much of the country's wealth owes its origins not to ingenuity but to the vastness of its natural resources—timber, grains, natural gas, zinc, uranium, and more oil than any country but Saudi Arabia. But as we've seen throughout the Arab world, former Soviet states, and South America, richness in commodities does not always pave a reliable path to a strong first-world economy.

Most of the rest of Canada's economy seemed second-rate, as though the only thing keeping it afloat were the same kind of anti-free-market culture laws that require broadcasters to play a certain percentage of homegrown TV shows and music. But somewhere along the line, sleepy, prudent Canada developed a financial regulatory system that has revealed an incredibly strong foundation and might turn out to be the model the rest of the world copies going forward.

For the last decade, the U.S. has allowed banks to own other financial institutions—insurance companies, brokerages, whatever—which many hindsight critics blame for the collapse. But in Canada, these institutions have always owned one another. The difference is that Canada has one regulator, the Office of the Superintendent of Financial Institutions, that oversees it all, and the quality of its regulation and its overarching conservatism on leverage allows it to take those risks.

America's freewheeling financial institutions have long clucked about the boring molasses Canadian banks had to slog through. While European and American banks were averaging leverage ratios of more than 25—Lehman Brothers was over 30 before it collapsed—Canada caps that number at 20. The result? When the worldwide system collapsed, boring Canada didn't have a single bank poisoned by toxic assets and not a penny of public money was used to bail out its financial institutions.

More than simply avoiding crisis, the fact that the banks didn't collapse allowed them to do what they're supposed to do (and what ours are still largely failing to do)—lend money. See, in America, more than half the mortgages originated were intended for sale. In Canada, nearly all mortgages are held by the banks that issued them. That means it was harder for a piker to get a loan in Canada five years ago—and easier for the guy with good credit to do so today. The result? Canada's economy is expected to grow by more than 3 percent this year and next. The combination of a robust commodities supply *and* the tech and banking strengths that are enhanced by stable business practices is formidable. As the rest of the world's economies start to recover, so will the prices of the very commodities Canada sells, like oil. Meanwhile, where are countries going to get money to buy these commodities? From Canada's banking system, suddenly among the world's strongest.

The best way to invest in Canada is via exchange-traded funds, which are basically mutual funds that mirror certain sectors or countries but trade like stocks. The one that aims to replicate Canada's overall economy is **iShares MSCI Canada Index Fund** (NYSE: EWC), which apes a benchmark tied to the overall Canadian equity market. If you're hungry for a tad more risk, consider the brand-new **IQ Canada Small Cap ETF** (NYSE: CNDA), which uses a benchmark tied to only small publicly traded Canadian companies. You're looking at mostly mining companies and energy here, and followers of the Wild West Vancouver Stock Exchange will recall that executives at small Canadian mining companies have a habit of "falling" out of helicopters traveling over Indonesia (Google "Bre-X" and "fraud"), but I think there's a ton of opportunity here.

If you believe, as I do, that America is basically going to start printing money recklessly—more "Welcome Back Carter" than 1920s Germany—then disciplined, sleepy Canada might be the way to go. And Shadowy Men can update its song to "6 American 5 Canadian."



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ASK DR. OZ: THE LIGHTNING ROUND

If you had one of the world's foremost doctors cornered at a party, what would you ask him?

BY DR. MEHMET OZ



My mother always said not to peel fruits and vegetables because the peel is full of vitamins. True?

As usual, your mother is right. The peels are rich with insoluble fiber and antioxidants. The fiber will keep material moving through your intestines while the antioxidants are invaluable for fighting off cancer-causing inflammation. I wouldn't recommend you attempt to eat a pineapple with the peel on, but generally if you can get through the peel using your fingernail (i.e., apple, potato, unwaxed cucumber), leave it.

But doesn't peeling also get rid of the pesticides that were sprayed on?

Many of the fruits and vegetables with the thinnest peels (peaches, apples, bell peppers, potatoes) tend to have the most pesticides on the inside, so peeling them wouldn't help much anyway. Pony up the extra cash to go organic. Fruits and vegetables that you would never eat with the peel (avocado, pineapple, mango, banana) are safe to buy nonorganic—the thick peel keeps the inside nearly pesticide free.

What's the best way to find a good general practitioner?

The best recommendation you can get is from another health-care provider. Ask whom they would trust to treat their own family members. You don't have to ask another doctor. Nurses, physical therapists, and social workers are all in the know. Try visiting an ER mid-day, since fewer patients are present and folks on call can advise you about which physicians are most responsive to the needs of their patients.

Do mosquitoes really "like" some people more than others?

Some of us are like mosquito filet mignon while others are Spam. It has to do with our genes, which control our skin chemicals and the smells we give off. In addition, stress actually repels mosquitoes because it makes us seem sick or injured. Next time you go camping, bring your mother-in-law.

I've been married for ten years and have three kids. I'm almost 40 and in good shape. And yet every year at my physical, as part of my routine blood work, my doctor includes an HIV test. What's that about?

It makes sense for all adults to be tested at least once, since one in five people with HIV don't know they're infected. But getting tested each year is unnecessary unless you have other risk factors. Ask your doctor what gives.

If I drop something in the toilet bowl—clean bowl, no bad stuff—like my shaving cream or deodorant, will it emerge so filthy that it should be thrown away, or can I just rinse it off?

Seriously? Unless it's your wedding ring, just toss it.

If I don't put up the roof on my convertible when driving through a tunnel, will I die young?

Car fumes are toxic, so much so that people living near highways have an increased risk of lung cancer. That said, driving in a convertible is unlikely to have a huge impact on your health. Even in a closed car, the air-circulating system doesn't filter out the nanoparticles from outside that cause the most damage. According to recent research, bikers are actually at the greatest risk. As they huff and puff next to car traffic, they suck in dangerous particles by the billions.

I know you consider a lot of health fads bogus. Are any outright dangerous?

It makes no sense to fast for more than three days unless it's for some religious reason. Also, don't bother with colon cleanses unless you happen to enjoy the feeling.

Have you ever eaten a Cinnabon?

I'll never tell.

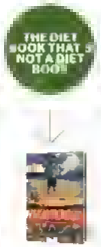
Is keeping clean simply aesthetic? I've gone for ten days without a wash while camping with no apparent ill effect on my health.

Yes. It's more about the people who have to be near you.

Why does hair turn gray?

Hair gets its color from melanocytes, which are pigment-producing cells located in the follicle. The stem cells that produce those melanocytes become damaged over time because of aging, ultraviolet light, pollutants, and so on. Eventually they reach a critical threshold and can no longer produce melanocytes, so the hair goes permanently gray. Some people inherit genes that make stem cells more susceptible to damage, causing them to go AWOL sooner. It's not clear if emotional stress contributes to this process or not.

Dr. Oz is a heart surgeon, author, and host of the nationally syndicated Dr. Oz Show.



What I Eat, a new book by Peter Menzel and Faith D'Aluisio in which regular people are photographed with the food they eat in a typical day, does not judge. It simply presents. Each entry includes a portrait, a list of food items, and a short biography. The chapters are broken down by calorie count—the first includes people who consume between 800 and 1,900 a day, the last, 9,000 to 12,300. A Namibian long-haul trucker (8,400). A Chinese acrobat (1,700). A Maine lobsterman (3,800). Images of healthy people and catastrophically unhealthy people—you can't get them out of your head. Somehow, without instructing you to think harder about the choices you make when you eat, this book makes you do exactly that. The reason: You wonder what your own portrait would look like.

PHOTOILLUSTRATION BY MP DIGITAL





Is there any benefit to these apps that track my girlfriend's period?

Guys. If your village doesn't have menstrual huts and you can't find a good ear tagging gun, then by all means, get yourself a decent period-tracking app like Code Red. What's Code Red? "It's basically a calendar so that you can track your woman's cycles," explains Jon Rose, professional surfer and inventor of the app in question. "All of her cycles—it works for ovulation, ... It works if you just want to know when she's going to be PMS'ing. It works if you want to know if she's extra horny." And unlike those old-fashioned menstrual-calendar apps that she might use for legitimate health reasons, Code Red is a period tracker designed by a man, for men. Plus, it's color coded. Of course, you'll have to know the first day of her last period in order to use it, and if she's on the Pill, which I believe 100 percent of women whose boyfriends have iPhones are, it won't really work. "When you are on birth control pills, almost every day is the same," says Dr. Richard Waldman, president of the American Congress of Obstetricians and Gynecologists. "There's very little difference day to day in the hormonal milieu of the woman." You can say that again, doc!

Anyhow, apps like Code Red and the delicately named Track My Bitch are meant to be taken whimsically. "There's people that are like, 'It's sexist and it's this and whatever, you know?' And I don't get it, because it's not," protests Rose. "Whatever, you know? They're just taking themselves too serious. I just think a lot of people take themselves too serious in this world today," he says, wistfully. "If we can have fun and help some dude avoid the wrath at the same time, then that's great. It's just, you know, it's just an iPhone app." I hear you, bro. I hear you.

I swear that my libido peaks at the same time each month. Is there any correlation between the time of month or year and how horny I get?

There's no app for that, but I can put you in touch with the Code Red guy. Do you surf?

Jed Diamond, Ph.D., psychotherapist and author of *Male Menopause*, says that men's hormones oscillate three to four times an hour and are lower in the morning and higher in the afternoon. They do change monthly, but those changes vary by individual. Further more, they are higher in October and lower in April, which seems like it would have something to do with the evolutionary advantage of warm-weather births, or at least hotel rates, except he finds that "that cycle holds true even in parts of the world where the seasons are reversed." So forget that. What's more likely is that your sex drive has adjusted itself to fit your recurrent sleep, work, and/or typical screwing patterns. Does this monthly surge happen to coincide, by any chance, with a Furries convention or some other event you attend regularly? Or perhaps you are simply very sensitive to the hormonal changes of those around you. Christopher Ryan, Ph.D., and author of *Sex at Dawn: The Prehistoric Origins of Modern Sexuality*, says, "It's possible you are responding to pheromones being sent out by one or more of the women you live or work with." If that's the case, the only thing to do is sniff them all until you figure it out.

I have no problem getting erections for sex, but masturbation is a whole other story. Why would it be different?

If you can get erections for any reason, there is nothing *wrong* with you physically, and I can not in good conscience write you a note to get out of PE. However, you should brace yourself for some bad news. Your imagination is gravely ill. In fact, it might be dying. It's not common, but we see it in occasionally chronic masturbators like you. The problem is all in your mind—and not in your mind. Luckily, there is a cure: hard work. You simply need to rededicate yourself to jerking off. When you clock in for your next session, just relax and start small. Masturbate to shapes and colors if you must. Masturbate to vague notions. Masturbate to shadows and dust, but as the saying goes, just masturbate! "Work on creating rich fantasies to accompany your masturbation," says Howard I. Glazer, Ph.D. and professor of psychiatry at the Weill College of Medicine at Cornell University. "Don't hesitate to use aids such as movies, vibrators, lubricants, mirrors, etc." I don't know about mirrors, but keep an open mind and an open heart, and as you lumber on, just remember, you're in good hands. We're all pulling for you.

Got a sex question of your own? E-mail it to us at sex@esquire.com.

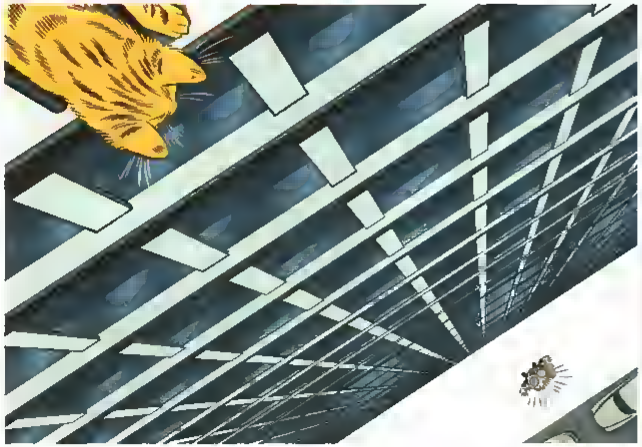
This Month in Intercourse ▶ **A study published** in the *British Medical Journal* found that although obese French women are having less sex than people with a healthy body mass index, they have more unplanned pregnancies. • An FDA panel rejected a pill intended to increase female sexual desire because it had only a minor impact and because side effects included fatigue, dizziness, and nausea. • Psychologists at the University of Central Lancashire in England discovered that women's vocalization during sex was not directly linked to their orgasm. • Researchers in South Korea figured out a way to remove a gene in mice, turning them into lesbians.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CUNEO

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JUMPING CATS, BEST MEN, & THE HEAT IN BAGHDAD

My girlfriend lives in a high-rise. Her cat always runs to the edge of the balcony, sticks his head out between the rungs, and stops. How does he know not to jump?

AF hopes that the cat, unlike you and your girlfriend, has heard of feline high-rise syndrome. Otherwise, says Dr. Louise Murray, director of medicine at the ASPCA's Bergh Memorial Animal Hospital, "the fact that this cat has gone out there and not fallen yet, that's just a matter of time. We have a large emergency hospital in the heart of Manhattan, and in the summertime, we see at least three or four a week.

"Cats have instincts for self-preservation in the sense that if they touch something hot, they'll pull their paw back. But they can't have an instinct about something that's not hardwired into their brain by evolution. A cat has no fear of perching on a 40-story windowsill. And don't think. But my cat's been sitting there for ten years, so it must be fine. I can't tell you how many vets have seen 8- or 12-year-old cats that have fallen. Buy screens."

By the way, AF commends your deep concern for your honey's cat, especially considering that he, like all felines, would rip you limb from limb if he could.

What are the responsibilities of a best man? I have been chosen for the honor but don't know what's expected of me beyond a bachelor party and a toast.

Lucky you, especially since the tradition of searching the bride for lice has been abandoned. Still, as Tommy Virgo, author of *The Best Man Bible*, tells AF, "There's a bunch of other-potential—things. You're expected to attend all of the prewedding parties, including the rehearsal and the rehearsal dinner. You may have to deal with tuxedo fittings for the ushers and groomsmen, and picking up the groom's formal wear prior to the wedding, and dropping off everybody's after the wedding.

"Signing the marriage certificate as a witness is often something you'll be expected to do, as well as keeping the bride's wedding ring until it's time for the groom to place it on her finger. The main thing at the reception is that you're supposed to be the social lubricant. You're supposed to mingle heavily and you're supposed to be the first one out there on the dance floor."

Tommy V also offers valuable advice about your speech: "Do not drink. Do not think that's going to loosen you up. It's actually going to make you say stupid stuff. Don't talk about exes—at all, even if you think it's going to be funny. And no matter what you think of the bride and her family, say nothing but good things. Otherwise, you will no longer be a best man."

When a Web site requires you to retype a word as a security check, why is it so difficult to read? What security does this provide beyond flummoxing nearsighted hackers?

Ah, the wondrous CAPTCHA (i.e., Completely Automated Public Turing test to tell Computers and Humans Apart). Luis von Ahn, a CAPTCHA pioneer and professor of computer science at Carnegie Mellon University, says that the goal is "making sure that whoever is entering the word is actually a human and not a computer program.

"You can use a computer program to vote ten million times in an online poll. Humans don't have the patience to do something ten million times. CAPTCHA stops computer programs from doing the same thing over and over a gazillion times, like on Ticketmaster, with scalpers who would like to buy out an entire concert (by writing) a program that buys ten tickets at a time. With this security check, only humans can do it. If it was an image of clean text, optical character recognition would be able to do it. But since the characters are screwy, OCR can't do it. The majority of the ones that are hard to read: It's just because the CAPTCHA is badly programmed. It doesn't have to be impossible to read. But if you try, you're correct 97 percent of the time."

AF sincerely hopes that the remaining 3 percent are scalpers vulching tickets to Journey's reunion tour.

I dropped into Baghdad a few weeks ago. The weather is heating up, but it doesn't feel as awful now as it did when I first got here. How are my organs changing to adapt to this Mesopotamian summer?

It's not your organs, Captain. According to Robert Kenefick, a research physiologist at the U.S. Army Research Institute of Environmental Medicine, "There aren't real set organ changes. He has become acclimatized. We're tropical animals, built to adapt to the heat. When you're naturally exposed to an environment, your body adapts.

"One of the first things that happens is that your plasma volume expands, and because you have greater plasma volume, you sweat more and more profusely and dissipate heat. His resting heart rate has gone down, and his perception of effort also goes down. His core temperature should go down a little bit, and because he's able to sweat more, he can dump heat more and more evenly."

So stay hydrated, soldier. Come home safe—and soon—and bring every last one of your brothers and sisters in arms with you. AF is honored that you're even aware of his puny, meaningless existence.

***ESQUIRE'S ANSWER FELLA** believes that there are no stupid questions, just stupid people who don't ask questions, fearing they'll look stupid. So ask Answer Fella anything. If he doesn't know the answer, he'll find out who does or who has a guess that sounds right.*

Contact AF anytime at answerfella@esquire.com.

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK MATCHO



They say that we don't have nearly as much 

as we used to. In this digital and 

world, we're 

if most 

even have 

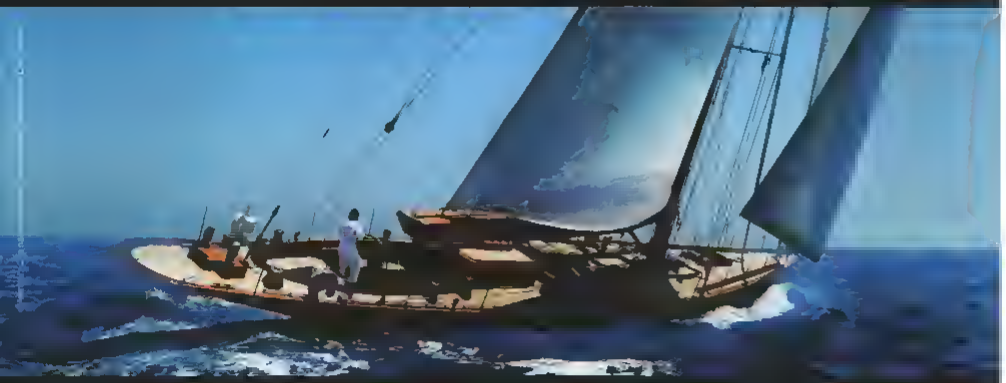
. So we must not be reading magazines anymore, right? Wrong. There is still a great 
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STYLE



BEST of FALL

Two-button Centennial Fabric No. 1 suit ($3,295), vest ($900), cotton and silk shirt with collar bar ($395), and silk tie ($175), by Ermenegildo Zegna

THE ESSENTIAL

THE ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA CENTENNIAL SUIT We've all been there: You're rooting through the attic when you stumble across some long-forgotten article of clothing that you used to love and that you wish—fit and fraying notwithstanding—you could still wear. Heritage, both our own and our favorite brands', is a big part of men's style, and for fall, Ermenegildo Zegna is celebrating its 100th anniversary with a new heritage-inspired Centennial collection. This three-piece suit is made from cloth that's a near-identical reproduction of the first fabric produced by Zegna in 1910. Fabric No. 1, as it's known, was designed by Ermenegildo himself and weighed a hefty 500 grams per meter back then; this new weave, thanks to a century of innovation led in no small part by Zegna, weighs almost half that. Like any great suit, heritage is best worn lightly.





THE VEST

A relative whippersnapper at 58 years old, Moncler has partnered with Pharrell Williams on a special edition down vest that updates the brand's essential DNA (i.e., down filled jackets) with a striking green-and-black pattern and a techy spin. (It's made from water- and windproof material spun from recycled plastic bottles.) It's classic Moncler performance for the 21st-century man. *Nylon-and-recycled-plastic fiber down vest ($890) by Pharrell & Moncler*

THE BLAZERS

Those in search of the incomparable fit of unstructured blazers usually hit a wall—*ka-ching!*—as the best of them require tailoring skills that don't come cheap. But 99 year old Italian label Lubiam 1911 has capitalized on a near century of expertise to create a line of unstructured blazers that fit like a second skin and won't cost you a mortgage payment. *From left: Cotton blazer ($550) and wool blazer ($795) by L.B.M. 1911; wool blazer ($795) by Luigi Bianchi Mantova.*

BEST of FALL

THE JEANS

You want authentic? For fall, Levi's is relaunching its fabled 201 jeans, first introduced in 1890 but not widely produced since the 1930s. Made with durable raw selvage denim and cut for a contemporary straight fit, they're built to withstand pretty much anything. Look for them in the new Levi's Workshops in San Francisco and New York, store-slash-exhibition spaces that focus on the craftsmanship behind printmaking and photography, respectively. *Selvage 201 jeans ($98) and brick red canvas 201 jeans ($80) by Levi's*



—Clothes—

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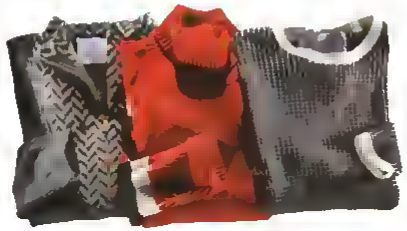
THE GAME CHANGERS

FOUR RRARRS (ARR FIVE RESIGNERS) THAT ARE REFINING AMERICAN SPORTSWEAR TRIS SEASON



GANT BY MICHAEL BASTIAN

Few designers today do all-American luxury as well as Bastian, and his new capsule collection for Gant delivers all the textures (corduroy! moleskin!) and patterns (Fair Isle!) you'll want for fall. *Cotton moleskin peacoat ($795), lamb's wool Fair Isle sweater ($195) and cotton corduroy trousers ($245), Gant by Michael Bastian cotton oxford shirt ($115) by Gant Rugger; suede boots ($475) by Tod's*



VICTOR GLEMAUD

This Haitian-born New York–based designer has made his name with bold knitwear, and his latest crop—all bright colors, popping patterns, and supersoft weaves—is an antidote to everyday fall sweaters. *From left: Cashmere sweaters ($495, $495, and $310) by Victor Glemaud*

BEST of FALL



BURKMAN BROS

It takes a smart man—or in this case, two smart men who happen to be brothers—to put a new spin on something as basic as a plaid shirt. And whether the Burkmans are lining their shirts with soft jersey or designing their own cloth patterns, they pull off the feat quite nicely. *Cotton flannel shirts ($190 each) by Burkman Bros*



ANTONIO AZZUOLO

This Ralph Lauren and Hermès alum is all about luxe simplicity, and even an old standby like a double-breasted overcoat is tailored with precision. *Double-breasted cashmere coat ($1,900), baby-alpaca sweater ($475), cotton shirt ($325), and cotton jeans ($475) by Antonio Azzuolo; leather shoes ($600) by A. Testoni.*

STYLE BLOG *For more about the designers that matter: Get smart style commentary and advice every day at esquire.com/the-style-blog*





THE SHOES

From Belstaff to Sperry J. Crew has become a clearinghouse for niche brands with good pedigrees. Its latest partner: Crockett & Jones, with the shoemaker's brogues debuting at the brand's new Madison Avenue digs in New York this fall. *Leather shoes ($575) by Crockett & Jones.*



THE BOOKS

Anyone looking for inspiration or education on matters sartorial would do well to pick up a book this season. Lisa Birnbach's follow-up to *The Official Preppy Handbook*, *True Prep*, checks the pulse of the popped-collar set. *Walter Albini* charts the career of the most influential designer you've never heard of. The classic preppy photo book *Take Ivy* is being released here for the first time in English. *Bespoke: The Men's Style of Savile Row* lives up to its name, and the massive coffee table book *Tommy Hilfiger at 25* packages together the images that built an empire. Get reading.



THE LUGGAGE

It's hard to believe that it's taken this long for Tod's to introduce a line of luggage, but some things are worth the wait. Made from the brand's supple hides and available in three silhouettes and multiple colors (all by custom order from Tod's multiple flagships), it's serious luggage for serious travelers. *Signature Vachetta custom leather bag ($4,825) by Tod's.*

BEST of FALL

THE WATCH

You've got your fancy dress watch and your crappy digital watch, but for the hours in between, consider this low-key chronograph from Swiss powerhouse Wenger. All black with stainless-steel markers, its PVD case is sleek and durable, and at $550 you won't find a better value. *GST Chrono chronograph by Wenger*



Accessories

THE EXTRA 10 PERCENT

THE DETAILS THAT MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE

HOW TO SMELL LIKE CLIVE OWEN



A few words with the spokesman for Bulgari's latest fragrance, Men.

ESQUIRE: What's the trick to smelling good?

CLIVE OWEN: I have a problem with a lot of men's fragrances because someone somewhere once decided they had to have these big, powerful scents that I find really overbearing. This one is unbelievably light, and that's one of the reasons I like it.

ESQ: The press materials for Man describe it as a blend of light woodsy smells, lotus, and citrus. How would you describe it?

CO: It is quite floral and it's very fresh. It's not musky, it's not overbearing. I mean, I've got quite a lot on right now, and still the smell is very subtle.

ESQ: There's nothing worse than a guy wearing too much cologne.

CO: No, good, not good. I don't like people who try too hard. That goes for cologne, for clothes, for acting.

ESQ: Any pointers on how to put this stuff on?

CO: There's no special technique, no. When I get up in the morning and I shave, I just put it on. It's part of my routine.

ESQ: Like a ritual.

CO: Yes, a daily one. I just want to smell good.

-KENNETH COLE
MAKE A STATEMENT

Shopping

THE NEXT STEP

CREDIBILITY BY THE TON, AND OTHER THINGS YOU'LL FIND IN STORES THIS FALL

The future of men's retail, says Tom Kalenderian, executive vice-president for men's wear at Barneys New York, began about five years ago. "Young American men started buying American clothes," he says. "There was suddenly this enthusiasm for Americana—it was all about prep and trad, and we were there selling Thom Browne, Scott Sternberg [of Band of Outsiders], and a lot of smaller American labels." Then, Kalenderian says, "they started shopping for things like Woolrich buffalo jackets—clothes with idiosyncratic concepts or great histories behind them."

And now, he says, they've taken a leap toward European brands that are similarly idiosyncratic or offbeat. For Kalenderian that means Brits like Nigel Cabourn, Margaret Howell, and Oliver Spencer, and Italians like C.P. Company and Belstaff, and he and his team have overhauled the fourth floor of Barney's Madison Avenue flagship, once the terrain of tailored clothing, to shine a greater light on this authentic breed of men's sportswear. "These are brands that have credibility by the ton. It's not just about reviving vintage but reinventing items like a peacoat that have always belonged in a guy's wardrobe."

It's a new direction for Barneys, or at least the next step for high-end men's stores, and you can see (and wear) it for yourself with these three brands. *For more, visit barneys.com*



BEST of FALL



C.P. COMPANY

Wool duffle coat ($1,040), wool-and-cashmere turtleneck ($385), and wool trousers ($315) by C.P. Company; leather boots ($179) by L.L.Bean.



OLIVER SPENCER

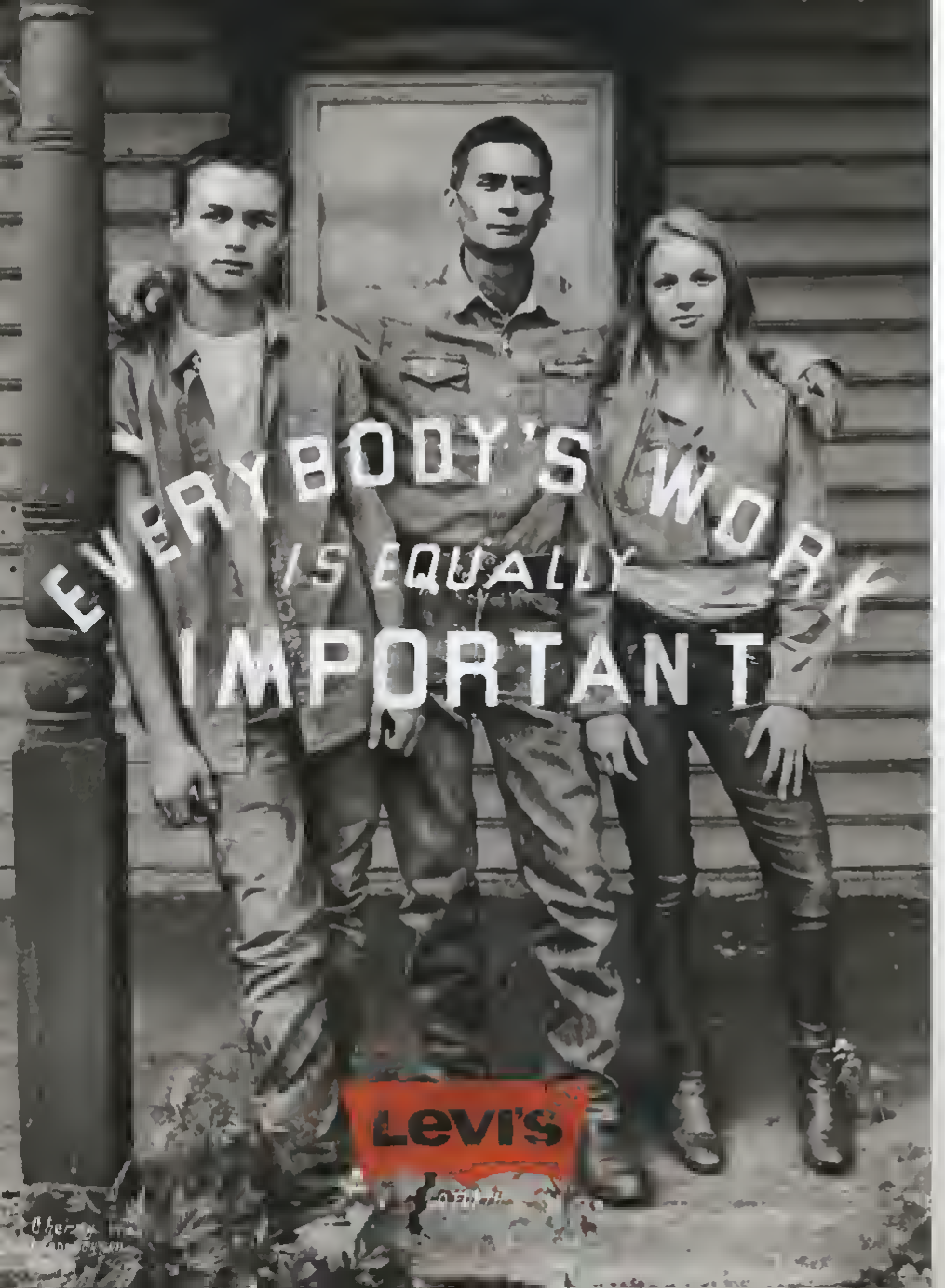
Wool jacket ($595), wool sweater ($245), cotton shirt ($225), and cotton corduroy trousers ($225) by Oliver Spencer; leather boots ($595) by Tod's.

NIGEL CABOURN

Waterproof cotton-and-hand stuffed-down parka with coyote-fur trim ($2,935); wool turtleneck ($315), and cotton-and-wool trousers with braces ($665) by Nigel Cabourn; leather boots ($435) by Alden.



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505 JEANS

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GREEN FROST
HOUSE CAT
RICH BLUE









LEVI COM



ASK NICK SULLIVAN

The Esquire fashion director will now take your questions

I'm getting married this month, and the day after the wedding, I'm thinking of wearing a silk-linen khaki suit to an afternoon party with friends. I want to pair it with boots like the Wolverine Darby or the Red Wing Beckman *[Fig. 1]* in brown. Can I get away with this?

PETER LOWELL KNUTSON
Shenzhen, China

While both boots have their obvious charms, neither is right to wear with a suit. They're just too dang heavy. But how about ditching the suit altogether and going with something casual—say, dark jeans, a plaid or chambray shirt, and a tweedy jacket—that the boots will enhance? After getting all dressed up for the wedding, you and your guests deserve to relax a little. (Just make sure to tell them it's casual. They will thank you.)

I just gave away yet another much-loved suit due to "shiny ass." Is there a way to prevent or remedy this problem?

MARC D. ROSEN
Southfield, Mich.

It's a problem suffered by suit-wearing men the world over. It's caused by wearing the same suit pants too often, especially if one sits all day, with the offending shine developing after repeated rubbing under arse pressure (to use the technical jargon) compacts the fibers in the cloth. I have heard talk of sour milk as a solution but have not as yet found any conclusive results—except that most men prefer to keep their pants shiny rather than have them smell of sour milk. The easier solution might be to stop wearing the same pants every day and invest in some new ones. Your call.

I'm headed to Atlantic City with some friends. What does one wear to a casino?

GREG RIENZI
Baltimore, Md.

Avoid: dark dress shirts, hockey jerseys, T-shirts, flashy watches, and showy jewelry. In fact, avoid any clothing that makes you appear like a high roller from central casting or one of those guys in casino TV commercials. Instead, wear a jacket and jeans and a basic button-down shirt *[Fig 2, jacket and shirt by Tommy Hilfiger, jeans by 7 for All Mankind, loafers by Moreschi]*—the better to avoid the attention of casino security.



FIG. 1
Leather boots ($300) by Red Wing Shoes

My 15-year-old son is six feet tall, wears a size-36 waist, and has a stick out butt. I am trying to buy him a suit, but when he puts on a jacket in his size, the back flap is always stretched wide. Help!

NAME WITHHELD
Seattle, Wash.

Well, Mom, your first step is to avoid the offending back flap (i.e., a double vent) and go for a jacket with a single slit in the middle of the back (i.e., a single vent). You can also look for a jacket with a longer skirt (i.e., the bit from the waist down), which will help cover the area. Both options should help accommodate your son's posterior without having him go up a size.



FIG. 2



FIG. 3

After seeing photos of President Obama at the White House *[Fig. 3]*, my friend and I were arguing over whether "black tie" actually means bow tie. He was willing to concede that long ties have become acceptable, but they're still not as fashionable as a bow tie. Please settle this for us.

JARED BOYER
Memphis, Tenn.

Black tie = bow tie, regardless of your politics. It would not be correct to say long ties have become acceptable any more than it would be true to say that mugging is all the rage. Both are ugly, unavoidable truths of modern urban living. The only difference is that wearing long ties in place of pulling oneself together and doing black tie properly is not punishable by a prison term. Not yet, anyway.

Got a question for Nick Sullivan? E-mail him at esqstyle@hearst.com



A THOUSAND WORDS ABOUT OUR CULTURE

WHAT'S WITH ALL THE SECRETS AND LIES?

BY STEPHEN MARCHE

A GENRE OF NARRATIVE has recently come to dominate our lives, and I'm going to give it a fancy German name so you will have some way to describe it at your next dinner party. Are you ready? Here it is: "Geheimlebensroman," the story of the secret life. Recently, stories of secret lives, of men and women who are somehow the opposite of what they seem, have managed to overtake even the addiction memoir and the coming-of-age narrative as the most popular and prevalent genre in American culture. To call its emergence a trend doesn't seem adequate to its massive newfound everywhereness. On television most of the new shows, it seems, are about people with split realities. The most promising of the bunch[•] follows a scam artist with two separate families whose faith in the con man's creed—"You play any character you want but you never play yourself"—is starting to unravel. Another[•] begins when the hero's identity is erased from a hotel database and spirals into a massive conspiracy. Another[•] takes the well-beaten perfectly-average-family-of-superheroes route, and another still[•] is about two caterers who moonlight for the CIA. That's a lot of secrets. Now more than ever we seem to crave stories that navigate our world of divided, shifting identities, and whether it's through TV or books or movies, the overwhelming question we'll be asking ourselves—and one another—this fall is the most difficult one to answer: Who are you really?



Lone Star



The Event



No Ordinary Family



Undercovers



Don Draper

People's secrets and lies have always been an abiding concern. A straight line runs from the Duke in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," who visits Vienna in disguise to inspect the workings of his own government, to the smooth antihero of "Mad Men"[•], who signs a contract only when he's not using his real name. I suppose, if you wanted, you could trace the whole thing back to Jesus Christ, the ultimate secret agent, a poor carpenter who moonlights as the Son of God. But what was once just a common thread in history now dominates what we watch and read. The vampires and werewolves in the most commercially successful story of our time[•] ▸



Twilight





Josef Fritzl



The Town



Fair Game

live double lives as humans. And it should come as exactly zero surprise that the Austrian man[•] who kept a second family imprisoned in a basement for twenty-four years has inspired an upcoming movie, or that this fall Ben Affleck is playing a guy from Boston with a double life[•], or that Naomi Watts is playing Valerie Plame, the most famous blown agent in the world[•]. Our continuing fascination with the Plame scandal reveals just how deep our obsession with double lives has become. Her story should be boring; the papers reported Plame was going to church and walking along the C&O Canal after losing her cover. It ain't exactly James Bond. But Plame herself is a great relatable hero, a suburban mother of twins by night and Dick Cheney foe by day. The recent discovery of ten (alleged) Russian spies living the most normal of lives in and around American suburbs was interesting but not as shocking as it might have been in earlier, simpler times. Now everybody in the suburbs lives in deep cover.

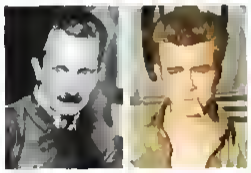


The novel, a supposedly archaic form, is providing the most probing approaches to this new reality. The new books by David Mitchell and Jonathan Franzen are both, in their way, about people living secret lives. Mitchell's title character[•] lives in Nagasaki as factor for the Dutch East India Company in 1799, a man with two lives that are separate from each other. The opening image of the book is a child stuck with one arm out of the womb. What Mitchell refracts through history and symbolism, Franzen confronts through detailed realism in "Freedom." "There had always been something not quite right about the Berglunds," ends the opening paragraph, after listing the family's instantly recognizable and relatable contradictions: being personally environmentally conscious while professionally irresponsible, scandal-plagued while seemingly decent, arrogant and high-handed while also generous. Both books examine the basic discrepancy between how we present ourselves and who we really are. And both come to the conclusion that a double life--existing between two identities--is an inevitable consequence of the modern world.

The emergence of these types of stories is rooted in a newfound sophistication of American identity. We crave a new acceptance of doubleness, a recognition that secret lives are in a sense necessary. Part of this is a function of technology--our recreation is filled with Facebook profiles and gaming avatars[•]--and we've come to expect that every person has, at the very least, a work self, a home self, a street self, and a digital self. Part of it, though, is also the fallout of recent history. Our ongoing wars and the Great Recession were the results of massive fraude, and after WMDs and "Mission Accomplished" and the subprime fiasco and the Deepwater Horizon, we no longer take anyone or anything at face value. This is good news: We're less trustful but that much wiser, and our new cynicism has shaped how we think of ourselves and others. For the past fifty years, all culture, from the highest[•] to the lowest[•], has been consumed with the distinction between the authentic and the inauthentic. The distinction means less every moment. There's no point in trying to find yourself anymore; you'll only find somebody else. "Who am I?" has already been replaced with "Who are I?" Soon it will be "Who cares?" and we can all just get down to the business of living. ■



Will avatars also known as Mills.



Martin Heidegger

James Dean

PERONI

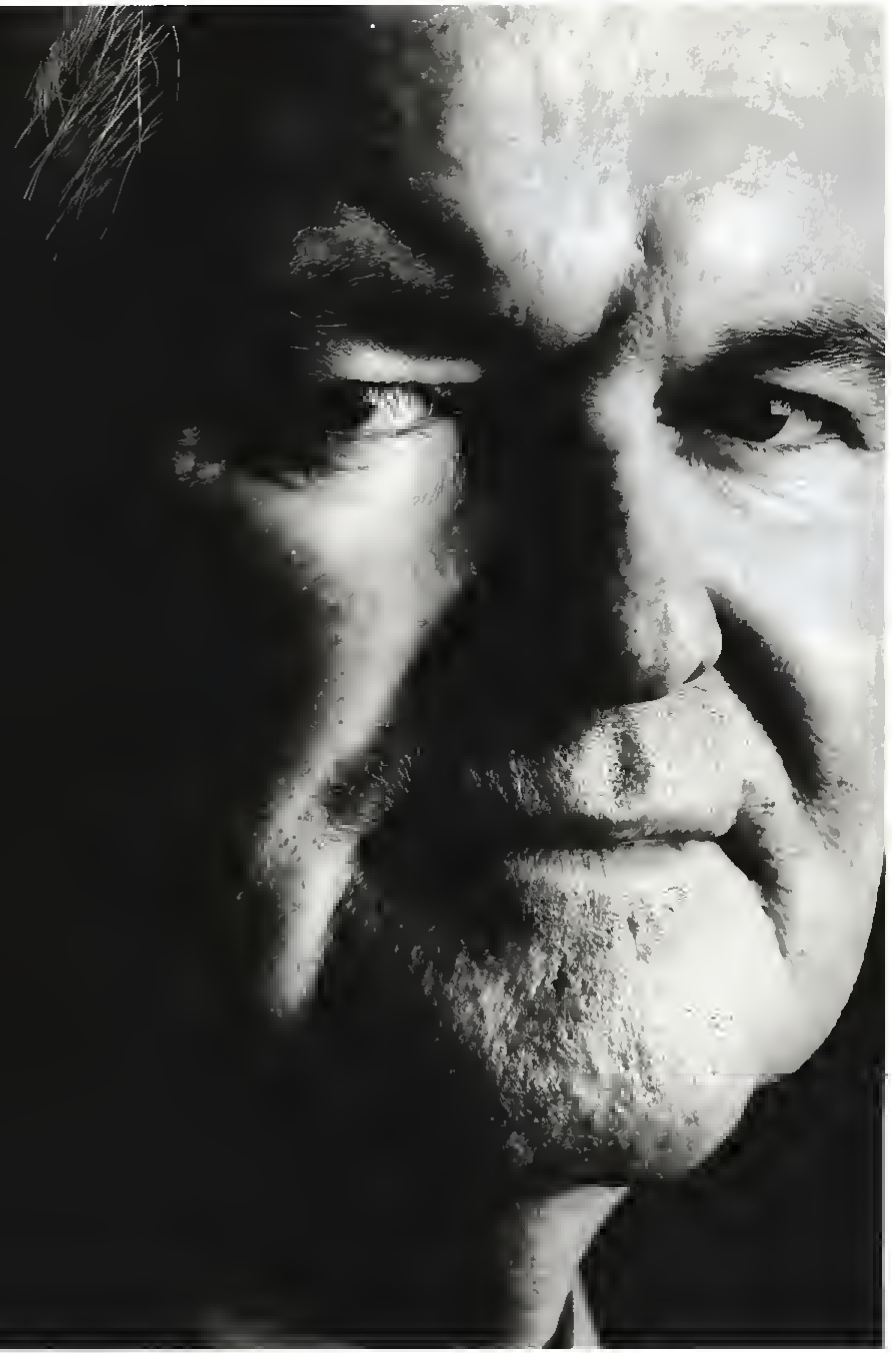
PERONI
NASTRO AZZURRO

PERONI
ITALY

THE INDISPENSABLE REPUBLICAN

In the twelve years since he resigned in defeat and disgrace, he has been carefully plotting his return to power. As 2012 approaches, he has raised as much money as all of his potential rivals combined and sits atop the polls for the Republican presidential nomination. But just who is Newton Leroy Gingrich, really? An epic and bizarre story of American power in an unsettled age.

By JOHN H. RICHARDSON
Photograph by NIGEL PARRY



SHE WAS MARRIED TO NEWT GINGRICH FOR EIGHTEEN years, all through his spectacular rise and fall, and here she is in a pair of blue jeans and a paisley shirt, with warm eyes and a big laugh and the kind of chain-smoking habit where the cigarettes burn right down to the filter—but she's quitting, she swears, any day now.

We're having breakfast in a seaside restaurant in a Florida beach town, a place where people line up in sandals and shorts. This is the first time she's talked about what happened, and she has a case of the nerves but also an air of liberation about her. Since he was a teenager, Newt Gingrich has never been without a wife, and his bond with Marianne Gingrich during the most pivotal part of his career made her the most important advisor to one of the most important figures of the late twentieth century. Of their relationship, she says, "We started talking and we never quit until he asked me for a divorce."

She sounds proud, defiant, maybe a little wistful. You might be inclined to think of what she says as the lament of an abandoned wife, but that would be a mistake. There is shockingly little bitterness in her, and she often speaks with great kindness of her former husband. She still believes in his politics. She supports the Tea Parties. She still uses the name Marianne Gingrich instead of going back to Ginther, her maiden name.

But there was something strange and needy about him. "He was impressed easily by position, status, money," she says. "He grew up poor and always wanted to be somebody, to make a difference, to prove



• The Speaker and Marianne Gingrich, May 1995. She had been with him since he was a maligned backbencher and was his most important advisor. For twelve years, until now, she has maintained her silence.

himself, you know. He has to be historic to justify his life."

She says she should have seen the red flags. "He asked me to marry him way too early. And he wasn't divorced yet. I should have known there was a problem."

Within weeks or months?

"Within weeks."

That's flattering.

She looks skeptical. "It's not so much a compliment to me. It tells you a little bit about him."

And he did the same thing to her eighteen years later, with Callista Bisek, the young congressional aide who became his third wife. "I know. I asked him. He'd already asked her to marry him before he asked me for a divorce. Before he even asked."

He told you that?

"Yeah, he wanted to—"

But she stops. "Hey, turn off the tape recorder for a second. This is going to go places."

Back in the 1990s, she told a reporter she could end her husband's career with a single interview. She held her tongue all through the affair and the divorce and even through the annulment Gingrich requested from the Catholic Church two years later, trying to erase their shared past. Now she sits quietly for a moment, ignoring her eggs, trying to decide how far she wants to go.

It's been twelve years since his extraordinary political career—the one in which he went from being a bomb-throwing backbencher in the seemingly permanent Republican minority to overthrowing the established order of both parties—collapsed around him. And yet, stunningly, in all that time Newt Gingrich hasn't been replaced as the philosopher king of the conservative movement. And as the summer rolled on, a revivified Gingrich sat atop the early polls of Republican presidential contenders, leading the field in California, Louisiana, South Carolina, and Texas and polling strongly in Illinois and Pennsylvania. This year he has raised as much money as Mitt Romney, Tim Pawlenty, Sarah Palin, and Mike Huckabee combined. He is in constant motion, traveling all over the country attending rallies and meetings. He writes best sellers, makes movies, appears regularly on Fox News.

And Marianne Gingrich, his closest advisor during his last fit of empire building, sits on the boardwalk chain-smoking her breakfast.

He thinks of himself as president, you tell her. He wants to run for president.

She gives a jaundiced look. "There's no way," she says. She thinks he made a choice long ago between doing the right thing and getting rich, and when you make those choices, you foreclose other ones. "He could have been president. But when you try and change your history too much, and try and recolor it because you don't like the way it was or you want it to be different to prove something new... you lose touch with who you really are. You lose your way."

She stops, ashes her cigarette, exhales, searching for the right way to express what she's about to say.

"He believes that what he says in public and how he lives don't have to be connected," she says. "If you believe that, then yeah, you can run for president."

Sitting on a bench, she squints against the light. "He always told me that he's always going to pull the rabbit out of the hat," she says.

TO VISIT HIM, YOU STAND IN A MARBLE lobby of a building on K Street, Washington's Lobbyists' Row. The guard checks your ID, you go up the elevator. At Gingrich Group, he has two floors and dozens of employees. You sit on the sofa by the reception desk manned by a neat young man, and you study the magazine covers with Gingrich's face on them and the copies of his books lined up on a row of mahogany shelves: *Winning the Future, Real Change, Gettysburg, Rediscovering God in America, Paper Kills.* Then another neat young man comes and leads you down a series of halls, telling you that Gingrich is the kind of guy who loves McDonald's and never stands on ceremony, has five ideas before breakfast, and tweets "because he understands it's the future."

And there's Newt Gingrich with his big square head. His features are surprisingly small and precise, and his deep-set eyes have a cool distance that feels vaguely scientific.

You ask him if he feels vindicated by the Tea Parties, if he thinks that his third act has come around.

No, he says. "I see myself as a citizen leader trying to understand three things:

- What the country has to do to be successful
- How you would communicate that to the American people so they would let you do it
- And then how you'd actually implement it if they gave you permission to do it."

He's the first person you've ever met who speaks in bullet points. In fact, he sometimes more resembles a collection of studied gestures than a mere mortal, so much so that he gives the impression that everything about him is calculated, including the impression that everything about him is calculated. Which can make him seem like a Big Thinker but also like a complete phony—an unsettling combination.

The failure of the Republican leadership under George W. Bush created an opening for him, he says. Obama's "radicalism" made

POLITICS

Get daily analysis from John H. Richardson, as well as a behind-the-scenes look at his conversations with Newt and Marianne Gingrich, at esquire.com/politics/blog.

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that opening wider Now a lot of Republicans are starting to ask, What Would Newt Do?

Or, he puts it another way: "The underlying the matics are beginning to be universalizable in a way that has taken years of work "

At minimum, be expects to be a "sort of a teacher/coach/mentor" At maximum, a leader who may yet assume the role he has prepared a lifetime for—

But let's not get ahead of ourselves, he says. The next couple of years will answer that question

Still, isn't there one major problem with all this? The Tea Parties only embrace half of the Gingrich vision, the one that ties bureaucracy and corruption around the neck of the Democratic party like a dead cat. But some of the policy proposals he's thrown out over the years suggest that Gingrich also supports massive government spending on education, technology, high-speed trains, national parks, health care, Social Security, and a host of odd pet projects compulsory gym class for every public-school student in America, forcing teachers to take attendance every hour, paying kids to read, even compulsory health insurance—isn't that exactly like the "Obamacare" that drives the Tea Parties mad?

"I've always said you should have a choice between either having insurance or posting a bond, but that every American should provide for their medical future," Gingrich answers

He seems a bit annoyed by the question—his tone is somehow both unruffled and peremptory at the same time.

And didn't he support the bank bailout, too?

"Reluctantly "

Gingrich bats these questions away like pesky little flies. He gets brittle if you try to pin him down



Most people thought he was crazy when he started saying that he would be the next Speaker of the House, but by 1994, Gingrich was the subject of an extraordinarily powerful cult of personality

You call Obama's Iran policy appeasement. But what's the alternative?

"Replace the government "

You're advocating war with Iran?

"Not necessarily There's every reason to believe that if you simply targeted gasoline and you maximized your support for dissidents in Iran, that within a year you'd replace the regime without a war "

That's it? After such an incendiary charge, your only solution is sanctions and speeches?

"The only thing you have to stop is gasoline," he repeats.

But that just seems like nuance, and only a minor difference with Obama's position.

' The difference between replacing a regime and appeasing a regime is pretty radical '

But you won't replace the regime that way You're just tinkering with sanctions, which have never worked.

"I would cut off gasoline, and I would fund the dissidents," he repeats

He wears the tight smile of a man who has very little room to move He is known for his rhetorical napalm and is not accustomed to acknowledging that he often deploys it for its own sake, facts and gross exaggeration be damned You don't build a movement by playing fair He didn't single-handedly topple forty years of Democratic rule in the House by strictly keeping Marquess of Queensberry rules And so in Newt's world, putting Barack Obama in the company of Neville Chamberlain to win a news cycle is just the way it's done The grimace on his face says What part of this game don't you understand? His assistant looks at his watch "We have three minutes "

He will not relax, will not let down his guard, not this time around. He did that once when he was younger, spent three days with a reporter who got his staff to complain of his sexual adventurism and saw him yelling at an assistant. Afterward, he mentioned the episode to Robert Novak, who said, "What the fuck were you thinking?"

"It was terrible," Gingrich says, "because I relaxed."

But this is his last chance, and if Newt Gingrich is going to fulfill his destiny, he will not relax.

[redacted] for someone who quit his job as Speaker of the House of Representatives and resigned from Congress while having an affair with Bisek—twenty-three years his junior—followed by an ugly divorce and their subsequent May–December marriage

But now Gingrich is trapped in a tricky balancing act. Here he is meeting with a group of small-business owners at the waterfront Hilton in New Orleans. They're seated around a long brown conference table, a couple of women and a couple dozen middle-aged men. Gingrich sits at midpoint with two assistants and a reporter behind him "I'm here to listen," he begins, his tone respectful "This is your meeting."

The business owners seem like ordinary folks—a builder, a man with a small boat shop, a woman who plans parties, a real estate investor or two. They seem cheerful enough and take their turns politely, but they're fired up with the Tea Party's sense of impending apocalypse-Obama is a socialist who's trying to "equalize us with the rest of the world," our tax system penalizes 'doers," 49 percent of the people in the country pay no taxes at all, we're like Germany in the 1930s, all they teach you at college is "self loathing 101," and 60 percent of Americans are on some kind of government program. "Katrina gave a lot of these folks the largest check in their lives," says the woman who plans parties. "They live on unemployment because they can "

When they finish, Gingrich speaks in a voice that is thoughtful and measured "At historic crossroads there is seldom unanimity," he reminds them. "We have 90 percent employment in this country An amazing number of people get up and go to work "

It is a startling trait that you witness over and over again as he meets with different groups of conservative activists When Gingrich—the godfather of the leveling attack and the politics of apocalypse—is surrounded by doomsayers and radicals, he takes the long view and becomes the very soul of probity But a reasonable and sober Newt Gingrich would never have gotten anywhere. Hence his ability to be scandalous-

ly extreme with great ease This incoherence is at the heart of today's conservative movement, and no one embodies it more than Gingrich. He is both sides of the divided Republican soul in a single man.

But today, among this group of conservatives, Gingrich the statesman presides, calming the troubled waters Liberals with unhappy memories of his slash-and-burn approach may never believe it, but this is a consistent theme in his life- Civil rights inspired his first work on a political campaign, he sent one of his daughters to a mostly black Head Start program, pushed "compassionate conservatism" long before the term existed, tamped down the hard-liners during the Republican revolution, and made a secret pact with Bill Clinton to salvage Social Security.

Next comes a delegation from the Tea Party. "Obama poses an existential threat to the Constitution," one man says. "I seem to remember that I swore an oath to protect America against 'all enemies foreign and domestic,'" says another. But when one of the Tea Partiers makes an ugly comment about immigration, Gingrich walks him back. "People who come here overwhelmingly come to work. They come from a culture where work is important."

Like the business owners before them, the Tea Partiers seem puzzled. "Don't you think that when they get here, they'll learn to be lazy?"

"No, I worry about them learning to be Americans."

His behavior is bracing and principled.

But with both groups, in the same placid and sensible voice, he moves quickly into darker themes. The work ethic is fraying, the feds are piling up debt, there are pizza parlors passing themselves off as HIV-treatment facilities and teachers who can't be fired and the Democrats passed a $787 billion stimulus bill without reading it, which proves they are the most radical "secular socialist machine" in American history.

"The more angry we get, the worse it is for Obama," he tells his audiences. "I don't care how many three point jump shots he makes."

AT THE PEAK OF THE IMPEACHMENT CRISIS, CLINTON CALLED GINGRICH TO A SECRET MEETING. HE LAID IT OUT FOR HIM: "YOU'RE A LOT LIKE ME," HE TOLD HIM. GINGRICH WAS MUZZLED.

[redacted] four years old," he tells you. "I wake up in the morning and I know that somewhere there's a cookie. I don't know where it is but I know it's mine and I have to go find it. That's how I live my life. My life is amazingly filled with fun."

He says this in the same office, with the same assistant at his side and a digital recorder on the table.

Last year, at sixty-five, he converted to Catholicism. He credits this to Bisek, a willowy blond who sings in a church choir. "Callista and I kid that I'm four and she's five and therefore she gets to be in charge, because the difference between four and five is a lot."

Speaking of childhood, he makes his sound ideal. His family were the kind of people that "Norman Rockwell captures in his pictures," he says, stiff-necked individualists who "came out of the mountains from small farms" and served in World War II, people who had "an old-fashioned deep belief in citizenship" that was "like living at Mount Vernon kind of stuff." He speaks fondly of the "lovely older lady" who used to listen to his stories, the newspaper editor who first published him, the aunt who made sugar pies, the grandmother who had an "old-fashioned belief in citizenship," even the crusty old bureaucrat who spent an afternoon telling a ten-year-old why the town couldn't afford to build a zoo. And no, he never felt like an oddball. "I felt unique in a way that I think every American should feel unique—if I wanted to open up a lemonade stand, I opened up a lemonade stand."

Actually, he grew up on a series of Army bases in Kansas, Georgia, France, and Germany. His father was raised by a grandmother who passed off his real mother (Gingrich's grandmother) as his sister. His mother married his father when she was sixteen, left him a few days later, and struggled with manic depression most of her life. His stepfather was an infantry officer who viewed his plump, near sighted, flat-footed son as unfit for the Army. By the time he was fifteen, Gingrich dedicated his life, he says, "to understanding what it takes for a free people to survive." By the time he was eighteen, he was dating his high school geometry teacher. He married her a year later, when he was nineteen and she was twenty-six.

It sounds like a complicated childhood, I say.

"It was fabulous."

Fabulous?

"Lots of relatives, lots of complexity, lots of sugar pies, when I could talk my aunt and grandmother into making them. They had an old-fashioned cast-iron stove where you cut wood..."

Just as Ronald Reagan created an idealized version of an America that never quite existed, so has Newt. And just as Reagan curated a fantasy version of his own life, so, too, has Newt.

Aren't you sugarcoating it a little bit?

"What do you mean?"

It sounds like a troubled domestic situation.

"It's troubled if you decide that's what it is."

True, you can choose to look at the bright things. But there are also less bright things.

"There are for everybody."

Yeah, but I'm asking you.

He doesn't respond.

Both your fathers, the stepfather and the biological one, were angry men.

His expression is flat, and he answers in his scholarly voice, like a professor telling a legend from distant history. "I think by the time I knew Newt, my biological father, he was no longer particularly angry. I think Bob was very tough. But I look back now and I realize that Bob imprinted me in a thousand ways. He taught me discipline, he taught me endurance, he taught me to take the long view, he taught me the notion of teams, he taught me a depth of patriotism, he taught me to be prepared for things not to work—you sleep as often as you can because you don't know when you'll be able to sleep again, you drink water when you can because you don't know when you'll be able to drink again, you rest as much as you can because you don't know when you're going to rest again. If you come out of an infantry, World War II, Korea background, that is how the infantry functions. Well, it turns out that's pretty good if you're going to be a politician."

[redacted] while she annihilates a long series of Benson & Hedges, Marianne Gingrich paints a very different picture. "He didn't talk to his mother much. He just didn't have patience with her. And she was pretty drugged up for a long time."

But he said his childhood was like Norman Rockwell.

She laughs. "You're kidding. That's funny. Well, I liked his dad. He was outspoken. He was a down-home, practical kind of guy. But you know, he was a drinker."



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OF CAPTAIN.



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Gingrich (left, in 1989) was relentless in his campaign to destroy Jim Wright, even as he had similar ethics problems. In 1995, with Clinton, his perfect foil.

Marianne loves long stories, straight talk, and rueful laughter at the infinity of human foibles. Her eyes go wide when she hears his line about being four to Callista's five. "You know where that line came from? Me. That's my line. That's what I told him."

She pauses for a moment, turning it over in her mind. Then she shakes her head in wonder. "I'm sorry, that's so freaky."

But she's happy to say nice things about him, too. As a husband, she says, he was affectionate, fun, awkward, eager, endlessly inquisitive. Once, she asked him why he was always so full of questions, and he said, "I found that if I listen, I'll learn more. And people like to talk to me."

That's completely Newt, she says. There was something missing inside, so he had to think his way into doing the right thing. "Newt trained himself. He wasn't a natural. He doesn't have natural instincts and insights. Everything has to be a thought process first. It took years and years. It wasn't, 'I have this insight. I am compelled, I can do no other.' It was step by step by step by step, and it was all mental. all learned behavior."

It's kind of touching, really. "He was a shy boy underneath it all," she says.

[redacted] at a political fundraiser in Ohio. She was twenty-eight, the daughter of a small-town Republican mayor. He was thirty-six, a brand-new congressman from Georgia just emerging from an emotional crisis so severe that he drank heavily and contemplated suicide. She told him about the local economic decline, he said somebody needed to save the country. She said that he couldn't do it alone, he asked about her plans for the future. Even then, he was making rash pronouncements that reasonable people made fun of, such as that he would be the next Republican Speaker of the House.

They kept the conversation going on the phone, often talking late into the night. Although he was still married to his first wife, Jackie Battley, Gingrich told Marianne they were in counseling and talking about divorce. That summer, she went to Washington to visit him, and soon afterward he introduced her to his mother and stepfather. "They were thrilled because they hadn't wanted Newt to marry [Jackie]. I think his stepdad wanted to be able to say, 'Look, we always knew this wasn't going to work.'"

At first, she had no idea that the wife he was divorcing was actually his high school geometry teacher, or that he went to the hospital to present her with divorce terms while she was recovering from uterine cancer and then fought the case so hard, Jackie had to get a court order just to pay her utility bills. Gingrich told her the story a little at a time, trusting her with things that nobody else knew—to this day, for example, the official story is that he started dating Jackie when he was eighteen and she was twenty-five. But he was really just sixteen, she says.

The divorce came through in February. They got married six months later, in August of 1981.

There were immediate stresses. They had no money at all. Marianne had to take over the budget because it was too stressful for Newt. On a congressman's salary, which was then about $70,000, Gingrich had to maintain households in Georgia and Washington, plus alimony and personal debts and child support. She remembers one reception when a woman asked Newt to buy a charity ticket for ten dollars. Between them, they didn't have a dime and didn't know how they were going to eat for the rest of the month. "Ask Marianne," he said, so the woman came up to her and she had to say, "No, I'm sorry, I don't have ten dollars." When she looked over at Gingrich, he was smiling.

But they shared a thrilling sense of commitment, talking endlessly about the future and how to make things better. "The choice to try and change things consumed both of us," she says.

The challenge was huge. People in Washington called Gingrich "Newt Skywalker" and snickered at his pretensions. 'He'd walk into every meeting clutching books, trying to send a signal of intellectual gravitas,' says Mickey Edwards, then a prominent Republican congressman from Oklahoma. His own administrative assistant called him "bold but careless, imaginative but undisciplined, creative but sloppy." He would rattle around his office in the Rayburn House Office Building until well past midnight, restless and pacing, brainstorming with his staff or talking on the phone to Marianne. His mantra was that the Democrats were a corrupt permanent majority. And the Republican establishment was the biggest impediment to changing that. "How do we move the politics so that conservative is acceptable?" he would ask. That was the main question.

The answers he came up with made him so powerful that he would humble the president of the United States.

[redacted] Newt Gingrich would become Speaker of the House. That was essential.

The second came from Richard Nixon, who told Newt to build up a cadre of young Turks to take on the Republican moderates. Gingrich had been thinking about this kind of thing since he visited Verdun at fifteen, followed by an obsession with a character in Isaac Asimov's *Foundation* who "plotted the social and economic trends" of his world and figured out how to manipulate mass psychology by inventing a fake religion. Political change was also the theme of his Ph.D. thesis. A big reader [*continued on page 184*]

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Shade art by Masako Ikkyo

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THE ESQUIRE SURVEY of DRINKING



MORE THAN FIVE THOUSAND OF YOU recently completed our survey on where, when, how much, and with whom you drink. Here, the scientific-ish results, plus a few long-winded musings and some irresponsible illuminations. Also a little grammar.

1. How old are you?
55+ 6%*
45-54 9%
35-44 16%
25-34 38%
21-24 24%
Under 21 7%

2. What is your marital status?
Married 33%
Divorced 6%
Widowed 0.4%
Never married 60%

3. Education level?
Postgraduate degree 26%
College degree 58%
High school degree 16%

4. Do you exercise?
No 9%
A little 57%
A lot 33%

Fun with Cross-Referencing: Young vs. Old...

AGES 21-24 VERSUS AGES 55+

Number of drinks a night:
Old 1-2 drinks (41%)
Young 2-4 drinks (38%)

Number of hangovers in a month
Old 67% have none
Young 20% have none

Personality improved after a few drinks?
Old 55% no
Young 69% yes

Is drinking part of the problem or the solution?
Old 53% say problem
Young 71% say solution

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5. On a typical night of drinking in a bar, how many drinks do you consume? (For the purposes of this survey, 2 beers = 1 drink.)



6. How many drinks do you consume in a typical week?
28+ 6%
15-28 24%
8-14 31%
5-7 19%
2-4 14%
1 3%
0 3%

7. In which situation are you most likely to drink at home? (Choose one.)
Most nights 36%
After a bad day at the office. 12%
After an argument with my spouse. 0.4%
When I'm getting ready for a date. 3%
When I'm entertaining. 44%
I never drink at home. 6%

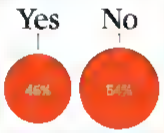
8. If you could have one drink right now, what kind would it be?
Beer 47%
Cocktail 20%
Straight liquor rocks 16%
Straight liquor neat 9%
Wine 10%

9. You prefer whiskey:
On the rocks 51%
Neat 22%
As a shot 10%
I don't drink whiskey 17%

10. Would you rather order chardonnay or get beat up?
Chardonnay, please. 51%
Let's get this over with 49%

11. How much is too much to pay for a cocktail?
$14+ 14%
$12-$14 19%
$10-$12 28%
$8-$10 20%
I don't drink cocktails for this reason 19%

12. Does the prospect of a hangover ever affect your drinking?



...The Neat-Whiskey Drinker...

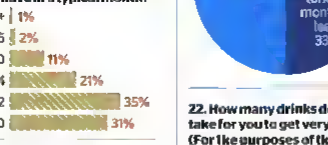
Enjoys drinking for drinking's sake.

Has fewer hangovers.

Is grammatically correct.

Flushes the toilet *and* washes his hands in the men's room.

13. How many hangovers do you have in a typical month?



14. Is your personality improved after a few drinks?
Yes 63%
No 38%

15. Are you a regular at a certain bar?
Yes 30%
No 71%

16. What are you most likely to become after, say, three drinks?
Happy 46%
Sleepy 10%
Angry 1%
Flirtatious 20%
Annoying 2%

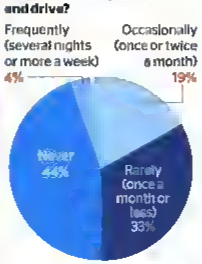
17. Primarily you drink to:
Enjoy the drink 24%
Relax 25%
Socialize 39%
Get drunk 6%
Man up 1%
Maybe get laid 2%
Forget that I'm miserable 4%

18. If given the option, do you prefer sitting at a table or the bar?
A table 52%
The bar 48%

19. Have you ever had a one-night stand with someone you've met at a bar?
Yes 47%
No 53%

20. What's your favorite kind of bar?
Pub 51%
Cantina 3%
Sports bar 13%
Lounge 17%
Scotch bar 3%
Cigar bar 3%
Hotel bar 3%
Airport bar 1%
Shithole 9%

21. How often do you drink and drive?



22. How many drinks does it take for you to get very drunk? (For the purposes of this survey, 2 beers = 1 drink.)
10+ 11%
8-10 29%
8-7 46%
3-4 15%
1-2 1%
A few sips 0.1%

...The Angry Drinker...

Less likely to have a one-night stand

Doesn't think his personality is improved when he drinks.

Less likely to get in a bar fight ironically enough

Tips well.

Doesn't want to play darts

[continued on page 118]

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23. At what age did you first get drunk?
I've never drunk to intoxication. 2%
21+ 7%
18-21 27%
14-18 57%
Under 14 8%

24. If you had to spend a night drinking with a citizen of one of the following countries, which country would it be?


Italy 10%


France 5%


Russia 5%


Germany 8%


Israel 2%


Australia 18%


China 1%


Ireland 26%


Scotland 9%


England 15%

26. Which president?


George H. W. Bush 8%


George W. Bush 18%


Bill Clinton 48%


Barack Obama 26%

27. Which occasionally troubled celebrity?


Nick Nolte 10%


Vince Vaughn 51%


Mel Gibson 14%


Lindsay Lohan 17%


Rip Torn 8%

28. After how many drinks do you expect to get a "buyback" from a bartender?
6 9%
5 16%
4 21%
3 10%
2 1%
What's a buyback? 43%

29. Have you ever been in a physical fight in a bar?



How to Get a Free Drink

By Paul Gustings, longtime bartender at Tujague's in New Orleans

THE GOOD NEWS IN NEW ORLEANS, it's not like up north, where it seems like if you order three drinks, you get one for free. They call that the buyback. We don't do that. I mean, I know places where people have been going for thirty years and they've never gotten a free drink. And that's just the way it is. But here the first thing the owner told me when I started was, "Make sure you take care of the people." And by "the people" he meant the people who say "May I?" "Thank you." and "Please." Those things work miracles. And people forget that. It's the thank-you that really really really makes a big difference. "Thank you" is all I expect. Tipping is not something I pay any attention to. It has nothing to do with how much money you have. I mean, if you're a jerk and you give me a dollar, you're a cheap jerk. If you're a jerk and you give me $100, you're an expensive jerk, but you're still a jerk. And it has nothing to do with being drunk or sober. If you're obnoxious, it's because of your aggravating personality.

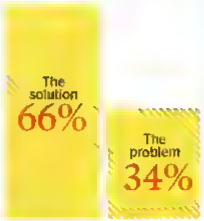
You know, I had sixteen guys in the other day. Obviously one of them was getting married, and I bought them all a drink. All sixteen of them. Because they were nice.

—As told to Aminata Dia

30. Whom did you fight?
I haven't been in a bar fight. 74%
Bartender 0.3%
Companion 1%
Colleague 1%
Boss 0.1%
Date 0.1%
Stranger 24%

31. You've ordered five PBRs. How much tip do you leave?
More than $5 18%
$5 53%
Less than $5 29%

32. Is drinking part of the problem or the solution?



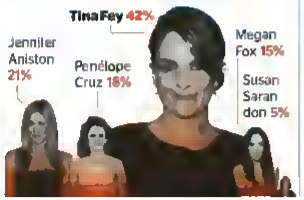
23. Darts?
Sure 64%
Nah 36%

Darts for Drinkers



1. Stand sideways with your upper arm parallel to the floor. Hold the dart with your fingertips in the middle, so it feels balanced in your hand.
2. Look at the board, not the dart. Pull the dart back to your nose and throw in one single easy arc, pivoting at the elbow.
3. Don't spill your beer.

25. If you had to choose among the following, which actress would you most want to have a beer with?



JUST FOR KICKS, SOMETIMES WE SEND THE OTHER AIRLINES POSTCARDS.

The most international destinations.

When we land someplace and the other guys aren't there, we just let them know we're thinking of them. And with the most international destinations, we send a lot of postcards. For reservations and information, go to continental.com.

Continental Airlines
STAR ALLIANCE MEMBER

Work Hard. Fly Right.

34. Which is grammatically correct?

I have *drunk* three beers. 46%

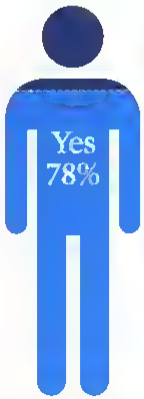
I have *drank* three beers. 54%

Note from the Esquire Copy Desk

This is admittedly a tough one. *Drink* is an irregular verb and English is an irregular language. But the instant replay (Webster's Third New International Dictionary, Unabridged) reveals that *drunk* is the right call. What you want is the past participle, the part of speech that works with *have* here to form the present perfect tense. And Webster's in fact lists both *drunk* and *drank* as viable past participles for *drink*. But like many dictionaries, Webster's, when offering alternatives, lists the more prevalent form first, and in this case that's *drunk*. So no one's going to look at you funny if you say "I have drank three beers," but if you need to get it right (if you're in the middle of a job interview say) he goes to the runner as it were, and *drunk* it is.

35. Do you flush the toilet in the men's room at a bar?

No 22%



36. Do you wash your hands in the men's room at a bar?
Of course. 70%
Only if I hit the stall 15%
No, that seems kind of girlie 3%
No, but in my defense I was raised by wolves 3%
Not if there's a line. 10%

...Four Kinds of Men

There are men who flush the toilet and wash their hands in the john (60 percent) men who flush the toilet but don't wash their hands in the john (3 per cent) men who don't flush the toilet but do wash their hands in the john (10 percent) and men who don't flush the toilet or wash their hands in the john (3 percent)

37. How frequently do you drink alone?
Frequently (several nights or more a week) 15%
Occasionally (a few times a month) 33%
Rarely (once a month or less) 35%
Never 17%

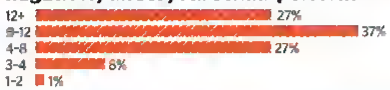
Drinking Alone: An Approach

YOU MIGHT WANT TO STAND—that way you're not committed. You could have only this drink or three more. You could easily move down a few feet to make room for a group. And when you stand, you have a perch instead of a nest. The bartender should be spoken to warmly when you arrive and asked a question about himself that will provide some context for the small conversations that you will have with him over the next hour or so. A sincere "How are you?" is enough. What you drink or how much is more or less irrelevant. Because ultimately, being alone at the bar isn't about drinking but about socializing. For instance: we see this guy every now and then who wears earphones in the bar. Why is he even at the bar, we want to know? What could he possibly accomplish? Anyway, no earphones at the bar. Also: no iPads. And no books. Especially novels. A novel is an inappropriate emblem—of insularity, mainly. Which is offensive in this context. Now, let's say another lone person sits next to you. You should probably say something, no more than three minutes in. Small talk is fine. But something. And if you find that you're enjoying the conversation—especially when it's with someone to whom you're attracted—that's when you sit: when it becomes clear that you are no longer alone, that you have engaged someone and that person has engaged you and you are content to talk. Your sitting is a gesture. And it marks the commencement of an improved night. Which is the only reason you came to the bar in the first place.

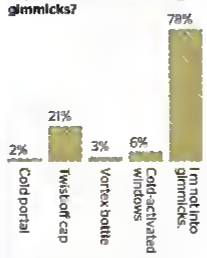
35. How many different bars have you been to in the past month?
8+ 13%
4-8 25%
2-4 29%
1-2 25%
I never mix it up. 9%



39. How many drinks does it take to negatively affect your sexual performance?



40. Do you actually appreciate any of these beer-marketing gimmicks?



41. Which form of advertising most influences you when it comes to drinking?
TV 24%
Film 14%
Music 6%
Billboards 1%
Magazines 26%
My old man 29%

42. If you were asked to a White House Beer Summit, what would you drink?
Beer 70%
Straight liquor 17%
A cocktail 12%

43. Why are there no twist-off caps on bottles of good beer?



The survey of drinking was taken by 5,399 men on SurveyMonkey.com between June 4 and June 21, 2010. Since the pool of respondents was limited to Internet-connected adults, the results do not reflect a scientifically random sample of the population.



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A rare chance to claim a unique piece of watchmaking history for under $100!

Eighty-six years ago, a watchmaker in Paris famous for building the magnificent clocks at Versailles created a legendary timepiece. He invented the first watch with an automatic mechanical drive. These innovative movements required no batteries and never needed to be manually wound. Only seven of these ultra-rare watches were ever made and we've studied the one surviving masterpiece in a watch history museum. Inspired by history, classic design and technology, our Stauer ***Meisterzeit*** has been painstakingly handcrafted to meet the demanding standards of vintage watch collectors.

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James FRANCO

ART BY JAMES FRANCO

5

FRANCO FIVE WAYS

HE'S EVERYWHERE. IN THEATERS AND ON TV, TAKING CLASSES AT YALE AND BUILDING SCULPTURES, DIRECTING DOCUMENTARIES AND WRITING FICTION. HE REFUSES TO BE DEFINED BY ANYTHING, SO HE DOES EVERYTHING. THE QUESTION IS, WHAT DOES IT ALL ADD UP TO?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO CARROZZINI



Cardigan and long-sleeved crewneck by Gucci; sunglasses by Ray-Ban

THE ITINERANT ARTIST

PROFILE BY TOM CHIARELLA

Sure, he hasn't had his eggs yet, but it's got to be said: James Franco looks a little ragged along the seams at 8:45 in the morning. Unshaven. Inky at his edges and out of sorts. The brown T-shirt hangs on his shoulders like the wind blew it there. He's catfooted and somehow goofy of gait. And that mustache is a wish.

He generally fits the bill of a vaguely hungover, Lower East Side, semi-academic hipster artist living the unraveling agenda of Tuesday-morning being and nothingness. He sits by a side door near a pail of mop water. There's a paperback, palm-pinched, cover down, in his right hand, and a big plastic shopping bag full up with something he doesn't want to show just yet. When asked what he's reading, Franco smiles his ungrudgingly adolescent smile, a grin as terminally satisfying as the last healthy squeeze on a tube of toothpaste. He is engaging, for just a second, in the mutual diction of actor and artist—"It's for a project," he says. But the word—*project*—thumps out of him unprecious and without bluster, as if he were naming a day of the week. He's always got something going. He flips the book over. *Twilight*.

Keep in mind: The position of things is such that he doesn't have to show the book. Had he said *Jude the Obscure*, no one would have been the wiser. He's a graduate student, after all, enrolled in two universities at pretty much any given moment. "It's crazy how much sexual tension there is," he says. "It just builds and builds. I mean it never stops. It's sort of explosive by the end. Crazy. Like they'll blow up with it. And of course, they don't." He shrugs then, a good shrug, because he is selling nothing with it. "Which is the point too, I guess."

Sometimes Franco goes a little hypnotic with the eye contact. What starts as a steady gaze generally transmutes into the oddly pleased squint that is his war paint, a look that allows him to play both stoner and supervillain with the same incredulous vacancy. He sighs a little, apologetic. "You probably know I have a lot of projects," he says. "But that one is way, way off. It's just something I'm thinking about." He whisks at something in the air then. "Off in the distance. Way off."

These words are so bloated and vague, they almost bob in the air. Franco knows this. "Okay. I want to write a children's book." He guts out a laugh, snorting himself off the hook. "Someday." This is a kind of hedge—people are constantly vetting his agenda, because it is unlike the typical high-quote actor's, because it is puzzlingly arcane, because he isn't notching his belt or collecting motorcycles or figuring out new enthusiasms in laboratory drugs because that agenda appears to have nothing to do with being a rich, laconic, and ultimately free thirty-two-year-old male.

And because so far, it's seemed like piling on. He's already an emergent A-list movie star, a performance artist, a perpetual and enthusiastic graduate student (Fiction writing, in the M.F.A. program at Columbia. Film student, enrolled at NYU.) He tells me he's been accepted for enrollment to Ph.D. programs in creative writing. He recently got into the Rhode Island School of Design.

It is tempting to draw him in a series of contradictory smidges. As the ne'er-do-well Franco who routinely leaves movie sets to fly to one coast or the other to attend a university workshop or evening graduate seminar. Or as the actor Franco who lilted around the $2.5 billion Spider-Man troika, looking utterly unconvinced and just a little bit amused as he kept a ten-story-tall sandman at bay using a jet-propelled sled. The same actor Franco who made an unlikely twenty-five-episode incursion into *General Hospital*, playing a creepy, off-kilter performance artist named Franco.

Franco, our Franco, has an art opening tomorrow. A multiroom installation called "The Dangerous Book Four Boys" in a thirteenth-floor gallery in TriBeCa. Walls will be lined with his photographs, gritty, theatrical Polaroids and silver-etched desert landscapes. Every room will have video playback. Some will have chairs, so people can sit to watch videos that Franco made in one graduate program or another—plywood rockets burning in the desert, a man with a sledgehammer at the edge of some asphalt, close-ups of men pissing. One film, a herky-jerk semi-narrative in which Franco dashes through the Louvre wearing a penis on his nose, will briefly feature the always thrilling documentation of human defecation. And there will be wine.

"I SHOWED THAT MOVIE AT NYU LAST MONTH," FRANCO SAYS. "ONE FACULTY MEMBER FLAT-OUT CALLED ME AN ASSHOLE. SHE WAS MUTTERING IT THE WHOLE TIME. *WHAT AN ASSHOLE. WHAT AN ASSHOLE.*"

"I showed that last movie at NYU last month, at a faculty critique," Franco says, flinching a little. "It's a fairly confrontational piece, and it got a little ugly. One faculty member—she's always tough on me, but she flat-out called me an asshole. She jumped me. She was muttering it the whole time. *What an asshole. What an asshole.*"

Moments like that can break grad students. One scissoring word choice from a program chair, an eye roll here or there, an exchange of withering phrasings between faculty forever memorable for their clever cruelty—these things can be crushing enough that by the next summer the student in question is hanging decks

KEEP DOING WHAT YOU'RE DOING, JAMES FRANCO

FICTION BY BENJAMIN PERCY

James Franco is tired. He plops down on the couch and thumbs the remote. On television James Franco yaks it up with Regis and Kelly. Kelly keeps touching his knee and giggling. Regis keeps saying how he looks like that James Dean. "The spitting image!" James Franco smiles abashedly. His teeth are as white and square as Chiclets, Kelly says. She wants to chew them out of his mouth.

Then it is time for *General Hospital* guest-starring James Franco. It is not his best work, but he is terribly handsome. During the commercial break, he riffles through the magazines on his coffee table, looking at photographs taken of James Franco and reading short stories written by James Franco. They are so arresting that he considers ignoring his phone when it chirps to life. But the caller ID reads JAMES FRANCO... so he blows out a sigh and says, "What do you want, James Franco?"

"Did you make a decision about your thesis?"

His eyes narrow in that special squint-when there's no-sun way. "Which one? The M.A. or the M.F.A. or the Ph.D.?"

"The Ph.D. The paperwork is due today."

"Oh, right. How about the whiteness of the whale in *Moby-Dick*?"

"Good call."

James Franco rises from the couch and pours himself a mug of coffee and blows the steam off it as though he were blowing a kiss. He looks out his apartment window, where the streets are busy with thousands of James Francos selling hot dogs, driving cabs, break-dancing, reading newspapers on park benches.

James Franco resists joining them. He needs a day off. Later, he plans to order some Chinese takeout, maybe watch a movie, *Spider-Man 2*. That one never gets old.

He flips open his laptop and catches up on the news. In Nepal, James Franco summits Everest. In a Harvard laboratory, James Franco invents a nontoxic oil dispersant that will save the Gulf. In Iraq, James Franco defuses a roadside bomb. James Franco delivers a baby. James Franco paints a mural about urban blight. James Franco opens an organic restaurant to much acclaim. James Franco makes love to five women and they all have orgasms that leave them half dead with pleasure.

A key rattles in the door lock. James Franco comes rushing in, wearing shorts and breathing heavily. "Just ran a four-minute mile," he says.

"Nice!"

James Franco races to the kitchen to guzzle some mineral water and cook an amazing quiche. He runs in place next to the stove. His six-pack abs shine with sweat. Anyone else would stink, but he is James Franco and he smells like he just rolled around in a men's magazine full of cologne ads.

"What now?"

James Franco holds up a hand, like: Wait a minute.

He is finishing his quiche with one hand and writing a Petrarchan sonnet with the other. "I'm pretty exhausted," he finally says. "I think I'll hit the showers then take a nap."

"That sounds great, James Franco. Keep doing what you're doing."

Benjamin Percy's first novel, The Wilding, comes out next month. He collaborates frequently with illustrator Danica Novgorodoff, most recently with Refresh, Refresh, a graphic novel.



ILLUSTRATION BY DANICA NOVGORODOFF

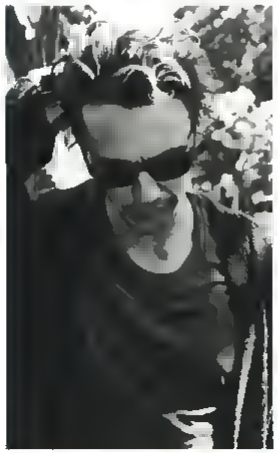
with his brother-in-law in Skokie. It's like *American Idol* for the black-turtleneck crowd. You gotta have thick skin, whale skin.

Franco has this in spades. Maybe it has to do with the fact that he's been a working actor since he was seventeen, that he gave up school at nineteen to take on a role on the iconic and forever cult-worthy *Freaks and Geeks*. The guy's been working for nearly half his life. This breeds either confidence that might be misread as arrogance, or a focus that might be misread as impudence. He leans forward. "I didn't blame her for being mad. She'd brought her child," he says. "But I mean, come on. Who brings a child to a graduate school film showing?" Franco chalks it up, unhurt, undeterred. "The film fits inside the larger project anyway, this exhibit. I see why people don't get it."

Of course Franco has other openings coming up, too, in pretty much every cineplex in existence. He's got a supporting role in *Eat, Pray, Love*, a kind of soft porn for unhappy thirty-six-year old women. Then he's up for a starring turn in the new Danny Boyle film *127 Hours*, as a mountain climber who, trapped in the Utah desert, amputates his own arm to get out from under a boulder. This month he'll appear as Allen Ginsberg in art house sure thing *Howl*. Then in a Danny McBride comedy, *Your Highness*, about two brothers who are princes. All of this in the next year. He's started work on the *Planet of the Apes* sequel, which gives hope to nostalgic forty-five-year-old fanboys everywhere. So how does he pick this stuff? What's the plan? Did he even read *Eat, Pray, Love*? Later, walking to the barbershop, when asked this very question, he will laugh—at finding himself in such a movie and at the shambling Alphabet City hottie and whiny spiritualist he plays. "What can I say about *Eat, Pray, Love*?" he says. "Let's see . . ." Then he pauses for a solid fifteen seconds. When Franco speaks, his tone is guiltless, his affect amused. "You know, in *Eat, Pray, Love*, my character mostly appears in the first twenty pages of the book," he says, and now the smile is broad, inviting, self-aware. "And I can definitely say I read the first twenty pages."

At the diner, Franco reaches into his bag and pulls out a Polaroid camera, hands it over, then pulls out one for himself. "I figure we can just shoot each other," he says. "We'll make a project out of the morning. We're going for a straight shave, right?"

We are doing just that, but the cameras are hard to figure. The real photo shoot is done, days past. Whose project is this? Who set this up? Franco looks almost hurt



HE WHO IS OF NAME

POETRY
BY NICK TOSCHES

The errant wisps of mystery that enlace and make us one, if only for a breath, are many
as these words attest.
James Franco: I who am nothing know you not.
I mean this in the simplest, plainest sense.
I mean, like, who the fuck are you?
For as the gods that have nothing better to do are my witnesses, I have never even
heard of you.
That you are of great name, perhaps of greatness itself, is all I know.
Why else would you be on the cover that wraps round and holds these pages with glue?
Why not Brett Favre but you?
Why not the guy next to me at the bar who revealed to me that Nostradamus assures us
that Israel and Halliburton will bring about the end of the world in 2012?
(Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, for this flower dies.)
Why not the checkout lady at Food Emporium who asked me yesterday if I wanted
to donate a dollar to the Army"?
Why not I, who from nothing has here wrought beauty from tatters of verse?

I have been steadfast, saintly so, in my ignorance of who the fuck you are, seeking
neither from Wikipedia nor the guy at the bar
I venture you are a fleeting "star" of the moving pictures, for who else ends up on the
covers that wrap round and hold such pages with glue?
Fleeting perhaps, yes, but how brightly burns your streaming course through the sky of
my midnight ignorance!
A delivery truck double-parks on it writ large: CELEBRITY DRINK. ED HARDY. ENERGY DRINK.
Oh James, does thy name emblazon somewhere a double-parked truck of celebrity and
energy too?
How great, oh James, art thou, how more gay the rosebuds that ye gather while ye may!
Be you my unknown savior or unknown jester, I hail you.
As I have always said, along with the bit about the rosebuds: Fortune is a capricious
power, making men's actions famous or leaving them in obscurity without regard
to true worth.
Go forth, onward then, James Franco, whoever or whatever you are, as fortune has
ordained, and do so with all just pride and shining gladness, as thy paycheck is
bigger than mine.

But remember to hasten, for equality's razing blade comes soon—
Believe me. The guy at the bar never lies.
Then no one will know who tha fuck either of us, along with everybody else,
is or ever was.

Nick Tosches is the author of The Devil and Sonny Liston, Dino, *and* King of the Jews.



Jacket, shirt, and jeans by Gucci.

FOUR INTRODUCTIONS TO JAMES FRANCO

MEMOIR BY BILL HADER

2000

The first time I met James Franco he was dressed like James Dean. He was James Dean. It erally filming a biopic. I was working as a production assistant. I remember walking over to him on set. "Do you want anything to eat?" I asked. And he said in perfect cadence, without an instant of hesitation "I'm all right, *maalin*." He didn't break character for the entire production, anywhere at any time on set. He lived on PB&J, Red Bull, and packs of cigarettes. We didn't talk. I just made him PB&J. I left. James Dean alone.

FRANCO: I was so deep in character that when I saw how closely Bill resembled Dean's gay friend Jack Simmons, I fell in love with him.

2001

The next time I saw him, I was a PA on *Spider-Man*. My first day on set, I saw James and we kind of locked eyes and he came over and said, "Hey man, you worked on *James Dean*." He gave me a big hug. Then director Sam Raimi asked me to help drop a fake concrete chunk on James's head during an explosion scene. But I couldn't drop it right. It kept bouncing oddly, wildly. Almost a dozen times. I screwed it up until Raimi replaced me. He got up on the scaffold, dropped the concrete. It hit James perfectly.

FRANCO: Sam is an adept concrete thrower and his favorite thing is to throw things at his actors. He hit [illegible] no problem.

2007

I had a small part in *Pineapple Express*. I was an actor on this one, not a PA. I came by the set to say hi to everybody. James was there with David Gordon Green and Seth Rogen. I said to James, "Hey, man, how's it going? You probably won't remember, but I was a PA on *James Dean* and *Spider-Man*." I figured we would hug or something like last time. Silence throughout the trailer. Complete, utter silence. "Ohh, cool." I went to change.

FRANCO: When I saw Bill on the set of Pineapple, I don't think I was silent. I think I asked him to make me a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich.

2008

At the beginning of each week at *Saturday Night Live*, we have a full cast meeting where Lorne Michaels introduces the up coming host. James came a bit early to the meeting. Everyone was milling around, making small talk. Then Lorne began to settle the room so he could introduce James. Except that he didn't get a chance to, because James was whispering to me. His voice was soft and low. But it was loud enough for the rest of the room to hear. Loud enough for the rest of the room to laugh. "Hey, man, were you a PA on *Spider-Man*?" Yes. I was. And we've been friends ever since.

FRANCO: That episode, Bill wrote us a sketch about two businessmen who share a glory hole. It didn't make it to air.

Bill Hader is a cast member of Saturday Night Live. His next movie, Paul, is due in March.



by the question. "Me," he says. "I just figured it would help you guys out." He holds the bag open, reveals twenty boxes of film. "I got a lot," he says. "You can shoot whatever you want, as much as you want."

He stares deeply, right into the shot, then pulls the camera back and snaps one off. "You can just do it randomly," he says, taking a picture of his toast. "Documentation."

The cameras whirl out a storm of white squares, each fading backward into a representation of the otherwise unremarkable morning that Franco is living. He's going to get a shave after this, to knock the scruff off, try the shop-made tonic, see where that takes him. The day is ahead. These then are lovingly random "before" shots: his toast, the floor, his bony shoulders, the pubey little chin hair, the occasional blank glance, his pale face dark against the wall of light from the street. He doesn't care that he looks sickly in some shots or that his eyes are closed in others. He doesn't seem to care if he's even in the pictures at all. He likes one in which a woman carrying a Boston terrier and a bag of oranges passes by the window. He's right, it's pretty cool.

Steady and unpretentious in his appraisals, he regards the images with a patience one does not often find in movie stars sitting in public places. It's clear he'd do this for days and days, purely on the compact of the assignment he's given himself, that he'd be willing to keep snapping these images until he found what he was looking for. This version of himself, the student, is not one Franco seems willing to surrender. "Acting doesn't do very much for me," he says flatly. "I put off school for it, but it's not like it was a sacrifice or anything. I really didn't miss school until I went back. Or maybe I missed it and nobody believed that, not even me. The work of it—and I have really great teachers—that's the stuff that adds up for me in a way that acting doesn't."

No matter how long you stand at the opposite corner of James Franco's art opening, no matter how far from him you stand, no matter how thick the crowd gets, it is impossible not to see that he's prepared, that he's happy, that he likes the argument, the provocation of it all. He's up to it. Whaleskin. One might hasten to point out that nothing rides on this for him, and that this is the confidence-man aspect of Franco's game, operating within the brutal, parochial Darwinism of the contemporary art world with impunity, simply because he is a movie star and he knows it.

Still, the guy works, manic and openhearted. There are five rooms' worth of that work here, work that coalesces into a fairly cohesive exploration of boyhood, sexuality, and something that is distinctly Franco's, a vision of a guy comically trapped in what everybody in the celebrity-mad republic presumes to be the best job in the world, movie star. And all of the exhibit, every bit, is wholly unrelated to the enervating measures of Hollywood success. These infiltrations—into the world of art, the classroom, the gallery, the soap-opera set—have to be a relief to a guy whose job as a movie star, rightly or wrongly, presents him with questions he doesn't care about answering. The exhibit prompts the question: Who gives a shit about an image of a plywood rocket burning on a salt flat, even when that image is projected on the inside walls of an identical version of that rocket? No one profits from it. But who really cares about the weekend gross of *Eat, Pray, Love*, except those who stand to profit from it?

That's why Franco greets everyone who approaches at the opening warmly, that's why he's a restless, resilient, and, yes, legitimate student. He likes the questions of all this. And of course he's not afraid at this opening. He's opening everywhere, all the time.

But no matter how many times you click play, it's kind of hard to watch James Franco on *General Hospital*, playing Franco, that simulacrum of himself, a kind of Ed Wood manqué. This is the artist Franco, our Franco, using acting in a performance of the role of a performance artist. But the timing seems a little off, his tone slightly out of concert. A lot of layers of meaning. Very sticky and pseudo academic.

Maybe—no, surely—this is on purpose. Because James Franco is a very good actor. He stole the show in *Pineapple Express*, as a strangely thoughtful burnout. He nailed a supporting role lip-to-lip with Sean Penn in *Milk* and gave an underrated performance in Paul Haggis's quiet triumph, *In the Valley of Elah*. He's about to enter the realm of leading man simply because he does exactly what a movie star does: makes you want a lot more of him.

Before we enter Barbiere, a boutique barbershop that makes men feel like new men, where we're set up for the shave, Franco rolls this reaction over. "Bad? You thought it was bad?" It makes him laugh, not because it's inconceivable, more because he's curious. There is a clarification: not bad. Uncomfortable to watch.

He thinks. "I'm glad it made you uncomfortable," he says. We enter the barbershop. "The point was, I was uncomfortable. It's a very different world, different style of acting. And we knew people would recognize me, that they wouldn't accept me as Franco. In some ways, I can't be anyone else but James Franco. That can be uncomfortable, too."

In the shop, Franco politely introduces himself and doles out his cameras once again. "That project began a long time before I went on the soap opera. The truth is, on *General Hospital*, everyone recognizes me as the movie actor. That's the thing. I'm kind of stuck as myself."

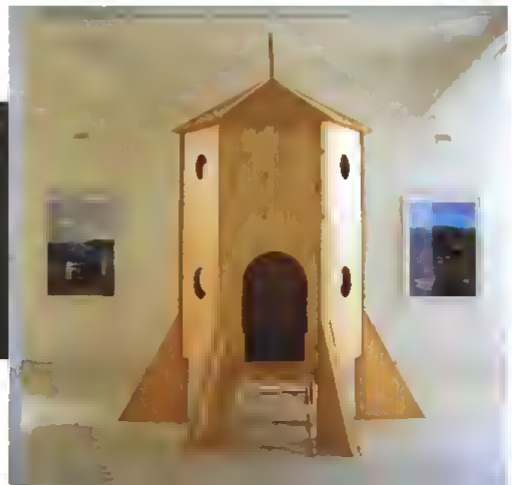
The barber twirls a towel down over his face and James Franco, our Franco, disappears beneath it. Minutes later, lotion is applied to his cheeks, and the razor laid against the soft flesh of his neck. The barber asks him not to talk while he works with the blade. The barber takes his pulls. Eventually a new Franco emerges. This Franco rubs his own face with just a little wonder, as if his were the skin of an exotic, cool-blooded animal. He likes it. He wishes the mustache away. Sometimes even he wants to see the movie star to

THE Dangerous BOOK FOUR BOYS

ART BY JAMES FRANCO

In June, Franco had his first solo art exhibition at the Clocktower Gallery in New York City. The five-room show, which was curated by Alanna Heiss, the founder of MoMA's PS1 gallery, included sculpture, video, drawings and photographs about masculinity and sexual discovery.





From left, Plastic House, 2008; Rocket, 2010; Rich [illegible], 2008; and GI Joes, 1990.



Franco Two More Ways!

Go to esquire.com/franco-video to watch videos of James being interviewed by his brother Dave, and James participating in artist Marina Abramović's latest performance work, The Artist Is Present.

11 LIVES

The oil will have stopped gushing into the Gulf. The shoreline and the estuaries and the beaches will have been scrubbed clean by man and nature. BP and Transocean will have resumed business as usual. But the original wound will never heal. This is the story of eleven lives lost.

By Tom Junod



April 21, 2010

The day after the explosion, smoke from the fire on the Deepwater Horizon rig was visible from space, and can be seen in this NASA satellite photo from 438 miles up.

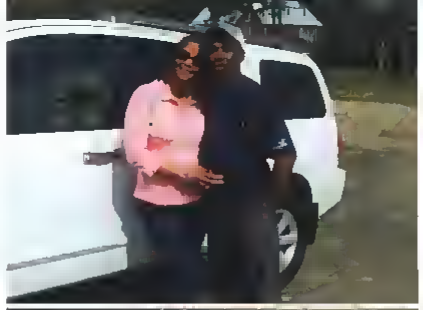
The pelicans are damned.

They are damned in that they are doomed—doomed, many of them, to wear viscous brown cowls of oil until they die. They are damned as individual creatures struggling to survive and reproduce, and they are damned as a species, their habitats befouled and destroyed. From television screens, from Internet slide shows and the pages of magazines, they look at us, their round eyes peering out of their grotesque vestments, until we can't look at them. Their dignity is both utterly violated and implacably intact. Entirely mute, they still manage to say, *You did this. You did this. You did this.*

But the pelicans are also damned in that they are damned pelicans. As in, "those damned pelicans." As in, "Every time they show that damned fire, they have to show those damned pelicans." As in, "I'm sorry, but eleven human beings died out there, not just a bunch of damned pelicans." As in, "My husband is more important than some damned pelican."

The people who say these things are not lacking in sympathy or pity. They like pelicans. But they loved their husbands and they loved their sons and they loved their fathers and they loved their fiancés and they loved their friends, and they have suffered the experience of having them taken away. They were taken away when the oil rig they were working on fifty miles from shore in the Gulf of Mexico exploded on the night of April 20, and then they were taken away again when the tragedy of the environmental apocalypse—the environmental *judgment*—unleashed by the explosion outstripped the tragedy of their loss. They were taken away when our loss, as a nation whose health is dependent on the health of our oceans, was deemed greater than the loss of those whose individual worlds were obliterated. They have been taken away every time the story has been told, and the story has been told endlessly. There were eleven of them who died on the Deepwater Horizon. They died on the black ocean, in the black night, far away from our eyes or our interest, in untrammeled obscurity. They died as privately as men working on a crew possibly can, and then they died again as publicly as the availability of videotape would allow. Many people knew they were dead before their families did, now their families have to *watch* what killed them, have to watch the immediate aftermath of their deaths over and over, as every story about the damned spill leads with footage of the damning fire.

"We've had to turn the TV off," says Tracy Kleppinger, whose husband, Karl, was one of the eleven. "They show it *all the time*. They call it the fire that started the oil spill. But that's not what it is to me and my son and to the other wives and families. To us, it's the fire that killed our husbands. And that rig is not just a rig. That ocean is not just an ocean. It's the graveyard where Karl is buried."





Top: Donald Clark and his wife, Sheila. Above: Gordon Jones with his wife and first son in a photo kept in the delivery room during the birth of their second, weeks after the accident.

It is their story. They are at the heart of it, just as all but one of the eleven men who died on the rig were at the heart of the rig, members of a drilling team charged with drilling a two-and-a-half-mile hole into the bottom of the ocean. And yet their story is not *the* story. The story that begins with the men does not end with them, because the story is like the spill itself. Nobody knows how far it will go and nobody knows its final political, financial, ecological, or spiritual cost. It is the most open-ended American story since the Iranian hostage crisis thirty years ago, and it left the men behind as soon as it began. The footage of the fire doesn't lead *to* recognition of the men whose lives it destroyed, it leads *away* from them. It leads, instead, to those damned pelicans, whose eyes stare in double reproach. The pelicans have won by losing, and every time the families of the eleven see them, they feel that America's mourning is misplaced. Indeed, they feel that America is being told to mourn for nature instead of for man—being told that nature is more important than man. They believe the opposite, fervently. They have *lived* the opposite, each time the men they loved left home to go to work in the middle of the ocean. They have chosen the opposite, and so has an America that lives on the oil that their men took from the ground at unimaginable cost. Now their men are dead, and they feel that America has chosen to forget them. They would like them to be remembered. No, more than that: They would like us to know them and the lives they led and the choices they made, so that we can once and for all answer the question that they ask themselves every time they turn on the television.

What's more important, the lives of eleven good men or a bunch of damned pelicans?

They're all good men. Let's start there. They're good men in that they are Christian men, family men, Southern men. Two live in Texas, four in Mississippi, five in Louisiana—except for one who lives in Baton Rouge—they all live in small towns. Most of them live where they were born and where they grew up. They didn't leave, and they work on the Deepwater Horizon so that they don't have to. By the iron rhythm of three weeks on, three weeks off, they spend half the year far from home so that they can spend the other half at home, in towns like Newellton, Louisiana, or Natchez, Mississippi, or Midfield, Texas. They leave so they can stay, and their story—this story—is the story of how the men who never left become the men who have never come back.

They're all the same kind of men. Though they will die as seamen—as mariners, in the eyes of the law, since the Deepwater Horizon, though called a rig, is really a damned boat—they live on land and are very much of it. They want nothing more from the ocean than the opportunity to get paid punching holes in its floor, and one of them, when asked to go on a deep-sea fishing trip, answers, "Why would I want to do that for? I'm on vacation. I don't want to go to the office." Where they fish is where they hunt. In the woods near their homes or in camps and ranches set aside for the purpose, and if they have boats, they keep them in their backyards, near their trucks and four-wheelers. A couple of them are farmers who lost or left their farms and who first went to the rigs because they like working outside.

They range in age from twenty-two to fifty-six. They are big old boys, most of them, beefy but strong as hell. They like country music and metal, Nascar and college football, and they mostly vote Republican, when they vote at all. They drink beer instead of whiskey and submit to random drug tests before they are allowed to step on the helicopters that bring them to work. The days when men used to go out on the rigs to hide or to run away—the days of so-called oil-field trash—have given way to weeks when the men take classes necessary for professional advancement, and bring along their wives. All but one are married or engaged to be so, all but one have children and devote themselves to them with the special ardor of men who know what it is to have someone missing from their life. The young ones are often the children of divorce, the older ones are as likely as not to be in their second marriage. Several have deaths in their families—a brother, a sister, a sister's baby, all taken away—and two of them, at least, found women in dire circumstances, in what the women called living hells, and succeeded in rescuing them, at least for a while. They are the kind of men who like being saviors. They are not the kind of men who like being saved, except by the Savior himself.

What the men have in common most of all, however, is the central ritual of their lives and the lives of their families: the hitch. At the end of every two or three weeks at home, their moods change. They start visiting friends and family members and saying goodbye. They start grilling out for their children. They take their wives out to dinner. And then, late at night or early in the morning, they're gone. They get in their trucks and start making their way from land to air to sea. If they work for Transocean, as nine of the eleven do, they make their way either to Houma, Louisiana, or, along with workers for the drilling contractor M-I Swaco, to Port Fourchon. They get tested and hand in their paperwork, and then climb onto one of the helicopters chartered to take them out to the rig. Though 50 miles from the closest shoreline, the Deepwater Horizon is nearly 175 miles from Houma and 125 miles from Port Fourchon, and it would seem a long, long way from home for the men if it weren't already their home six months out of the year, and if the men they meet once they get out there weren't already their second families. There are 126 workers out on the rig, and some of them have known one another since the rig was commissioned in a South Korean shipyard ten years ago and a crew was sent to learn the thing as it was being built, and then to bring it through the Indian Ocean and around the Cape of Good Hope and into the Gulf, at five knots an hour. Several members of that original crew are now the senior members of the Deepwater Horizon's drilling team, which is known as one of the most experienced in the business and which has recently gotten substantial bonuses for drilling the deepest well in the world and which, since February 2010, has been drilling in the underwater Mississippi Canyon an intransigent well officially known as Macondo but known to them as the Well from Hell.

Jason Anderson is the tool pusher. At thirty-five, he is the leader of the drilling team and has considerable authority on the rig, which means that he is something of a prodigy. He is serious about work, ambitious as hell, but when the men say he'd give you the shirt off his back, they mean it literally. Back in Korea, there was a guy who must have skipped geography—he didn't know that it snows there. Jason saw him shivering and gave him his heavy coveralls. That's why he's the tool pusher.

Dewey Revette's the driller. From Mississippi. He's forty-eight. He's quiet, but he's always grinning. You can see him every day taking a walk around the deck of the rig before his shift starts—before, in the language of the rig, he goes "on tour." Talks to people. Asks questions. Checks everything out. Careful. If Dewey says it's okay, it probably is. If he says it ain't, well then.

The two assistant drillers are Stephen Curtis and Don Clark. Stephen's the deer hunter, a slayer of beasts—he got married in formal camo. He's forty and also an ex-marine, so if you're lazy he'll ride you like a mule. He's the coolest of cool, if he likes you, but if he doesn't, he's *hard*. Don's not like that. At forty-eight, he's the only black man on the drilling team, and he's extremely religious. His son has asked whether he could work on the rig, and he's said no. "Too dangerous."

Karl Kleppinger is one of the floor hands. His nickname is Big Poppa. He's the biggest of the big old boys, thirty-eight, quiet but a prankster. And strong. A few years ago the rig almost sank when someone up on the bridge opened a valve in the pontoon and it filled with water. The rig listed badly and was evacuated. They put out a call for volunteers to go into the pontoon—into the water—and turn the valve by hand. Karl is one of the guys who did it. Rig would've sunk otherwise. Big Poppa.

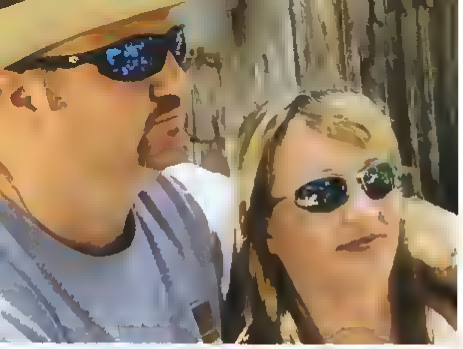
There's some young guys, too. You know what's funny about the young guys? They worry more than the old guys. They worry about their kids, they worry about their wives. Shane Roshto, for example, is twenty-two, but every time you see him, he's in the smoke shack. Guys get on him about it a little—Hey, Shane, what the hell? It's three in the morning, why ain't you sleeping? But Shane's got a young wife at home, and though she can change the oil in a truck and skin a deer, she's afraid of the dark. There's a crane opera-







From top: Adam Weiser, Roy Keep, Dewey Revette.





Left: Jason Anderson and his wife, Shelley. Below left: Blair Manuel







Above, from top: Shane Roshto; Stephen Curtis; Dale Burkeen.

tor named Dale Burkeen who's thirty-seven and has sort of taken Shane under his wing. Smoke shack's got a lot of wise men, and he's one of them.

Roy Kemp is another youngone. He's twenty-seven. A little brash but funny. He loves to give you a little shit, and what you think about him depends on what you think about getting it. Adam Weise is the only one of the drilling team who's not married. But he's got a girlfriend who's twenty years older than he is. Adam's twenty-four, but he's given his old truck to his girlfriend's son on the grounds that what every boy needs when he turns sixteen is a damned truck. He's endured his family's initial disapproval, and he's in love.

The last two men on the rig floor are the two who don't work for Transocean. They work for M-I Swaco, the contractor that provides the drilling fluid for the well, the so-called mud that does everything from lubricating the drill bit to keeping the oil down in the ground with its weight. They're off to the side a little and kind of quiet, except when the conversation turns to LSU. Blair Manuel is Cajun and, at fifty-six, one of the oldest guys on the rig. "Poppa Bear" he's called. In a few months he's going to get married for the second time, to a woman who lost her husband and fell into a depression that Blair rescued her from. Gordon Jones is a golfer who brings a putter with him every time he comes out. He's twenty-eight, and in a few weeks, maybe even a few days, his wife back home in Baton Rouge will deliver him a second son.

Yes, they are all the same kind of men in that they are all good men. To their families, however, they are all the same kind of men only in that they are all unique, all one of a kind, and all irreplaceable. "I could search the whole world over and never find another Stephen Curtis," his wife, Nancy, says, and in this insistence on singularity she speaks collectively. It is their final commonality. Not only are all eleven working at the very center of the Deepwater Horizon, around what is known as the "drill floor" or the "rig floor," on the night of April 20, they have all chosen to be there for reasons that defy any attempt to understand them as a group. They have all chosen to be there for reasons that only their families can understand. Or, put another way, they have all chosen to be there for reasons we can all understand, because they have chosen to be there out of love.

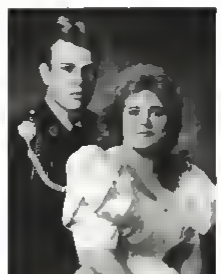
They are leaving now. One by one, they are making their way to the door, to the truck, to the helicopter, to the rig, to the drill floor. Don Clark is the first to go because he always seems to be leaving anyway. He is both the most firmly rooted and the most restless. He lives in Newellton, Louisiana. He has always lived in Newellton, Louisiana. He will never leave Newellton, Louisiana. And yet he is always leaving. It happens all the time. His wife, Sheila, looks for him and he's gone. His daughter looks for him and he's gone. They ask each other, "Where Daddy at?" and then they look at the door. Daddy's gone for a walk, in Newellton.

Now, you have to understand something about Newellton. It is small, and it's getting smaller. It is a dying town in what used to be cotton country, right off U.S. Highway 65. More than twenty years ago, it lost its sawmill, followed by its hospital. It lost the stores in its one-block downtown, and it lost the white students in its schools when its schools were consolidated by Tensas Parish. Over the past few years, it has even lost its nursing home. "Newellton was never rich," Sheila Clark says, "but Newellton used to be *happier*." And yet Don Clark was happy in Newellton. He was born there, one of eleven children who grew up on his parents' farm. They had ninety acres of soybeans. They had the land that their people had when there were no black landowners in Newellton, and in case the children ever forgot it, they had their grandparents living on the property in a two-room house covered in asbestos shingles. Don didn't forget it. He wanted to farm. He went to school in Newellton. He played high school basketball in Newellton. He stayed in Newellton when half his brothers and sisters scattered. But you can't make a living off ninety acres of soybeans in Newellton. The land was leased out, and Don earned a living as a municipal worker. Then he met Sheila in Newellton, and she, who might have been another man's reason for leaving, became his reason to stay.

She was twenty-five, and she was not from Newellton. She was from the city. She was from St. Louis. She was fleeing a bad marriage. She had a young son and she was five months pregnant. Her grandparents lived in Newellton, and she moved in with them. She met Don at a card game arranged by an aunt. She was tall and she was regal, with a face like the faces of the African art she and Don later collected and skin the color of something you had to go into a mine for: lustrous and nearly gold. As soon as she met Don, she called her mother and said, "There's a crazy man here. I think he's courting me." She was a woman on the run, but Don took the mall in, and what her son remembered at Don's memorial service was the inexplicable surprise of his mother's smile. He was not used to his mother smiling. She never smiled in St. Louis. But she smiled in Newellton.

Don never went away until he got the job on the rig. Sheila did not want him to take it. She wanted him to stay where he meant to stay, in Newellton. But Don always had an answer for her: "You work in Newellton, you work for *people*," he said. It was different on the rig. On the rig if you did your job, you could go as far as you wanted to. And they paid you. One day he told her about an old farmhouse he'd seen and took her out to visit it. Oh Lord, he was crazy. The house was so overgrown, it was invisible. "*This?*" she said. But he persisted, as he always did, and when he found the original wood floor, it was like finding gold, because it was like finding Sheila. You could stare at that floor. But the best part of the house was where it was and where it remains. It's in the middle of the fields. It has a cornfield for a side yard, a soybean field out back, and a pecan grove facing the front entrance. They own none of it, white people do, just as white people own all the rest of the big farms in Newellton. But Don loves living out in the waving green. It calls to him. He opens that front door facing the pecan grove and he's gone. He's taking a walk in Newellton, talking to everyone he meets. Sheila sometimes thinks he's holding Newellton together by walking in it. She sometimes even thinks that Donald Clark is Newellton. Then one day he goes out the door and does not come back. She is used to him leaving. She is used to him being gone. But it's been months now. Don should be coming home.

Blair Manuel loved the farm, and then he loved a woman. He worked on the farm with his daddy, L.D., in Eunice, Louisiana. They worked side by side. But he lost the farm at around the same time he lost his marriage, and he went to work on the rigs. "How else is a forty-year-old farmer going to reinvent himself?" asks Melinda Becnel, his fiancee. Blair met Melinda four years ago on the beach at Gulf Shores. She'd lost her husband four years earlier and was in, she says, "a bad place, a very bad place." Blair walked right up to her and said hello. He wound up moving in with her. They set a date: July 9. It's very important to set dates when you work offshore, because the company sets dates for you in the form of the hitch and you have to work around them. You want to get married? You better set a date. You want to be there when your baby is born? You better set a date. Your child is having a first-birthday party? Set a date. But the rig that Blair was working on was undergoing some changes and the company reassigned him to the Deepwater Horizon.



Karl Kleppinger and his wife, Tracy, in a wedding photo

Karl Kleppinger takes his truck to Houma. It's a loud truck, and he makes no apologies for it. He loves revving it loud not only for himself but also for his son, Aaron. Aaron is seventeen. Karl has always known that Aaron loves that truck, wants that truck. But Karl doesn't know if Aaron is ready for that truck. He doesn't know if he ever will be. So he revs it up and he makes it roar, and he watches Aaron's big open face break into a smile.

Karl lives in Natchez, Mississippi. He lives with Aaron and his wife, Tracy. He lives just a couple of doors down from Tracy's parents. He lives near Tracy's sisters. Tracy's family is his family, and has been his family for a long time. "Karl had abandonment issues," Tracy says. "His mother left him when he was a baby. For the rest of his life he went around thinking he wasn't a good enough man. There never was a better one."

Tracy's mother, Kathleen Sills, picked Karl out before Tracy did. He was at a church meeting and after an early life of thinking he was nothing, he met a woman who thought he was something—a woman who came home and told Tracy she'd met the man Tracy was going to marry and then invited him over for dinner. He came and he stayed. After high school he served in the first Gulf war. When he was over there, he wrote Tracy a letter that ended with a P.S. "Will you marry me?" She played it cool in her response, until she ended with her answer. "By the way, yes." One day after he came home, he was wondering aloud how a veteran with no degree and no specialized training was ever going to make any money, and a friend said, "I know a job that pays good money and all you need is a pair of steel-toed boots." Karl had to borrow the boots, but he was working on land rigs within a year after Aaron was born.

Was it the fever Aaron had when he was an infant? Karl and Tracy never knew. They just knew that he was out of step with the parade. He has special needs, and they feared that they were going to have to take care of him the rest of their lives. At the very least, Tracy needed to quit her job and stay home with Aaron, and when Karl began working offshore, she could afford to. It's not an easy life, and in the beginning, Tracy says, "it wasn't easy and it wasn't great. But then something happened. Karl almost died out there. He never told me what it was but he never raised his voice again."

He is so quiet around people he doesn't know that they often think they've offended him. In the manner of quiet men, however, he has shared his love for Aaron by sharing his likes with Aaron, and when you ask Aaron about his father, he provides an instant litany of what they are. "He liked World of Warcraft. He *hated* Halo. He liked Marvel comics and especially the Mighty Thor. Thor was my favorite, too. He was going to get a tattoo of Thor on his shoulder but then he died on the rig. He liked Nascar. His driver was Tony Stewart. He liked Jesse James and took me to see him. I got his autograph. He liked cooking. Mmm, he made the best pork chops. He liked beating me in chilliburger-eating contests, but he always cheated. And Kiss. He loved Kiss."

Karl doesn't like talking about the rig much. And Tracy doesn't like him talking about it because the only time he does is when he's worried. It is a bad sign that before the hitch he is talking about it incessantly. He's losing sleep over it, because not only is it a "bad hole" his drilling team is getting pushed to drill it. They are way over budget and way behind schedule. The Well from Hell.

Still, he goes. He is one of the men who drives. It's three or four hours from Natchez to Houma and he takes his truck. He revs it up and then he leaves. A few weeks later, Tracy and Aaron have to go down and pick it up. Aaron opens it up and finds, in the cab, two Kiss CDs, *Destroyer* and *Alive!* His father used to bring a lot of CDs on the rig, and Aaron knew they were consumed in the fire that consumed him. But these were his favorites, and he left them

behind as a message to his son. "I knew then that he wanted me to have the truck."

Gordon Jones loves his father, Keith, and he loves to play golf. Keith is the one who got him into golf. His brother was a baseball star and Gordon played in his shadow. Keith suggested that Gordon play golf instead. He did, and not only did he become a very good golfer, he was able to play with his father even after Keith divorced his mom and the rest of the family had hard feelings. One night Keith went to visit a fraternity buddy who worked for the drilling-services company M-I Swaco. The fraternity buddy was looking to hire someone who could play a little golf. See, that's how you make sales, when you're selling drilling mud to the oil companies—you take an oilman out to the golf course and you flatter him by playing well but by letting him take your money. Keith mentioned Gordon, and Gordon became a mud engineer. Now—still a few weeks before Keith will turn his grief into a family-unifying crusade to change archaic laws regarding death at sea—he cannot stop weeping when he thinks of Gordon, because he got him the job. "Of all the people why did they have to take sweet Gordon? Why did they have to take the only one of my children who still loves me?"

Jason Anderson flies to New Orleans from Houston and then takes the Transocean shuttle to Port Fourchon. He does it for his wife, Shelley. It's one of the deals they have. She wants his miles. He gets plenty of them, because of how much he travels.

He is a happy, heavyset man in a Hawaiian shirt, with a red goatee framing his face, and he likes his job. Oh, hell yes. He has always liked his job. It discovered him as much as he discovered it. His daddy, Billy Anderson, used to be a high school football coach down there in Matagorda County, Texas, that wide flat live-oak country feeding into the Gulf under great rolling skies, but back in those days football coach wasn't a year-round job even in Texas, and he worked summers to help make ends meet. One of those summers, he started working in the oil business, and that was it. He got out of the veer offense and made oil his life. He didn't work on the rigs, but he sold what the rigs needed and made enough money for his wife and his two kids and something else besides. They lived on a river between Bay City and Blessing, and they took their fishing and hunting so seriously that when Jason lost two of his fingers as a little boy—he grabbed the chain of the bicycle his sister was riding and she kept pedaling—they took the one stub they found from his middle finger and sewed it onto the finger next to it, because his granddaddy told the doctor: "The boy's going to need a trigger finger." And then, when he was ten, he learned what *never* really means when his fourteen-year-old sister died in an automobile accident. She didn't come back, and neither did his parents' marriage. He stayed with his daddy in the divorce and started living as he would keep on living even when he was living on the rig: taking care of people. In high school the house burned down and Jason left all his valuables in the fire because he had to save the fireman who fell in the swimming pool. It was as if he had double copies of the responsibility gene, and Billy used to wonder if he gained what he got by what was taken away.

Still, Jason was kind of kicking around at community college when Billy had a talk with a neighbor who was a human-resources executive for Transocean. Would Jason like to work on a rig? Both men figured that a couple of hitches chipping paint would put money in his pocket and make a student out of him. Instead, he took to it. He liked everything about it. You get on a rig, you don't have to wonder about what you're going to do—you just have to do it. You just have to shut your mouth and listen and do your job and someone else's besides. The disparities of rank are ruthlessly observed but at the same time so is the idea that everybody eats in the same galley and has the same opportunity. And the galley is like a damned Golden Corral. One day the HR man who got Jason the job received a call from the rig. It was the tool pusher from Jason's crew. "You got any more like him?" he asked. "He's the best chipper I've had in fifteen years."

> They are used to their men being away. They are still not used to them *staying* away. Shelley Anderson, being Texan, not only speaks of Jason in the present tense; she corrects you if you speak in the past. "He loved his job?" you ask. "Loves it," she says.

People who don't know the rigs don't know the role of ambition on them. And people who don't know ambition don't know the role of love in it. But Jason knew both. He had already advanced to floor hand when his roommate Bubba picked him to marry his sister Shelley. Hell, Bubba *dressed* Jason for his first date with Shelley, because Bubba knew what Shelley liked, and he didn't want to take any chances. Of course, Shelley liked Jason: he was a likable guy. But she saw something different than just another country boy trying to impress her with a long-sleeved button-down shirt and a pair of 20X jeans and a big belt buckle. She saw a man who when he said he was going to do something, did it. And Jason was going to be OIM—the offshore installation manager, who is the rig's ultimate authority. And Shelley said, early on, that wherever he went, she would go with him, as long as it was in Texas. Shelley *was* Texas, the way that Don Clark was Newellton. She was Texas blond, with a handshake like a field hand's. She'd say things like, "I'm from Texas, I like being from Texas, I like saying I'm from Texas, I want my children to be from Texas." She had these amazing eyes, wide-open and unblinking and blue as paint, eyes you couldn't lie to. And Jason never did. Bubba moved out, Shelley moved in, and that's where they stayed, on a farm road in Midfield, and no matter how far Jason went, or how long he stayed, he always came back to Shelley and to Texas.

Jason went through every job on the drilling team and made tool pusher at an age when most men are still floor hands. This year Jason got offered a "land job" in Houston: well control instructor for Transocean, specializing in blowout prevention. A land job is a good job to get if you want to be rig manager—if you want to be the man who sits in an office building in Houston and tells the OIM what to do. And Jason does. He wants to be rig manager. But he hasn't been senior tool pusher yet, and he wants to be senior tool pusher. He wants to be OIM. He wants every job there is to get on a rig. That way nobody can say boo if one day he has to go to work wearing loafers.

He doesn't take the land job. He doesn't want to live in Houston, and neither does Shelley. They want to stay in the country, in the real Texas, in the house they started in and had two kids in and are now expanding with some of Jason's bonus money, with a kitchen island as big as Cowboys Stadium. He takes the job as senior tool pusher instead, on the *Discoverer Spirit*, a drill ship. He's supposed to start on April 14. Then he gets a call from the Horizon's rig manager, asking him to stay on as the Horizon's tool pusher for one more week. It's in the interest of a smooth transition, the rig manager says, though Jason wonders if he just wants an experienced hand to help complete the Well from Hell. He says yes, because he always has. He tells Shelley that it'll work out fine, that he'll get a chance to unpack his own locker and say goodbye to guys like Karl Kleppinger. Then, as they're pulling out of the driveway on the way to the airport, he asks, "If anything happens to me, will you and the kids stay in the house?" She looks at him with those unblinking eyes and says yes. Because she can see by the look on his face that it's important to him. And because she always has.

It's an unnatural thing, the Deepwater Horizon. It is, indeed, the very embodiment of the needs it's supposed to serve, a monster continually besotted. It is a boat, a ship, that floats on top of an ocean drilling an oil well a mile below the surface, and it does not move, despite currents and waves and weather. It does not move, very simply, by always moving: by never stopping. It has eight engines called thrusters, two to a corner, that interact through computers with global-positioning satellites, and they can never stop firing, adjusting, thrusting. As a result, the monster has its own needs, too. To drill for oil, it needs frequent and massive deliveries of diesel fuel, a hundred thousand to two hundred thousand gallons at a time. It needs supply ships to continually circle it and make deliveries not only of fuel and drilling mud but also of food and especially water, because in order to keep the crews in clean coveralls and clean sheets it has four enormous washing machines that wash clothes twenty-four hours a day. And mostly, it needs to justify its own expense—BP pays Transocean a half million dollars a day for the privilege of leasing it—and so the need it serves by never stopping is the need never to stop: to keep working. It is never dark, and it is never silent. Its lights are always burning, and though often compared to a city unto itself, it is more like a casino in the middle of the ocean.

It comes as no surprise, then, that there is pressure to produce—to strike oil. The Deepwater Horizon is the second Transocean rig to drill the well known to the Minerals Management Service as Mississippi Canyon block 252, to BP as Macondo, and to the drilling team as the Well from Hell. The first rig, the Marianas, tried drilling it in the fall of 2009, until it was damaged in a hurricane and had to be repaired. The Deepwater Horizon resumed drilling in February and promptly had to "cut pipe" in March, when the drill bit got stuck and a few thousand feet of drill pipe had to be left in the hole, and the well was attacked from a different direction. The Well from Hell is as gassy as a colicky baby. Men get used to feeling "kickbacks"—the burps of methane gas that are sometimes strong enough to force the drill pipe back up the well—and to seeing the warning lights on deck that prohibit chipping and other deck work that might cause sparks and also lighting a damned cigarette. The Well from Hell has cost BP weeks of added rig time and is at least $20 million over budget. By April 20, however, drilling has been completed. All that is required is for the well to be plugged with cement and for seawater to displace the drilling mud that BP is paying M-I Swaco millions of dollars for. It is not an uncomplicated process, but once it is done, the Deepwater Horizon can move on to new holes, and a production rig can begin tapping the vast and strangely vebement reservoir of oil and gas secreted two and a half miles beneath Macondo's wellhead.

No, it is no surprise that BP pushes for the completion of the well, nor that the push comes from one of the BP managers assigned to the rig—one of its so-called company men. It is the company man's job to push. It is not his job to be part of the so-called Transocean family of crew members. The company man eats in the same galley as the crew members but not at the same tables. The company man does not have the same quarters as the crew members, and he does not wear the same clothes. The crew members wear Transocean-issued magenta coveralls when they're on tour, blue coveralls when they're off. The company man wears, in the words of one Deepwater Horizon survivor, "jeans, a BP shirt, and a nice shiny white hard hat." There is no surprise when a company man proposes changes in certain procedures and objectives because the company man is, in another survivor's words, "always trying to change things." There is not even any surprise when, at a preshift meeting on April 20, the company man challenges the authority of Transocean's OIM. What does surprise the crew members of Deepwater Horizon, however, is how the OIM responds.

The OIM's name is Jimmy Wayne Harrell. The company man's name is Robert Kaluza. The meeting is the standard "pre-tour" meeting held twice a day, at 11:00 A.M. and 11:00 P.M., before the start of each twelve-hour shift at noon and midnight. At most pre-tours, the lines of authority are clear, if contested. The BP company man tells the OIM and the driller what he wants accomplished, and the driller tells the various crews how they're going to accomplish it. At the 11:00 A.M. meeting on April 20, however, Robert Kaluza tells the drilling team how they're going to displace the mud from the well and replace it with seawater. When he proposes a proceedure that runs counter to the procedures the drilling team has in place, Dewey Revette, the driller, fresh from his circuit around the deck, begins to argue with him. Revette thinks that what Kaluza is proposing is reckless and premature, and when the argument grows heated, what the various crew members witnessing it remember is the passion and anger of an inherently careful man. "Dewey got pretty hot," one says. Finally, the company man invokes his own sense of authority and says, "Well, that's how it's going to be." And now it is up to Jimmy Wayne Harrell. BP leases the rig, but Transocean owns it and employs the workers gathered at the pre-tour meeting. They have always understood the Transocean OIM to be the ultimate authority on the rig, the one man who has the power to override the interests of the company man in favor of the interests of the Transocean workers and their safety. And what Jimmy Wayne Harrell says, in response to Robert Kaluza's dictum, is, according to sworn testimony offered in the Coast Guard investigation of the Deepwater Horizon disaster: "Well, I guess that's what we have those pinchers for."

Those pinchers: the blowout preventer.

Those pinchers: the massive mechanical shears that are supposed to cut the pipe and seal the well in the event of catastrophe.

Those pinchers: what you rely on when you're already dead but just haven't gotten to heaven yet.

Now, it should be understood that probably neither Jimmy Wayne Harrell nor Robert Kaluza is a bad man. Indeed, they're probably good men, in the same way that the eleven men who died less than twelve hours after the pre-tour are good men, in the same way that most of us can claim to be good men. They probably love their families and have families that love them.

They probably have reasons for being on the Deepwater Horizon that are a complicated calculus of human need and human want and terrible human vulnerability, just like virtually every single member of Deepwater Horizon's doomed drilling team. But the tragedy of the Deepwater Horizon and the Well from Hell is not a human tragedy. It is a tragedy set in motion by humans. There has been, from the beginning, the [*continued on page* 156]

WHAT I'VE LEARNED

LARRY KING

TALK SHOW HOST, 76, LOS ANGELES • INTERVIEWED BY CAL FUSSMAN

- **Every ophthalmologist** I've known wears glasses
- **Someone told me** there was a front-page screamer on top of a newspaper in New Zealand LARRY KING LEAVING SHOW Who knew I was that big in Auckland?
- **You can't have happiness** without having had unhappiness, because how else would you know what's happy?
- **I never learned** anything while I was talking.
- **The secret** to my success is brevity. Sincerity. And, above all, curiosity.
- **You never sound** like you to you. I don't hear my voice as raspy as you do. When I hear people imitate me—"Altoona, hello!"—that ain't me, to me.
- **Questions about** my marriages and divorces always take me to the same place. I once asked Stephen Hawking, the smartest guy in the world, what he didn't understand. He said, "Women." If the smartest guy in the world couldn't understand them, what do you expect from me?
- **Great athletes** never have lousy names. If your name is Frederico Trepalano, you are not going to be a great ballplayer.
- **Michael Jordan** is a great name. Easy to remember. Seven letters and six letters. Usually, if they combine to thirteen, they're good names. I'm into numbers.
- **The three greatest words** in the English language are not: *I love you*. That's second. The first are *Leave me alone*.
- **I'm against** capital punishment in all cases except meter maids.
- **Look at that:** five new voice mails. Never heard the phone ring once. If I could fix something, I would perfect cell phones.
- **What makes** one jockey better than another? Horses run for him.
- **There's a difference** between funny and mean.
- **You can't do** anything about anything you can't do anything about.
- **George Bush forty-three** was the only president I ever met who was exactly on time.
- **Billionaires** never say they're billionaires.
- **People with money** say money isn't important. I never heard a poor person say money isn't important.
- **Sinatra** was so sad at the end of his life. He told me, "All my friends are gone."
- **If you have** two friends in your life, you've got a bounty.
- **Hockey I can teach you** in a day. Basketball is basically an understandable game. But it's impossible to teach baseball to an adult—too many nuances.
- **Flying private** is the world's greatest luxury. You don't get jet-lagged.
- **If you're frozen,** you die with a modicum of hope. No other people have hope, except those who believe.
- **Believers** are in a no-lose situation. They're either gonna be in a better place and then they'll know it. Or they won't be in a better place—but they'll never know it.
- **I can't remember** the last time I bought a pair of suspenders. A lot of people send them to me. Ryan Seacrest sends me all my jeans. I have eighty shirts in the closet. You want a shirt? What do I need eighty shirts?
- **I haven't heard** Rush Limbaugh in ten years. The last time I heard him, he told an absurd lie. I could never listen again.
- **I still remember** drinking out of a water fountain that said COLORED when I arrived in Miami in 1957. The biggest change in my lifetime has been civil rights.
- **I have two young boys.** Ten and eleven. Three grown. A stepson. A house. When did it all happen? I'm still the nine-year-old kid walking into Ebbets Field.
- **To not use** technology to help officiate sporting events is insane. It's: Okay, we'll accept bad.
- **When you get my age,** you shouldn't have to do what you don't want to do.
- **The toughest part** was saying goodbye to the staff. They were losing their jobs and they were crying for *me*.
- **Retire?** To what? I'm not retiring. I'm just leaving the show. I could never retire.
- **People are telling me** that Larry King is a brand. I always thought Pepsi-Cola was a brand. But people are trying to figure out how exactly to brand me. So if they get a good soldering iron...
- **Bill Maher** couldn't believe how funny I am. The public don't know the funny part of me. They're gonna find out.
- **In the words** of Louis Armstrong, "I see trees of green, red roses, too. ..."

Read about writer at large Cal Fussman's rare, up-close encounters with Larry King at esquire.com/king.



Larry King, circa 1963.

A Woman We Love

Our favorite TV wife, **SOFIA VERGARA** of *Modern Family*, talks to us (over coffee), talks to you (via Twitter), delighting all of us (in general)
By A. J. Jacobs

SOFIA?!

Photographs by Andrew Eccles

OPEN HERE

Bonus Video!
For more of Sofia Vergara and the household arts, go to esquire.com/vergara



DISCOVER DONQ

Chart a Course to Enlightened Spirits

MAKE YOUR WAY TO DONQ TERRITORY





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DonQ LAND OF RUM

THE DONQ MAP TO QUALITY AND CHARACTER

← AMERICA

BARREL AGING

All DonQ Rums are aged at least one year in charred American White Oak barrels to impart flavor and character.

FRESH WATER FOR A FINE RUM

In 1898, the Treaty of Paris protected the Serrallés family's exclusive rights to use the water of the Río Inabón. In its path down through volcanic mountains, this river becomes pure and sweet, making it the perfect source for an essential ingredient in DonQ Rum.



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The northwest coast has world-famous SURF SPOTS

The stunning CASTILLO SERRALLES was once the family HQ



PONCE CARNIVAL rocks! And has the best party masks on earth



PONCE



SUGARCANE FIELDS once stretched for miles around Ponce

THE PIRATE COFRESI has a statue in Cabo Rojo

18°N



LOCAL CELEBRITY

While very few pirates get a statue in a port town, Roberto Cofresí not only lives on in bronze, he is also the subject of books and songs. This real-life Robin Hood shared his plunder with the needy and became a folk hero.



DESTILERÍA SERRALLÉS

It all happens here. For over 145 years, the finest rums in The Land of Rum have been fermented, distilled, blended, and bottled at the Destilería Serrallés.

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*Produced by Destilería Serrallés, Inc., Ponce, PR and distributed by Serrallés USA, Dallas, TX. Rum 30%, 35%, 37.5% & 40% ALC/VOL. DonQ is best enjoyed in moderation.

PROMOTION

DonQ believes in spreading the wisdom and elevating your spirits. We'd like to introduce you to an island rich with enchantments — where we've made rum for over 145 years. Explore, and find your way to DonQ.

THE ELEMENTS OF
GREAT RUM

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FIVE-TIMES DISTILLED

All DonQ Rums are distilled 5 times, removing impurities for a delicate flavor profile and a pure, clean finish.

THE NOSE

Meet the nose of Roberto Pantoja, our master blender. Every batch of our rum must pass his expert examination before it bears the name DonQ.

AWARD-WINNING QUALITY

DonQ keeps piling up the bullion. Crafting delectable rum is a reward in itself, but it's always nice when the experts agree.

DISCOVER DONQ
THE PREFERRED RUM IN THE LAND OF RUM

THE NUMBER ONE MOJITO How do we ever know if what we're drinking is really "the best?" At the first ever Ultimate Cocktail Challenge, a panel of the spirits experts from around the world determined that DonQ Cristal was "the Best Rum in a Mojito." Thanks, guys.

DISCOVER THE DONQ MOJITO

1.5 OZ.	DONQ CRISTAL	5	CRUSHED MINT LEAVES
1.5 OZ.	LIME JUICE	1	DASH OF SUGAR

In a shaker tin, muddle mint leaves with sugar, rum and lime juice, add ice and shake well. Pour into tall glass and top it with a splash of club soda. Garnish with lime and mint.

DonQ
Cristal
PREMIUM
PUERTO RICAN RUM

#1
RUM
IN THE LAND OF RUM

DonQ
Gran
Añejo
PUERTO RICAN RUM

DonQ

Since 1865, six generations of the Serrallés family have advanced the art of rum distillation. We're confident you'll enjoy our steadfast devotion to the excellence of DonQ.

DONQ.COM/DISCOVER A RUM WORTH THE SEARCH

Let me start with the accent, because it's a work of art. Sort of a female version of Al Pacino in *Scarface*, it deserves its own Lloyd's of London policy. It's like Buster Keaton's deadpan face, like Snooki's tan.

And it's real. Or sort of real—its true and fictional versions have fused, and Sofía's no longer sure.

"I was watching this home video from when I was twenty years old. And my son says, 'Listen to you!' " (Sofía pronounces this "*Lee*-sohn to you.') "He says, 'Your English is perfect. I mean, a little accent but not this insanity.' He told me, 'You're the only person who has lived fifteen years in a country and the accent gets worse.' "

I'm hearing Sofía's accent live and in person at a cafe in downtown New York. She greeted me here with a double-cheek kiss (we'd never met), wearing a black shirt, one shoulder revealed. She's drinking coffee—Colombian, of course. She was born thirty-eight years ago in the coastal city of Barranquilla.

Sofía is on hiatus from ABC's *Modern Family*, the best sitcom to debut last year. She plays Gloria Delgado-Pritchett, a Latina mom in tight tops and ambitudinous heels who unleashes tirades on her son's soccer coach and who is married to a rich guy twice her age. And who is, by the way, totally lovable.

Sofía's a tweeter (sample: "... muchos besos y abrazos!!!!!"), so I thought I'd ask her sixty-three thousand followers for questions. The problem? A recent snafu wiped out all her cell-phone data and she can't figure out how to log on to Twitter. "Something happened in space," she says. "That's what the T-Mobile guy told me."

As a backup, I ask Esquire's Twitter followers to send in their thoughtful queries. Such as this one: "What do you think of people staring at your boobs all day?"

"Ay, but they don't," she says, laughing. (She is, by the way, a frequent and fantastic laugher—as well as a great and generous winker.) Not that she's unwilling to discuss said boobs. At one point, Sofía says, she considered breast reduction. Luckily for men's magazine readers and ABC executives, her mom talked her out of it, saying, "God is going to punish you if you cut them."

Someday she may tweak her eyes a bit, but she's sworn off major surgical overhauls. "L.A. is crazy. The women all look the same now. That thing with the cheeks. Like Madonna. Who do they think they're fooling? It doesn't make them look young. You end up looking like a freak."

Twitter: According to Wikipedia, her dad worked in the meat industry in Colombia, a big red-meat-loving country. What's her favorite cut of beef?

"Actually, I haven't eaten red meat for fifteen years. Because when I came to the U.S., the meat tasted really funny to me."

Sofía arrived in Miami with its funny-tasting beef at age twenty-three. She'd been at dentistry school when she was spotted walking on a Colombian beach in a G-string, which led to a Pepsi ad and modeling gigs. She married young, had a son, and divorced. She left Colombia for fear of violence—her older brother had been murdered in a botched kidnapping. In Miami, she hosted a series on Univision—a *Fear Factor*–like game show that paid people to, for instance, jump out of helicopters naked.

Twitter: "Since you were raised a devout Catholic in Colombia, do you find the shallowness of Hollywood hard to handle?"

Sofía says she no longer practices a strict Catholicism, her religious life is more about thanking God. "I don't think God cares if I wear nail polish or not. I don't think that's a deal breaker for him."



Also, presumably, God is okay with hair dyeing. Because Sofía is a natural blond. "If you see my family, you wouldn't believe it. Everyone looks like they're Polish. Blond with blue eyes. But I wasn't getting any jobs in L.A. They were confused. They have this stereotype that Latin people have to look like Salma Hayek. The minute I made my hair dark, then they believed that I am Latina."

Twitter: "What qualities do you look for in a man?"

She says it'd be nice if they could dance. "Latin guys dance. American guys don't dance. That's a big difference." On the other hand, American guys "cheat less than Latin men. I think they take—how do you say when you make a deal with somebody? ... Commitment. They take commitment more seriously."

Sofía has reportedly dated Enrique Iglesias, Luis Miguel, and, briefly, Tom Cruise. Right now she's with a strapping businessman named Nick Loeb who recently ran (unsuccessfully) for Florida's state senate.

Twitter: "Are you playing Smurfette in the upcoming Smurfs movie?"

No. She's playing a perfume-company executive. But Smurfette will definitely be in the movie. (Related: My favorite tweet of Sofía's is a photo of two Smurf dolls in the missionary position with the caption "What are they doing???!!!?!!")

All of a sudden Sofía's got to go. She has only a day left in New York before flying back to L.A. to see her son, now nineteen years old. He's named Manolo. After a character in *Scarface*. Really? Sofía laughs.

So many more Twitter questions. Could she stay a while longer? She laughs again. "What, are you going to write a whole issue about me?" Wouldn't be the worst idea. ■

HOW TO

EAT LIKE A MAN

According to

WOMEN

CAN'T A MAN GET A BREAK FROM THE KITCHEN EVERY NOW AND THEN? RECIPES AND WISDOM FROM WOMEN WHO HAPPEN TO BE GREAT CHEFS. (WITH WORDS OF APPRECIATION FROM A FEW WELL-FED MEN.)

HOW TO BE COOKED FOR

BOSS McCAMMON

LET'S ASSUME you know a little bit about cooking, that you know how to chop an onion, make a vinaigrette, truss something. Well, then the first thing you need to do is shut up. Don't suggest a different pan or a higher temperature. This is no time to bring up the oxidation of sugars. She's not a Cub Scout building a campfire. She's a woman making you a meal. No matter how much your unsolicited advice might improve the results, it won't make up for how much you've stolen her thunder. (This is true for the first time she cooks for you and the hundredth.)

Be the opposite of a teacher. Be a student. Grab a chair and sit down. Ask her questions that suggest you're both hungry and curious. Keep her company. Say it smells terrific. Because it does. She will probably ask you to have a taste. You say "Mmm," no matter what. Again, no suggestions. Tell her what you think it needs only if she asks you twice.

When everything's on your plate and you're about to take a bite, look her in the eyes as you tell her how wonderful it looks. Now the pregnant moment. She looks at you and you look at her and the fork's in your mouth and you smile and you raise your eyebrows and you taste it and you're really smiling now and she raises her eyebrows. It's a moment of reckoning is what it is. You're not just tasting her food—her gazpacho, her kebabs, her tart—you're tasting her generosity, her capability, her care. The key is not to react too quickly. It takes a few seconds to taste something. And don't overreact: Whatever your compliment, don't be breathless about it. It's not the best thing you've ever eaten, and she knows that. What you want to do is contemplate it, consider it. And ask about the process. How were you able to ___? Do I taste a little ___? Most important, tell her you're impressed.

Propose a toast—to her.

Ideally, it tastes good. It probably does. But deliciousness is a bonus. When a woman makes you a meal, she's not only cooking, she's providing, hoping, teaching. That's a lot of attention you're being paid. That's a lot of effort and care and fat. That's a lot of love. Her meal is her gift. More important than enjoying it is honoring it.

RECIPES *as told to* **FRANCINE MAROUKIAN**
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM WATSON



CULTURE & MAN EDITION -1-

BRAISED CHICKEN THIGHS

SEE PAGE 149 FOR THE RECIPE

2

BRAISED BEEF BRISKET

with HORSERADISH CREAM AND PICKLED ONIONS

SUZANNE GOIN
LUCQUES, LOS ANGELES

I GREW UP cooking for my dad and trying desperately to please him. He had a sophisticated palate, but unexpected, unfussy things seemed to make him happiest. There's something inherently comforting and reassuring about brisket—it has an Old World vibe. Searing a piece of meat this large may take longer and be messier than you'd imagine, but the secret to a great braise is getting a good sear at the beginning and the end. You want the succulent, tender texture of the meat to have the contrast of a crispy, caramelized exterior—otherwise it just tastes like stewed meat. Good news is, you can do the messy work in advance—even the day before—and reheat the brisket right before serving.

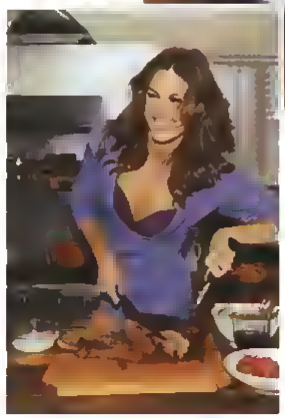
BRISKET

1 large flat or first cut beef brisket,* about 5½ to 6 lbs with ¼-inch fat cap, removed from the refrigerator 2 hours before cooking and seasoned with: 2 tbsp coarse salt, 3 tbsp fresh thyme leaves, 2 bay leaves (crumbled), 10 cloves garlic (peeled and smashed), 3 dried chiles de árbol (broken in half) or 2 tsp crushed red-pepper flakes, and 1½ tbsp cracked black pepper
4 tbsp olive oil
2 medium onions, roughly chopped
3 medium carrots, roughly chopped
¼ cup balsamic vinegar
3 cups dark beer, such as Guinness or Samuel Smith
4 cups beef stock

Preheat the oven to 325 degrees.

Place a large, heavy roasting pan (preferably with a lid) over two burners at high heat for 2 minutes. Add 3 tbsp olive oil and wait a minute. Place seasoned brisket, fat side down, in pan and sear on both sides until deep brown, about 8 minutes a side.

Once both sides are well browned, remove brisket and reduce heat to medium high. Add remaining olive oil and vegetables to pan and cook until caramelized, 6 to 10 minutes. Stir often with a wooden spoon, scraping up all the crusty bits.



Turn off heat (so liquids won't evaporate immediately), add balsamic vinegar and then beer. Turn heat back up to medium high and reduce liquids by a quarter. Add beef stock and bring to a boil over high heat. Return brisket to pan, settling it so vegetables surround meat. (Stock should come just to the top of brisket. Add more stock if necessary.) Cover pan tightly (with the lid or foil) and braise in oven about 4 hours.

If a fork slides in easily, brisket is done. If meat resists, cook another 15 minutes or so, being careful not to let it dry out.

Turn up the heat to 400 degrees.

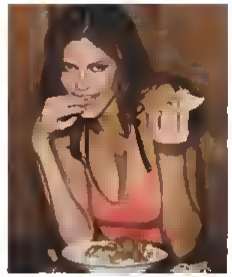
Carefully transfer brisket to a baking sheet and return to oven until top is crispy, about 20 minutes. Strain braising juices into a saucepan and skim the fat.

Let meat rest 10 minutes after it comes out of the oven. Place on a cutting board and slice thinly against the grain. Plate meat, spoon braising juices over it, and dollop with horseradish cream. Top with onions and serve. Recommended side: mashed potatoes.

Serves 6.

HORSERADISH CREAM: Mix ½ cup sour cream with 1 tbsp prepared white horseradish (like Gold's, sold in refrigerator case) and salt and pepper to taste. **PICKLED ONIONS:** Place 1 peeled and thinly sliced red onion in heatproof bowl. In a nonaluminum pot, bring 1 cup water, ½ cup red wine vinegar, ½ cup sugar, 1 cinnamon stick, ½ tbsp whole black peppercorns, 1 chile de árbol (broken in half), and 1 bay leaf to a boil and then pour over the onions. Let cool completely and refrigerate.

**Look for meat of even thickness. One end will be rounded, but avoid a brisket with a tapered tip. Unlike fattier braising cuts like short ribs, brisket can get dry without its protective fat cap, which also provides flavor.*



BRAISED CHICKEN THIGHS

in TOMATILLO SAUCE

SEE PHOTO, PAGE 147

KOREN GRIEVESON
AVEC, CHICAGO

ONE-POT COOKING is easy and efficient—maximum results from minimum effort. It's also forgiving, free of the pressure to time everything vigilantly. And you can improvise ingredients without upsetting the balance of what's in the pot, because there's time to adjust seasoning during the long cooking process. In this braise, you can use pork shoulder or chicken thighs—dark meat handles long, slow cooking better than breast meat. Rather than buying prepackaged chicken, get the thighs from your butcher—they're typically larger, more uniform, and have the skin intact. This is key. When you braise chicken, there's no intramuscular fat. So the fat from the skin must render out during the sear and lace flavor through the cooking liquid. Add beans and call it a chili, serve it over rice and call it a stew, or wrap the tender boneless meat in a corn tortilla and call it a badass taco.

2 tbsp blended olive oil
6 large chicken thighs, skin on and bone in, both sides seasoned with coarse salt and black pepper (you can use skinless, but fat is flavor)
1 large carrot, peeled and chopped
2 stalks celery, sliced (reserve as many celery leaves as you can—they make excellent garnish)
1 white onion, chopped
2 tbsp garlic, chopped
1 jalapeño, sliced into rings (remove seeds for less heat)
2 bay leaves
5 7-oz tins (or about 35 oz total) Mexican salsa verde or pureed tomatillos
3 tbsp torn cilantro leaves (reserve and chop stems)
3½ cups low-sodium chicken stock

In a braising pot over high heat, bring olive oil almost to smoking point. Add thighs, skin side down. Once skin is browned, flip and add carrot, celery, onion, garlic, jalapeño, and bay leaves. (Move thighs around a bit so vegetables hit cooking surface.) Cook until vegetables begin to exude moisture and garlic starts to color, 6 to 8 minutes.

Add salsa verde, chopped cilantro stems, and chicken stock. Raise temperature and bring to a boil, then lower temperature to a simmer and cover. Occasionally skim foam from the surface and taste liquid for seasoning, until the chicken is cooked through to the bone and tender, about 1 hour.

Ladle into bowls, sprinkle with reserved celery leaves and cilantro leaves, and serve with rice and corn tortillas, passing a good hot sauce on the side.

Serves 4.

ABOUT YOUR HOSTESS (pictured above): Name: Dominique Piek. Hometown: Cape Town, South Africa. Where you've seen her: The Sports Illustrated swimsuit edition, Cosmo, and ads for Pepsi and American Eagle. Her favorite thing to cook: "My spaghetti Bolognese."

EAT LIKE A MAN 3 FAVORITE DISHES

FRENCH TOAST BLT

with ROASTED-GARLIC VINAIGRETTE

SUE ZEMANICK
GAUTREAU'S, NEW ORLEANS

THIS COMBINATION of two all-time favorites is based on our New Orleans–style egg-soaked and fried *pain perdu*, or "lost bread," a traditional method used to reclaim bread that was growing stale. I use fresh challah—thickly sliced or it will fall apart during the soak—because it has a rich sweetness but airy texture from being kneaded. The long soak creates a custard that cooks into the bread so it puffs up in the oven after getting a crisp crust in the frying pan. That's your base, topped with the saltiness and smokiness of bacon with a good cure, ripe tomato, and peppery arugula.

12 thick slices smoked bacon
2 cups heavy cream
5 eggs
Coarse salt and ground black pepper
8 slices challah bread, at least 1-inch thick
2 tbsp canola oil
2½ cups grated Gruyère cheese
12 slices tomato (about 3 small ripe tomatoes)
6 cups cleaned arugula

Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

Place bacon on a sheet tray and bake until crispy, 10 to 15 minutes. Keep oven at 350.

Combine heavy cream and eggs in a bowl and whisk thoroughly. Season mixture with salt and pepper to taste. Soak bread in mixture for 15 minutes, then turn slices over and soak for an additional 10 to 15 minutes.

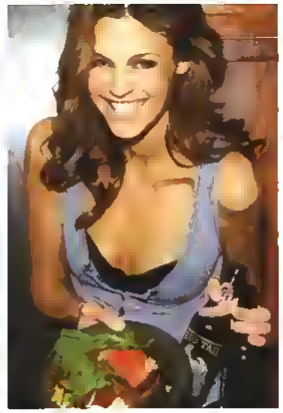
Place a nonstick skillet over medium heat. Put canola oil in the pan. Once oil is hot (it will shimmer slightly), fry challah slices on each side until golden brown, working in batches. Transfer the challah to a baking sheet and place in preheated oven. The "custard" must cook through and bread should souffléd, or puff up about 6 to 8 minutes.

Remove from oven, cover each slice with grated cheese, and return sheet to oven to melt cheese. Once cheese is melted, about 4 minutes, remove bread from oven.

Place 2 slices bacon and 2 slices tomato on each slice of challah, making 6 servings, and drizzle with roasted garlic vinaigrette. Toss arugula with the remaining dressing (or enough to coat) and place atop each piece.

Serve warm.

ROASTED-GARLIC VINAIGRETTE: Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Slice tops off 3 heads of garlic so cloves are exposed. Place heads in a baking dish and drizzle with olive oil. Cover dish with foil and roast until garlic is golden brown and fragrant, 20 to 25 minutes. Remove garlic from oven. Cool briefly before squeezing cloves out of their skins into the bowl of a blender. Combine with 2 tbsp sherry vinegar and 1 tsp Dijon mustard, blending until smooth. With the machine running, slowly drizzle in ¼ cup olive oil. Keep blender running and season with salt and pepper.





THE PORK ANGEL

By DAVID CUBCURITO

MY PARENTS WERE divorced and my mom was out running the bowling alley every night, so I never learned to cook. It was the early eighties and microwavable meals were new. I pretty much lived on those until I was eighteen. I was like a stray dog. So over the years, the women I've dated who could cook were different. Special. They nurtured me. Even if their cooking wasn't good, it was wonderful.

Now I have a house out in the country with a kitchen that's just huge—too big for a man who can't cook. It has twenty-foot ceilings and a counter big enough to play Ping-Pong on. A few years and two girlfriends ago, this kitchen found its soul. Just before Thanksgiving—neither of us had anywhere to be—she proposed cooking a suckling pig at the house. This sounded excellent, but I had no idea what it meant, so I got nervous as hell. I went out to the house a day ahead and scrubbed the place like it was an operating room. Meanwhile, back in Manhattan, this living saint of a woman was beginning her journey. She bought the pig—she was the kind of woman who knew where to buy a pig—packed it in a bag with ice, and stuffed it into her rolling suitcase. Then she took the subway to Port Authority, boarded a bus for High Falls, New York, and rode for an hour and a half with that pig in the suitcase on a rack above her seat. When she stepped off the bus, I felt as if she were stepping off a plane from China with our adopted child. I felt like a father when the newborn arrives home—I should have hung a sign that said "Welcome Home, Suckling Pig."

In the kitchen, all I could do was watch as she tore open the bag and started preparing. She cooked that pig until it was golden brown and the meat inside was like silk. We tore into it like coyotes eating a fresh kill. We ate the ears, we ate its face. We ate everything. I felt loved.

EATING WITH WOMEN: A HISTORY

By MIKE SAGER

BIRTHDAY CAKE, ice cream, the white cotton triangle between the long and muscular legs of Barbara M., the fastest runner in the third grade, boy or girl.

› **GREED M&MS** and Eileen S. We raided the bowl at a boy-girl party; green M&Ms were the substance of us, our communality. During a slow dance I tried for a side feel. She broke up with me. Laundry day a week later, my mother, nonplussed. "What the hell were you doing with a pocketful of melted green M&Ms?"

› **PAELLA DE MARISCOS** in Torremolinos, Spain, with Lynn M. We were from different high schools five miles apart; it was a long way to come to lose your virginity, but of course at that point I would have walked to the moon if necessary. I remember my first taste of saffron, so intense at the rocky seashore with the sun going down, about an hour after I'd become a man. There was no drinking age. I ordered a pitcher of sangria for two.

› **STEAMED ARTICHOKES** and melted butter with D.J.R. We'd share a bottle of Mateus rosé, each petal so languorously pulled and dipped and scraped with the front teeth. Her parents were sailors, weekends they were always on the boat. She knew her way around the kitchen. We spent glorious summers learning to play house.

› **DRIP COFFEE** and the older woman upstairs in the rental house. I had the basement apartment. Previous to that, I'd only drunk instant. She taught me, a young man fresh to the big city: taxi zones, sushi, Korean food, gourmet markets, experimental theater, jazz clubs, picnics on the living-room floor. After an oddly extended courtship she confessed to having herpes. She hoped it didn't affect my feelings for her. I'm afraid it did.

› **FRIED SHRIMP** at Shrimp Boat in D.C. with Winnie T. She was the security guard at work. And a model, too, it turned out. Light-skinned with freckles across her nose, tall and gorgeous. We both worked graveyard. One night near quitting time she grabbed my tie, pulled me across the sign-in book, and kissed me. She lived across the river in the projects with her mom. Shrimp Boat was pretty much what you might expect of Anacostia in the eighties, but it was the Four Seasons to her. Give a woman what she loves to eat and she'll make you remember her.

› **BREAKFAST FOOD** with the young journalist from Georgia. Midway through the touchy-feely meal, a framed poster of Haile Selassie on a ledge behind her chair fell loose. It made a sort of slo-mo trajectory because of the ledge—the top of the frame fell forward along an arc, the bottom remained in place. I dropped my *injera* bread and stood at attention, raised my arm, saved the day. Everyone applauded. They sent complimentary glasses of that awful honey wine. I don't remember it helping much with her, though. Apparently, she wasn't looking for a knight.

› **TEQUILA AND D.L.** It made her crazy and jealous. Once she came at me with a roundhouse punch and connected. I confess: I countered with an open palm.

› **CARBO-LOADING** with L.H., marathon runner. French fries and spaghetti and French baguettes and chips and salsa! Eat to run. Run to eat. Oh, my God! I did only twenty miles this week! Can somebody please say it? Running can be an eating disorder in disguise. I couldn't keep up.

› **MY WIFE AND I** have dined together happily, in simple and sumptuous conditions, all around the world. She is beautiful and bright; a man could find no better dining companion. Maybe that is the secret of a good union. Over the long haul you need a person with whom you can happily share three meals in a day and still look forward to the next breakfast.

HOW TO FEED A MAN QUICKLY

TWO RECIPES FOR WHEN TIME IS NO TIME

MACARONI PIE

AMANDA COREY • DIRT CANDY

NEW YORK CITY

FOR ME, MAC AND CHEESE will always be macaroni pie, a dish I learned about when I visited my husband's family in South Carolina. It's the one thing he makes on a regular basis, a big slab of it appearing in the fridge once a month, and we carve off slices and eat it cold slathered in hot sauce. If we're feeling sophisticated we reheat it. The beauty is that all the measurements are by eye, so it doesn't scare noncooks. Preheat the oven to 350 degrees. Make a box of **macaroni noodles**, grease any baking dish or pie pan you have on hand, and pour in the noodles once they're cooked and drained. Cube a block of **cheddar** (or two blocks, or twelve) and mix with the noodles, making sure that a lot of the cheese winds up on top. Then pour in **milk** (skim, whole, 2 percent, doesn't matter) until you can see it rising up through the noodles. Throw it in the oven and let it bake until the top starts to brown and bubble. That's it. Cook it longer to make the top crispier; cook it shorter to keep it soupy. Add sausage if that's your thing. A tomato. Use mozzarella, smoked Gouda, Monterey Jack—whatever.

LEFTOVER CHICKEN SANDWICH

ASHLEY CHRISTENSEN

POOLE'S DOWNTOWN DINER

RALEIGH

WHEN A HUNGRY MAN knocks on your door, he wants an experience he can wrap his hands around. Being single, I often have a leftover half of a roast chicken in the fridge, so: Strip all the meat from a **leftover chicken** (store-bought rotisserie bird is okay), keeping the skin on. In a cast-iron skillet, cook four pieces of **bacon** until crispy and then set aside. Add a sprig of **rosemary** and a crushed **garlic clove** to the bacon fat, and transfer chicken skin side down to the skillet. Baste with warm bacon fat. Turn and repeat, flavoring and crisping the meat. Remove chicken from skillet and put a slice of **Jarlsberg cheese** on top, which will turn slightly translucent. Toast an excellent **baguette** to the point that it almost cuts the roof of your mouth and coat the interior with **Dijon-mustard-spiked mayo** (Duke's if you're in the South). Fire the cast-iron back up and fry an **egg** in the garlicky bacon drippings, cooking a pinch beyond over easy; we'll call it "over easier." Stacking order: coated baguette bottom, a few salt-and-pepper seasoned **tomato** slices, chicken-cheese packet, fried egg, handful of peppery **arugula**, bacon. Close up the baguette, crushing it down to the point of maneuverability.



MY MOM COULDN'T COOK

By TOM JUNOD

MY MOTHER, Frances Junod, was not just a mother, not just a mom. She was a dame. She was a broad. She went through her entire life as a Harlowesque platinum blond, and I never knew the real color of her hair. She liked to go to the track, and she liked to go out to restaurants. She did not like to cook. That she did it anyway—that she had no choice—owed itself to generational expectations, and to the fact that if my mother was a doll, in the Runyonesque sense of the word, my father was a guy, a pinkie-ringed sharpie who spent many nights going to the New York City restaurants my mother longed to frequent, but who, on nights when he came home, loudly expected food on the table. So my mother put food on the table. She cooked three hundred nights a year.

She cooked spaghetti with butter and cheese. She cooked hamburgers, panfried without added fat on a hot, salted cast-iron skillet, until they formed a hard crust. She cooked scrambled eggs, made idiosyncratic by the addition of a teaspoon of water. She cooked shell steaks sprinkled with salt and Accent—MSG—and she cooked chicken parts lathered in a sweet-sour sauce called Saucy Susan. For dessert she made Junket or Jell-O or My-T-Fine chocolate pudding.

I had to like her cooking, and I did, as long as she observed the Mashed Potato Rule. The Mashed Potato Rule, simply stated, is this: There is no such thing as bad mashed potatoes as long as they're actually potatoes, mashed. We had mashed potatoes a lot—I can still see the blood from my hamburger running into them on my plate—and it didn't matter that they were lumpy and grainy and that my mother had no talent for making them, they were *Edenic* so long as she did. I loved them, as I loved her. But while on my plate they formed the barrier between the battleship-gray lamb chops and the olive-drab green beans, in my heart they formed the barrier between the discovery that my mother hated cooking and the altogether different discovery that my mother hated cooking so much that she even hated cooking for me.

See, I had figured that my mother hated cooking for the obvious reason that she hated cooking for my father. She could never satisfy him. Indeed, she hated cooking for him so much that he kept their marriage intact by absolving her of the responsibility—by taking her to Roosevelt Raceway, where they ate at the Cloud Casino while I stayed home and panfried a shell steak. But I was absolved of responsibility as well. I was in high school, stoned and rapacious and suddenly free to be disloyal, by which I mean I was free to tell the truth. Like most human beings, I grew up making the connection between food and love, what I began to realize when I started cooking for myself was that the more necessary connection was between food and honesty. "Oh, I'm a terrible fibber," my mother would say and then blithely assert that she'd spent "hours over a hot stove 'cooking' the package of frozen Banquet fried-chicken drumsticks on our plates. She'd say this with a knowing cackle that served simultaneously as an admission of guilt and a warning that we must never say that she was guilty. Food was love, all right, and we had to tell my mom that we loved her by swallowing a fiction that everybody knew was untrue.

I was still in high school when my mother first broke the Mashed Potato Rule. From another perspective, I was in high school when I first broke the rule that if food was to be love, then so was the obligation to accept my mother's untruths about it. Me: Ma (I always called her Ma), what's with the potatoes? My mother: What's wrong with the potatoes? Me: They're not potatoes. They came from a box. My mother: So what if they come from a box? They're still potatoes. Me: They're not potatoes! My mother: *You can't tell the difference.*

And with that my mother uttered the signal words of my culinary existence. I could tell the difference, and I spent the rest of my life proving that I could. Just as my mother had come to the conclusion that *It's not worth it*, I was coming to the conclusion that *It is.*

My mother was a good mother. I was a good son. My mother was a betrayed woman—I think I knew that from an early age—and so I was careful never to betray her, as she, by instinct, never betrayed me. But now I felt betrayed, and I betrayed her in return by learning to cook. When she would visit, I would make her chop, according to specification. "How's this?" she'd ask of her haphazardly chopped broccoli, and when I'd say she had to chop it smaller, more uniformly, she'd say, "You're some pain in the ass" or "What a pill." I was perversely proud of her exasperation. My mother wasn't college educated, but she wasn't stupid, either. She knew what was going on.

And yet hunger won out, as it always does in human affairs. After my parents moved near us, we'd have them over for Sunday supper—a term that seemed the province of a family not my own—and I'd serve pot roast, the one meal that, as any novice cook knows, obeys a variant of the Mashed Potato Rule. There's no such thing as a bad pot roast as long as you put enough stuff in the pot and you roast it long enough. But my mother didn't know. Because she'd become too old and uncertain to chop, she'd watch me do the work and laugh to herself, as was her habit. "What are you laughing at, Ma?" "Nothing. Just laughin'." But she was interested not just in what she still regarded as my folly but in what made my folly *worth* it—what made the food good. "What kind of meat do you use?" she'd always ask, and when I'd wonder why she wanted to know, she'd say, "Well, it's always so tender." And that's how I knew what I wasn't supposed to know all along: My mother didn't know how to cook. She didn't know the rule that can get you through just about any meal: If it's tender, cook it fast over high heat; if it's tough, cook it slow over low. I thought for a long time that my mother hated cooking because she was a bad cook, because she rejected cooking as a way of rejecting us, because she was, at heart, a liar. Now I understood that she hated cooking because she didn't know how to do it and so had no idea how a meal might turn out.

"OH, I'M A TERRIBLE FIBBER," MY MOTHER WOULD SAY AND THEN BLITHELY ASSERT THAT SHE'D SPENT HOURS COOKING FROZEN BANQUET DRUMSTICKS.

After my father died, my mother went into assisted living—or, to be precise and unsparing, I put her there. She flourished, though food was an issue. "Ma, eat something." "I'm not hungry." "C'mon. The food's not bad"—and to prove it, I'd eat a plateful of it. "It stinks," she'd say, and that was that. One day, in her ninety-second year, she simply stopped eating, and when she went to the hospital for intravenous fluids, she suffered a stroke that deprived her of her ability to feed herself. I had a conversation with her gerontologist, in which he told me the way she would die, in which he told me that unless she was fed via feeding tube, she would die of the complications of malnutrition—of hunger. He didn't want to give her a feeding tube. Neither did I, versed as I was in the letter and spirit of her living will and her medical directives. But I never asked her about it. I simply went every day, and tried to spoon-feed her cottage cheese that dribbled from her mouth like sand. I even cooked for her—the spaghetti with butter and cheese that was the first food I ever loved, the pot roast that was the last food she ever called delicious. I was the family cook, which meant that I was driven to preserve my family by making them care about something they had to do: eat. But my mother didn't have to care anymore. She didn't even have to eat. The family cook, I tied her tenderly to the last, and she starved to death.

THE ONLY CHILI FOR ME

By TOM CHIARELLA

HERSHEY HOT LIKE THE CHILI I knew before I knew her. Not like the varieties that come out of Texas, not like the brutally hot recipe I learned when I worked in a Cajun place twenty-five years ago, or the chili I wolfed down after softball games when I was young in Rochester, New York. She uses a little cinnamon, for one thing. At first that combination of cinnamon and meat reminded me of food I'd known in other places—Turkey, Greece, Morocco—but it doesn't anymore. Now it reminds me only of her.

I'm certain some people would say she's doing it wrong. She favors an extremely lean ground beef, uses a lot of mild green peppers, and allows all that to simmer a fairly long time with a good bit of water. Hers may be a bit less of an occasion in that first bite—not as much salt, no exotic peppers, not even cayenne—but she makes it to comfort, not challenge. Every chili I ate before I met her was, at its root, a concoction, each of them deeply hopelessly red on the tongue. Hers is green, soft on the palate, somehow vegetal in the mouth, giving me the feeling that it grew somewhere nearby.

She makes the recipe her mother taught her, written in her mother's hand on the pages of a bound book that sits two shelves above our coffeepot. She's been around a kitchen long enough that she consults the book less often now. Never when making chili. But there are afternoons when she will hook its spine with her finger, pull it down, and look for something new, something she hasn't tried in forever. Bananas Foster. Crab Louis. Spoon bread. I'm not there when this happens. But I know there's a measure of devotion in it—to the past, to the cooking, to me.

She always serves her chili with little bowls of chopped onions and cilantro, shredded cheese, salsa. I've learned to use less of that stuff since I've found it mashes down the taste of her chili. And I always want that taste, that thing I never knew until her.

EAT LIKE A MAN For more recipes, reviews, and knowledge, check out Eat Like a Man, Esquire's new food-and-drink blog at esquire.com/eat-like-a-man



4

LAMB RAGU
with PISTACHIOS AND MINT

EMMA REARST

SORELLA, NEW YORK CITY

WHEN IT COMES TO feeding men—or anyone who knows how to eat—you have to respect the meat-and-potatoes appetite, even when the meal isn't exactly meat. Or potatoes. I put this sauce together out of things I had on hand, part luck, part learning. It's a traditional Bolognese sauce right up to the moment you drop in the orange. Juice alone wouldn't have enough citrus power to cut through the richness of the lamb—it's the essential oils from the rind that create a sweet undercurrent in the sauce. When you have a sauce this rich and complex, you want a flat noodle that provides some surface cling. A round noodle won't grip the sauce, and the best part of the meal will slip away.

SAUCE

½ lb pancetta, diced small
1 yellow onion, diced small
2 carrots, peeled and diced small
2 stalks celery, diced small
2 cloves garlic, minced
2 lbs ground lamb
9 oz tomato paste
1 cup dry white wine
1 cup whole milk
3 tbsp fennel seed
2 tbsp ground cardamom
1 orange, quartered
coarse salt
1 cup roughly chopped mint leaves
1½ cups roughly chopped unsalted pistachios (about 3 cups in shell)
2 tbsp unsalted butter

PASTA

2 lbs thin hand-cut fresh pasta, like tagliarini or tagliatelle

BLACK-PEPPER RICOTTA

1½ cups ricotta mixed with 1 tbsp ground black pepper

In a large pot over moderate heat, render pancetta slightly with a drizzle of extra-virgin olive oil. (Do not brown.) When pancetta is translucent, about 8 minutes, add onion, carrots, celery, and garlic. Lower heat and sweat until vegetables are translucent and soft, about 12 minutes. (Do not brown.)

Add lamb and cook, working it with a wooden spoon so all the meat touches the cooking surface, until it loses its pink color, about 12 minutes.

Add tomato paste and cook, stirring frequently, until it turns rust colored, 3 to 5 minutes. Add up to ½ cup water and stir to loosen tomato paste so it doesn't burn.

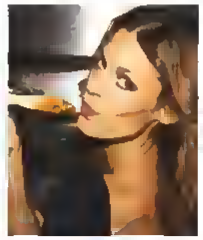
Add wine and simmer 2 minutes, stirring and scraping the pot with the wooden spoon to loosen any browned bits of meat. Add milk, fennel seed, cardamom, orange, and 1 tbsp salt. Stir to combine.

Cover and barely simmer over extremely low heat until flavors are well blended, about 1½ hours. (Use the lowest possible heat source to avoid scorching and stir frequently to avoid sticking.) Skim off fat and discard; remove orange, and season with salt to taste.

Stir in mint and pistachios and add ¼ cup to 1 cup water to thin ragu slightly. Cook pasta according to package directions, but when noodles are about 1 minute from being finished (still a little sticky to the touch), transfer pasta to sauce to finish cooking. Add butter and reduce until sauce clings to pasta. Use tongs to toss noodles in sauce until coated. Salt to taste.

Transfer to serving bowls and top with dollops of black pepper ricotta.

Serves 6 as a first course



ONE MORE MEAL

By LISA TADDEO

I WOULDN'T KNOW how to greet you—like, what the hell would I do? I would have been drinking red wine. That's what you drink when you're cooking for a man—the Amarone I've been waiting to open, maybe. When men save bottles for some magic event that never happens, and one afternoon they die and the wine is as unused as their wife's best plates, it breaks my heart. But this night would be the epitome of the reason you save a wine.

I would definitely have steamers going, like the ones that arrived in the net at the Clam Broth House in Hoboken that great day you showed me how to unsheathe the tail. There'd be beer in the belly of the pot, the inside like every dark salty ocean you ever showed me, back when I didn't know there would be a time I'd be nervous to see my father.

You've been gone seven years. My hair is darker and this apartment has a cool kitchen. I still have your bottle of Rémy Martin in the leaning bar that you didn't build.

When your friends came over that time and I wanted to impress them, I was going through recipes for squab in fennel oil and spotted skate and God I would have wrapped prawns in gold leaf if you would have let me, but you said chopped egg salad. And I wanted to die. Chopped egg salad, like we were at a deli. But you yelled and I relented. I boiled ten eggs and chopped them like I hated them, and I added mayonnaise and horseradish sauce and they ate the whole goddamn vat and loved it.

But tonight it's my kitchen. Hanger steak in a cast-iron pan with sea salt and olive oil and spikes of deep-forest thyme. Potatoes, small red and blue ones like the Fourth of July. The steak crackles in the oil in the pan. Three or four glasses of red wine and I realize you've never even seen me drunk, but I can't do this any other way. I have no idea what you'll look like and I'm scared of the sound of your voice and I'm scared the way I'm always both scared and happy when I dream of you.

I carry the steak off the heat and now the kitchen smells like cabins and coming home. I found a net for the steamers and a heavy porcelain cup for the broth and a butter warmer for the butter, and it's all more professional than you'd appreciate, if you were here. But you can't come, I know. Cooking for you, even though you're not here to eat it, makes you earthly. I sit down at eight even though growing up, you and Mom had us sit down to eat at five or six, and she'd be drying her everyday dishes just as the movie families were mixing cocktails. And back then I begrudged those families the royalty of their murky martinis. But now I miss five and six. I use her best plates atop which the steamers yawn and the steak rests like a slow heart, but I slip your Amarone back into the leaning bar unopened, because when you save a bottle for the perfect night, that night doesn't always come.

ACE HOTEL - ANGRY BIRDS

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF NOW

THE PEOPLE, PLACES, AND IDEAS THAT MATTER RIGHT NOW



[1]


[2]


[3]

A

ACE HOTEL The growing chain of unabashedly happening affordably aspirational hotels with outposts in New York City, Palm Springs, Portland, Oregon [1], and, its original location, Seattle. Comfortable rooms, colorful people-watching, attractive employees, lowish prices, and in New York, a tasty restaurant in April Bloomfield's gastropub, the Breslin.

AIRCELL The company behind Gogo, the most widely used in-flight broadband Internet service in the United States. Or whom you have to thank the next time you stream Hulu at 30,000 feet.

ALLRED, GLORIA The tightly drawn face [2] of tabloid litigation today. If there is a supposedly wronged woman in the news (Debrahlee Lorenzana of the I'm too-hot-to-work-for-Citibank scandal, the Tiger Woods trifecta of Rachel Uchitel, Joslyn James, and his allegedly wronged kindergarten teacher), this attorney and attack dog will most likely be at her side, crowding her out of the shot.

ANGER The latest in a recent string of sentiments to define the collective American experience. To recap: Fear (September 2001–October 2008), Hope (November 2008–February 2009), Fear (March 2009–July 2009) and Anger (August 2009–).

ANGLE, SHARRON The woman from Nevada who believes in a) dismantling the U.S. Departments of Education and Energy, b) privatizing Social Security, c) the right of citizens to pursue "Second Amendment remedies" if they're unhappy with Congress, d) the notion that victims of rape should try turning "a lemon situation into lemonade", and e) her ability to be a better U.S. senator than Harry Reid. She is the Tea Party incarnate—intellectually messy, intensely passionate, and quite possibly ascendant.

ANGRY BIRDS The most addictive and well-executed iPhone game in the history of the world, in which users sling the eponymous birds [3] into the homes of menacing pigs. It's for the iPhone what BrickBreaker was for the BlackBerry: a game for people who don't think they're the type to play games.

ASTERITY The defining characteristic of governmental fiscal policies in the Western hemisphere. See: Great Britain, Spain, Portugal, France, and, ohyeah, Greece. On deck: the United States, with states and cities slashing budgets and deficit hawks in Congress derailing federal spending programs at every turn. And it's just getting started.

B

BESPOKE BICYCLES The subject of a recent exhibit at New York's Museum of Arts and Design that celebrated the growing momentum behind bespoke bicycle makers such as Mike Flanigan [4], Jeff Jones, and Dario Pegoretti. Built to spec and sometimes involving multiyear waiting lists, their fine-boned bicycles are artisanal triumphs and faddish modes of transport. (We like them anyway.)


[4]

BIG BANG THEORY, THE One of the highest-rated scripted series on TV right now that nobody you know watches. It stars, among others, the delightful Kaley Cuoco.

BOSONS The subatomic particles whose erratic behavior, scientists recently theorized, may help explain the imbalance between matter and antimatter in the universe. Or, put more simply, the keys to understanding why any of us, or any of this, is here.

BOARDWALK EMPIRE The HBO drama set in Atlantic City during the bloody and breathless early days of Prohibition. Martin Scorsese directs the pilot (premiering September 19), Steve Buscemi stars, and the world expects a masterpiece. See page 58.

BOOTS The increasingly luxurious recreational footwear of choice for men with style, epitomized by military-inspired designs by the likes of Burberry [5] and hiking boots from pretty much everyone. Part of the overall and ongoing *Field & Stream*-ification of fashion.

BOOT TUCK, THE The tendency among certain men to tuck their pants into their boots [6], as seen in countless fall/winter fashion runway presentations. Fraught with peril unless perfectly executed (i.e., not too purposeful looking or precisely done) and worn with the utmost confidence.


[7]

BRADFORD, SAM [7] The top NFL draft pick of 2010 (and Heisman Trophy winner from two years prior) and the latest contender to become the next Great American Quarterback.

BRISKET The traditional form of cooked meat [8] enjoying some renewed relevance and respect in the culinary world. See page 148.

BULLOCK, SANDRA The woman who, for most of the past decade, had been something of a pleasant curiosity for most men. But then a few things happened this year, some good and some bad, and today her face a little softer, her smile a little wider, and her body at 46 longer and leaner, she is at long last a Woman We Love.

BURNOUT WATCH The guessing game, centered in Washington, D.C., concerning imminent departures from the Obama White House. Leading the talk: Rahm Emanuel, David Axelrod, and deputy chief of staff Jim Messina.

BUSINESS, THE The British slang term for "a great situation" or "something cool." Set to enter American vernacular with Mark Ronson's latest venture, the Business INTL. See page 162.

C

CALIFORNIA [9] The most troubled state in the Union and the site of the best political theater in America, featuring heavyweight title matches for governor (Meg Whitman versus Jerry Brown) and senator (Barbara Boxer versus Carly Fiorina). There will be blood.

CRU, STEVEN [10] The nuclear-power advocate and Nobel-prize winning point man for America's post-BP-fiasco energy policy. He is also the secretary of energy.

D

DECKER, BROOKLYN [11] The all-American girl of 2010.

DETROIT The new frontier of the global automotive industry, with the once-great, then-gloomy giants GM and Ford no longer scared of their shadows. Muscle horsepower, and sex are back (see the unbelievable 5.0-liter motor of

ANGRY BIRDS - DETROIT


[5]


[6]


[8]


[9]


[10]


[11]

THE HALL OF PEOPETUAL NOW ➡ ALEC BALDWIN • ALEC BALDWIN'S HAIR • APPLE (THE COMPANY) • APPLE (THE PIE) • BACON • THE CLINTONS • THE CLOUD • THE COURIER FONT • DOUGHNUTS • FILTHY JOKES • GETTING SOMETHING FOR FREE ➡

WE REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT YOU ARE NO LONGER NOW ➡ AMERICAN APPAREL • BANKSY • BOAT SHOES • BROS • CHATROULETTE • CONNECTING ON FACEBOOK • CUPCAKES • ED HARDY • THE E*TRADE BABIES • EXPOSED-FILAMENT LIGHTBULBS • "GLEE" ➡

PORTRAITS: KEN PERKINS. BOOT TUCK: CHRIS PHILPOT



[13]



[14]

68
Er
167.26

[15]



[16]



[17]



[18]



[12]

the 2011 Mustang [12], the shockingly fast V-8 engine in Cadillac's CTS-V coupe, the born-again swagger of the Camaro) while mpg is up

DORFF, STEPHEN The washed-up actor positioned for "Oh, yeah, him" comeback kudos for his lead role in Sofia Coppola's fourth feature film, *Somewhere*. Previous recipients of said kudos include Mickey Rourke and John Travolta

DRAKE The biracial Jewish-Canadian former child actor who has become hip-hop's most ubiquitous performer. He raps about swagger, sings about loss, and caused a riot in New York City this summer after a free concert was canceled at the last minute. (A small riot, but still.)

DUDAMEL, GUSTAVO The manic music director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the only person who really matters in classical music today. (Yes, classical music, but still.)

DUFFLE COAT The style of hooded coat famous for its toggle closures and a staple this fall among brands you like to wear (especially Gucci) [13].

E

EARLE, JUSTIN TOWNES The latter-day troubadour [14] with a new record, *Harlem River Blues*, out this month. Also an unlikely source of style inspiration for men in need of it; if you're not listening to him or checking out what he's wearing, you should be.

ERGIUM [15] The essential "rare earth element" that keeps many of our most essential gadgets running. If the 20th century was the era of steel, we live in the era of rare earths.

EVENT, THE The most ambitious new television show of the fall season. See page 58.

F

FAVRE, BRETT The only man capable of enduring 20 years of NFL pounding. An iron man for our times.

FRANZEN, JONATHAN The voice-y author of four very contemporary novels—seems like it'd be more, doesn't it?—including his latest, *Freedom*, which many people will soon claim to have read. See page 66.

G

GANT The sleepy American sportswear brand that, between its relaunch of the sportier Gant Rugger and its widely anticipated new collaboration with designer Michael Bastian (see page 92), is slowly waking up.

GINGRICH, NEWT The once and future intellectual leader of the Republican party. See page 106.

GRAY, SPALDING The wise and witty subject of *And Everything Is Going Fine*, Steven Soderbergh's upcoming 89-minute condensation of more than 90 hours of the late monologuist's musings. The man just knows.

H

HALEY, NIKKI The first high-profile female politician in recent memory with a sex scandal of her very own. Also the future governor of South Carolina.

HATWAAD, YONY The face [16] of corporate malfeasance in America today.

HERITAGE The buzzword in men's style this fall, with most every brand exploring its archives and trumpeting craftsmanship and authenticity in its collection. See page 89.

HIP-HOP: 1991 TO 1996 The era of music currently and inexplicably popular on playlists of trendy, young-skewing restaurants around the country. Prominent among the voices are Comptons Most Wanted, Mic Geronimo, and Smif-N-Wessun. No rapping along. Just nod your head.

"HOBBIES" The trend among upwardly mobile professionals who claim to do things with their hands in their free time. "Hobbies" include woodworking, butchering, and building model ships [17].

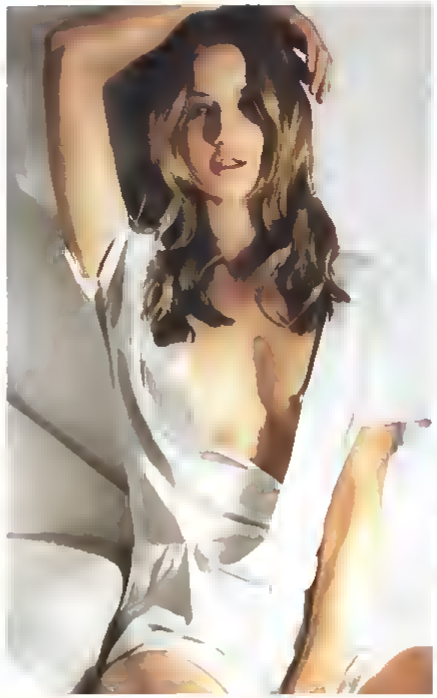
HOCKEY PLAYERS The kind of guys that Carrie Underwood [18], Hilary Duff, Jessica Stam, and Hilary Rhoda are currently attracted to, and the focus of a troubling question: *Hockey players?*

HTML5 The most promising alternative to Adobe Flash as a means of delivering online video and interactivity to Internet users. Also a major source of contention between Apple and its competitors and a key issue in the battle for supremacy in the digital marketplace.

HUNTINGTON-WHITELEY, ADSIE The Victoria's Secret Angel [18] poised to take over for Megan Fox in the next *Transformers* movie. Just as sexy, much less dirty, and best enjoyed now, prior to Michael Bay–ification.



[20]



[19]

I

IPAD The revolutionary—that's right, revolutionary—tablet computer [20] on which you will soon be able to read a special edition of Esquire.

J

J.CREW The onetime Lands' End competitor has ascended to new heights under CEO Mickey Drexler and head men's designer Frank Muytjens. Nobody balances mass appeal, on-trend credibility, and creative collaboration (see page 94) quite so deftly, and its fall collection distills the season's rugged, textured sensibility just about perfectly.

JAMES, LEBRON [21] The gutless superstar who quit in the playoffs against Boston and then hedged his bets by teaming up with Wade and Bosh. The former poster boy for the NBA is now the league's A-Rod: a supremely talented player who everyone outside of one city hopes will fail.

JOHNSON, JAMEY The musician whose new two-disc album, *The Guitar Song* [22], will firmly establish him as the last legitimate country outlaw in the United States.

K

KINECT The new full-body scanner system for the Xbox 360 that employs a camera and gesture-recognition software to let video-game players use their whole bodies to control their in-game avatars. At the top of every game-obsessed kid's wish list.

L

LEE, SANDRA [23] The lazy-cooking queen, megabrand in the making, and future First Lady of New York State.

LOCATION The driving force behind mobile-communication and social-networking innovation. Foursquare, Four-Where, Gowalla, Loopt Mix, Google Latitude, and Twitter Places all offer location-based services, as does Avoidr, which allows Foursquare users to select the "friends" they want to avoid.

"THE LONG ROAD" The chosen rhetorical flourish [24] of President Barack Obama to describe anything that takes a long time.



[21]



[22]



[23]

"If we wanted to break the back of our recession and get our economy moving again, then the steps we took were absolutely necessary. And while we still have a long road ahead of us..."
—May 2010

"These are important steps on the long road to overcoming a problem that didn't happen overnight and will not be solved overnight."
—June 2009

"The long road to peace requires Palestinian partners committed to making the journey."
—June 2008

[24]

GRILLING • HATING ON THE YANKEES • JAY-Z • MAGAZINE TREND STORIES • THE MISSIONARY POSITION • GLENN BECK • GOING GREEN • "JERSEY SHORE" • JUDD APATOW, AUTEUR • LADY GAGA • MARK SANCHEZ

MUTTS • NEW BALANCE • NOSTALGIA • PIXAR • PLAID SHIRTS • PORK (THE MEAT) • PORK (THE VERB) • MEGAN FOX • MICHAEL CERA • MICHAEL POLLAN • NETFLIX • PALIN FEVER • PODCASTS • QUARTER-LIFE CRISES

PORTRAITS: KEN PERKINS; SHIP IN BOTTLE: CHRIS PHILPOT



[25]



[26]



[27]



[28]



[29]



[30]



[31]

LOW INTEREST RATES The frequent topic of conversation among the upwardly mobile regarding the prospective sale or purchase of a new home

M

MURPHY, RYAN The director of *Eat Pray Love*, the man behind *Glee* and the driving force behind sky-high iTunes sales of cheesy back-catalog songs. A master of emotional kitsch.

MUSIC VIDEO The resurgent art form that has risen from the ashes of MTV and VH1 as a viral marketing tool for savvy entertainers. See M.I.A.'s "Born Free" [25], Lady Gaga's "Telephone" [26], and LCD Soundsystem's "Drunk Girls." [27]

N

NAME-BRAND MILLS The obsession among aspirational shoppers for information regarding the mills that manufacture the materials that make up their clothes. It's also the means by which young brands appropriate the credibility of older brands and add value to their products.

NATIONAL ENQUIRER The enterprising, shameless, ruthlessly effective muckraker at the center of depravity today.

NUBBY The nontechnical term often used to describe some of the more prevalent fabrics [28] in the fall collections. See page 176.

O

OBAMA, BARACK The forty-fourth president of the United States and a frequent subject of news stories.

P

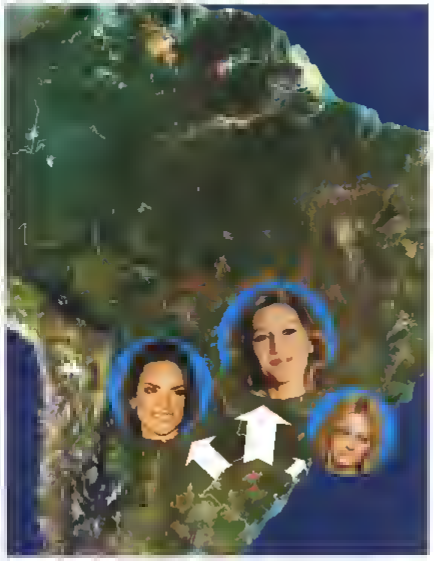
PELICANS The source of the most indelible and disturbing images [29] to come out of the disaster in the Gulf of Mexico.

PERRY, KATY The pop singer whose second album, *Teenage Dream*, contains mediocre songs (particularly the lead single, "California Gurls") that implant themselves, *Alien*-like, in the collective consciousness.

POLAROID EFFECT, THE The rough 'n' scratchy photo aesthetic that attracts people to Hipstamatic (the iPhone photo app that captures images with retro borders and effects) and the Impossible Project (the company that is manufacturing Polaroid instant film now that the original manufacturer [30] has stopped producing it). In a world of touched-up, too-polished digital perfection, we find comfort in its quaint shittiness.

Q

QRANK The quick-hit, wildly addictive current-affairs trivia game that lets you compete against your friends all day, every day. No better excuse to stay informed.



[32]

R

"RAND PAUL" [31] The words spoken by Democratic candidates across the country as they attempt to raise money this fall.

RIO GRANDE DO SUL The Brazilian state [32] that has given the world Alessandra Ambrosio, Gisele Bundchen, and Caroline Trentini. Today it is one of the top destinations for model agents (or anyone, really) in search of spectacular beauty.

ROBOTS The mechanical agents that most recently rose to prominence by performing deep-sea well maintenance and repair during the Gulf of Mexico oil spill. Still, after all this time, fascinating and kind of frightening.

RUBICON The new and vaguely nonsensical dramatic series on AMC that hopes to capture the *24* audience with a conspiracy-based, action-packed narrative.

S

SALMON The variety of fish [33] at the center of a national debate concerning genetically engineered food. Also the intended target of fishermen currently hoping to catch a few of them before they head upstream to spawn.

SESSIONS, PETE The head of the National Republican Congressional Committee [34] and the man charged with plotting the GOP's battle to take back the House.

SILLY BANDZ The subject of breathless media reports about a fad sweeping the nation. Also a source of skepticism among men who don't ever recall seeing one.

SPITZER, ELIOT The cohost of a new political show on CNN and a case study in career resuscitation. Also the former governor of New York.

T

3-D The once-exciting technology [35] that has begun its (re)descent into schlock with the new movies *Step Up 3D* and *Piranha 3D*. That didn't last long, did it?

TILLMAN, PAT The late football star, Army Ranger, and subject of the tragic and essential new documentary *The Tillman Story*.

TLC The unofficial basic-cable network of "real America." See *American Chopper* [36], *I Didn't Know I Was Pregnant* [37], *Kate Plus Eight* [38], and, this fall, *Sarah Palin's Alaska*. Like Bravo, only working-class and slightly less gay.

U

UNDERLINING The best way to emphasize a word (a distinction formerly belonging to italicization).

UNTAGGING The increasingly common process by which one removes one's name from pictures on social-networking sites. Also a symptom of a widespread case of oversharer's remorse.

V

VIRAL CAMPAIGN ROS The best exposure that a broke political campaign can buy. See Dale Peterson, a lowly candidate for Alabama agriculture commissioner, whose outrageous campaign video, once posted on YouTube and picked up by national media, made him a celebrity. (He still lost the race.)

W

WAITING FOR "SUPERMAN" The new documentary from Davis (*An Inconvenient Truth*) Guggenheim that, with all the sanctimony of his previous film, professes to pinpoint the causes of the mess that is our public-education system, demonizes teachers and their unions, and stops short of offering any solution other than "hire better teachers." This "renegade" film, like his previous one, has the official endorsement of the establishment.

WALL STREET: MONEY NEVER SLEEPS A new movie by Oliver Stone starring Michael Douglas and Shia LaBeouf. Also the new style template [39] for ambitious young men everywhere.

WIKILEAKS The controversial Web site founded by former hacker Julian Assange that leaks confidential documents and illegally obtained video footage to a global audience. The Internet in all its democratic, and terrifying, glory.

Z

ZOMBIES The flesh-eating focus [40] of the industry's search for the "new vampires." See AMC's new series *The Walking Dead*, Pro Zombie Soccer on iPhone, and the upcoming film adaptation of *Pride and Prejudice and Zombies*, starring Natalie Portman.



[40]

ZUCKERBERG, MARK The Muppet [41] behind Facebook, the bogeyman of the new privacy wars, and the central character in David Fincher's *The Social Network*.



[33]



[34]



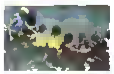
[35]



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[37]



[38]



[39]



[41]

THE BUSINESS, MAN

FOR AN EASY TRANSITION FROM WORK TO WHENEVER THE NIGHT TAKES YOU, YOU CAN'T DO MUCH BETTER THAN THE DARK, CLASSICALLY TAILORED SUITS THAT DOMINATE THIS SEASON'S COLLECTIONS. MUSIC PRODUCER AND PERFORMER MARK RONSON MEETS UP WITH A FEW FRIENDS FROM HIS LATEST VENTURE, *MARK RONSON AND THE BUSINESS INTL*, AND SHOWS HOW TO WEAR THEM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MAX VADUKUL



Cotton velvet coat ($1,625) one-button three-piece wool suit ($2,795) and cotton shirt ($325) by Dolce & Gabbana; silk tie ($195) by Louis Vuitton; leather and suede shoes ($1,350) by John Lobb.

Homer Steinweiss and Thomas Brenneck of the Dap-Kings, along with Amanda Warner (aka MNDR), Theo Hilton, and Victor Axelrad. For more on each of them, Ronson's new album, go to

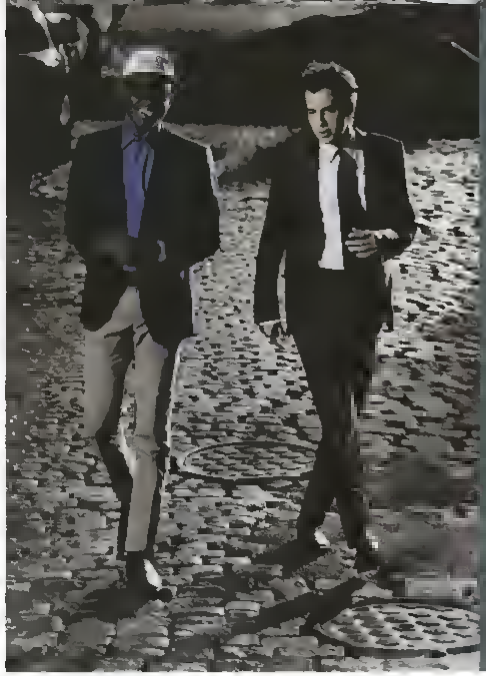




Ronson with Agyness Warner, aka MNDR. Two-button velvet suit ($1,300) by Burberry; cotton shirt ($595) by Versace; silk tie ($175) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label; silk pocket square ($110) by Tom Ford; leather monk strap shoes ($620) by Church's. On MNDR: Dress by Nicole Miller; shoes by Vince Camuto.

← Cashmere coat ($4,995) and cotton shirt ($375) by Ralph Lauren Black Label; double-breasted wool suit ($4,695) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label; silk tie ($220) by Tom Ford





ON STYLE AND A SIDE GIG:

"WHEN I DESIGNED A SNEAKER WITH GUCCI, I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT DESIGNING SNEAKERS. BUT I FIGURED IF I APPLIED THE SAME ATTENTION TO DETAIL I DO WHEN MIKING A DRUM I HAVE [illegible] I'M NOT OBSESSIVE FOR THE S[illegible] F B[illegible]G OBSESSIVE, BUT OBSESSIVE BECAUSE THAT'S HOW [illegible]





ON WHY HE LIKES TO DRESS UP:

"IF I WAS FAB FROM THE STROKES AND COULD LOOK COOL EVERY TIME I PUT ON A REO COCA-COLA TEE AND A DENIM JACKET, I'D PROBABLY DO THAT. BUT I NEED A LITTLE EXTRA LEG UP."



← Ronson with keyboardist Victor Axelrod (center) and with Homer Steinweiss (left) and Thomas Brenneck (right) of the Dap-Kings. From far left: Two-button wool blazer with velvet collar ($835) and wool trousers ($400) by PS Paul Smith; cotton shirt ($425) by Louis Vuitton; silk tie ($160) by Etro; leather monk-strap shoes ($795) by Bally. // Two-button wool suit ($1,305) by Dries Van Noten; cotton shirt ($375) by Etro; leather monk-strap shoes ($675) by Sergio Rossi. // Three-button cotton-and-linen jacket ($1,590) by Gucci; cotton shirt ($295) by Ralph Lauren Black Label; cotton-corduroy trousers ($430) by Etro; silk pocket square ($140) by Louis Vuitton. // Cashmere coat ($2,895) by Louis Vuitton; cotton shirt ($375) by Giorgio Armani; leather shoes ($165) by Johnston & Murphy



Giorgio Armani leather shoes ($1,500) by Berluti

STORE INFORMATION SEE PAGE 188. PRODUCED BY ART DEPARTMENT. HAIR BY ARWIN. GROOMING L'ARDOFF.

M

Mark Ronson's name, particularly in the United States, is in its character-actor phase: immediately familiar, but damned if you know exactly what he does. "To most people outside Europe or New York, I'm either a DJ, the guy that produced Amy Winehouse, or the brother of the girl that dated Lindsay Lohan," says Ronson. "And it doesn't really bug me." Maybe it should. In addition to Winehouse, he produced Lily Allen and Adele before virtually anyone else saw their potential. As a performer, his cameo-laden 2007 album, *Version*, sold almost a million copies in the UK. Ten years ago he was a New York DJ for hire. Now, at thirty-five, he has three Grammys on the mantel and calls Jay-Z a friend.

The release this month of his latest album, *Record Collection*, might wipe out any remaining anonymity. It could end up being the defining pop album of 2010. It's buoyant, giddy even, merging hip-hop beats and Brit-pop melodies. "Four or five people improvising spontaneously in a room together is gonna have some of that energy," says Ronson, who recorded with a rotating cast of sidemen (including previous collaborators like New York–based funk band the Dap-Kings and newcomers like singers Amanda Warner—aka MNDR—and Theophilus London, all of whom stopped by our shoot) that he's officially dubbed the Business INTL. "I can't help the giddiness."



One-button wool flannel suit ($2,350) by Yves Saint Laurent; cotton shirt ($425) by Louis Vuitton; cashmere tie ($195) by Isaia

Ronson is a man without a country; London-born, New York–bred, he spent his early years shuttling across continents between divorced parents. In New York, he sang along with the other kids on the school bus to De La Soul and the Beastie Boys. In London, it was Blur and the Stone Roses. Appropriating references from both worlds became his signature. It's in the bass line of Winehouse's "Rehab" and all over *Record Collection*—there are also walk-ons from both Ghostface Killah and Boy George—and it's in the way he dresses. With bespoke suits and bold patterns that match his music, he's consistently named one of the most stylish men in British music. "Dylan in the mid-sixties. Bowie. Alain Delon in *Le Samouraï*. John Taylor in 1981. That's the stuff I always loved," Ronson says. "The thing about influences is that hopefully you can integrate them into your own new thing where the individual influences are almost unrecognizable. That's also how I make music."

With this new record, Ronson is suggesting that his style, despite all its influences, is on the verge of becoming singular. He's crafted a music nerd's manifesto, sure, but it's something we can all dance to, and maybe even remember him by. —ANDY LANGER

THE SECRETS OF A DAMN GOOD SUIT

*ACCORDING TO ITS CREATORS, **DOMENICO DOLCE AND STEFANO GABBANA**, WHO'VE BEEN DRESSING MEN IN TOP-NOTCH TAILORING FOR TWO DECADES. HERE THE DESIGN DUO TAKE A BREAK FROM CELEBRATING THEIR TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY IN MEN'S WEAR TO HELP US PINPOINT WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD LOOK FOR IN A FALL SUIT.*

THE FUNDAMENTALS

"The message we want to convey," says Gabbana, "is universal. To make men feel comfortable, and we do that with the cut of a suit, our attention to detail, and the choice of fabrics. Those are the ingredients that make [illegible]." Or,

— CLOTH
[illegible] and winter, [illegible] nt cloth [illegible] hearty and [illegible] like a [illegible] It's a [illegible] says [illegible] contrast [illegible] in our [illegible] it [illegible] ver- [illegible] the [illegible] im- [illegible] for a [illegible] shade [illegible]

— THE SHOULDERS
Avoid anything re [illegible] bling padding [illegible] d Insist on a [illegible] l shoulder that [illegible] down gradual [illegible] off rath [illegible] n hides your [illegible] l body shape

▪ THE LAPEL
[illegible] have options, but [illegible] suit that won't go [illegible] style, go with a [illegible] k lapel. "The peak lapel is a big part of Dolce & Gabbana [illegible], and it relates to [illegible] ssic tailoring," explains Gabbana. It also [illegible] acids definition to [illegible] r torso and some [illegible] to your step.

▪ THE SILHOUETTE
[illegible] the jacket tight but not too tight. [illegible] describes the ideal fit as one that's "very close to the body so that you can feel the fabric."

One-button wool suit ($2,320) by Dolce & Gabbana.



One button wool-and-cotton suit ($1,995) by Dolce & Gabbana

THE DETAILS YOD SEE

▪ THE EDGES
Hand stitched edges with the very slight ruffle they create in the cloth (see the flap pocket on this jacket) are a sign of a superl or make of suit.

▪ THE BUTTONHOLES
Even if functioning buttonholes—like the hand-sewn ones here—are not the most useful detail, it's reassuring when talking about serious tailoring, to know that they are there.

AND THE DETAILS YOD DDN'T

▪ THE INTERIDR
The hidden details you'll find on the inside of a jacket are sometimes the most reliable indicators of quality—the idea being that if a tailor skimps on the small stuff he probably doesn't do too good a job with the big stuff either. For Dolce that means focusing on all the things a traditional tailor would focus on—"sartorial features like elegant linings, the piping inside a jacket, and the internal pockets edged with fabric."

▪ THE CANVAS
Otherwise known as the layer of cloth between the jacket's exterior cloth and its lining, and when a tailor takes the time to sew it into place. It helps the jacket maintain its natural shape over time. To determine whether your jacket has been canvased (or whether it's been finished using an alternative method, fusing in which a synthetic interlining is heated by a machine until it adheres to the exterior fabric), pinch an inch of the jacket's fabric between the bottom two buttonholes. If you feel only two layers, it's been fused. If you feel three layers, it's been canvased. Or you could just ask.

IT WORKS FOR THEM

A recent history of the Dolce & Gabbana man



Butler, G



Brolin, J



Tatum, C



Moyle, S



Hartnett, J

DOLCE & GABBANA AT 20

THE FIRST SHOW

Esquire's fashion director on Dolce & Gabbana's men's-wear debut

Twenty years ago, well before I shuffled into Via Santa Cecilia 7 with the rest of the men's fashion editors and buyers, Dolce & Gabbana's first men's-wear collection was already creating serious industry buzz. For four years the duo's high-fashion take on women's wear—a bit "fur coat and no knickers," as one journalist described it approvingly at the time—had been rocking and charming Milan. We wondered how their brash exuberance and Sicilian aesthetic might translate into men's wear, and when the lights dimmed for the show, we were not disappointed. Tailoring at that time was dominated by the big shoulders of the power suit, so what struck home were the dropped shoulders and the oversized workman's clothing: big A-line double-face coats layered on top of droopy, poor-man's cardigans layered on top of drainpipe moleskin pants. Looking at video from the show now (which you can see on esquire.com/DG20), I'm amazed at how many outfits I clearly remember. Part market-square peacock and part romanticized workingman, it was all about the layering. I went straight home to England and attempted to replicate the layered look on an assistant's budget—to somewhat laughable effect. The rest, for them and the rest of us, is history. —NICK SULLIVAN



FOR STORE INFORMATION SEE PAGE 188



→ Double-breasted cashmere tweed jacket ($2,984) by Phineas Cole; wool-and-angora shawl-collar sweater ($245) by Polo Ralph Lauren; cotton jeans ($198) by John Varvatos USA; suede boots ($940) by Brunello Cucinelli.

THE BIG CLOTHS

EVERYTHING* YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THE TWEEDS, CORDUROYS, VELVETS, AND FLANNELS YOU'LL BE SEEING (AND FEELING) IN STORES ALL SEASON LONG

PHOTOGRAPH BY TAGHI NADERZAD

*NOT REALLY. JUST IMPORTANT STUFF.



TWEED [Textured, Rugged, Tweedy]

Tweed, in Scottish Gaelic, was called *an clo mòr,* or "the big cloth," and it's not one pattern but a weave of wool that can assume the form of many patterns. Tweed was one of the earliest forms of camouflage, with the varying colors in any given weave allowing Scottish hunters to blend in with the surrounding landscape. Today it's more likely used to help a man stand out.



1 You'll find all kinds of two- and three-piece tweed suits in stores this fall, but **for maximum versatility, you'll want to invest in an all-purpose sport coat.** The herringbone coat opposite, with its distinctive pattern, is among the most popular options, as are the glen plaid, broken-check and district-check patterns seen in the versions at left. The scale and color of the checks is up to you. Just **remember that the busier the pattern, the less versatile the jacket.** *Wool tweed jackets, from left: by Phineas Cole ($1,484); by Polo Ralph Lauren ($1,395); by Tommy Hilfiger ($375).*

2 Because tweeds are composed of varying shades of yarn woven closely together, the cloth has a striking sense of depth. **With blazers, that means you can coordinate one of the minor colors in your tweed with the color of your pants.** Fortune favors the bold. *Cotton khaki trousers, from top: by Dockers ($52); by Save Khaki ($100); by L.L. Bean Signature ($59); by Dockers ($52); by Lincs DC & Co ($75).*

3 Tweed is an inherently outdoorsy kind of cloth, and **you want shoes that reflect a little of that outdoorsy spirit.** The round-toe suede boots opposite work, as do these brogue boots. The ancestral home of brogues is the kind of swampy marsh where a guy could get a clear shot at some unfortunate pheasant, and today they look equally at home pounding city pavement. *Leather boots ($365) by Grenson.*

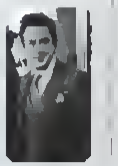
A CENTURY OF TWEED


1905
Einstein, A


1934
Gable, C


1971
Eastwood, C


1972
Allen, W


2009
Downey Jr., R

THE STANDARD BEARER
HARRIS TWEED

Whereas tweeds were once scratchy enough to take your skin off, modern versions are now soft and even more luxurious. But for the most authentic variety you'll want Harris Tweed, the trademarked wool hand-carded, hand-spun, and hand-woven by individual crofters on Scotland's Outer Hebrides. It's a little rough to the touch but it's surprisingly waterproof and incredibly durable, and when you spot the Orb logo that has identified every piece of Harris Tweed for a hundred years, you'll know you've got the good stuff.



CORDUROY [*Durable, Versatile, Possibly Noisy*]



Corduroy's vertical ribs are called wales, from the Anglo-Saxon *walu*, meaning "to mark with stripes," and their thickness can determine how you wear the cloth. Sixteen ribs to an inch is known as pinwale, and it's great for suits; eight ribs to an inch is a wide wale and is good for casual trousers. Above that and things get seriously chunky. Also of note: The more wales to an inch, the louder the characteristic *thwummp* noise they make when rubbing together.

THE CORDUROY HALL OF FAME



Kotter, M. | Braddock, B. | Kid, T. | Andersen, W. | Mr. T, B.

THERE'S A REASON MANY CORDUROY BLAZERS HAVE ELBOW PATCHES. CORDUROY LOOKS BETTER THE OLDER IT GETS BUT SHEDS ITS PILE. WHEN THE ELBOWS THIN OUT BUT THE REST OF THE BLAZER STILL LOOKS LIKE A MILLION BUCKS, A SIMPLE SUEDE OR LEATHER PATCH HELPS EXTEND THE BLAZER'S LIFE INDEFINITELY.

THE INSTRUCTIONS



1. **Rules of thumb:** The thicker the wales, the more casual the corduroy. The thicker the wale, the richer the color tends to be. **Finally, the thicker the man, the thinner he should make his wales.** Big guys need not the added volume of wider wales while skinny men just might appreciate that extra bit of heft. *Cotton-corduroy trousers, from top, by Façonnable ($145); by Etro ($430); by Michael Bastian ($455); by Save Khaki ($100), by Joseph Abboud ($98).*

2. **Corduroy trousers or blazers look best with shirts or sweaters** (like this classic Shetland sweater or the Fair Isle knit opposite) that can answer all that textured heft with some weight of their own. *Shetland wool sweater ($69) by L. L. Bean Signature.*

3. **Corduroy is versatile**—it says as much in big letters at the top of this page—and because you can dress it up and down as needed, you should pair it with some equally versatile brown wing tips. Their neutral color will complement pretty much any color corduroy (save black), and you can wear 'em anywhere. *Leather wing tips ($875) by Brunello Cucinelli.*



→ *One-button wool jacket ($2,280) by Ermenegildo Zegna; Venetia cashmere sweater ($1,265) by Brunello Cucinelli; cotton-corduroy trousers ($220) by Diesel; cashmere scarf ($375) by Ermenegildo Zegna; steel Chrono-Matic 49 watch ($6,320) by Breitling.*



One-button velvet blazer ($150) by Perry Ellis; cashmere turtleneck ($325) by Burberry; cotton jeans ($790) by Tom Ford; silk pocket square ($35) by Ikoni; rose-gold Grande Reverso 976 watch ($12,200) by Jaeger-LeCoultre.



VELVET · [Plush, Shiny, Deep]

Velvet (from the Latin *villus*, meaning "shaggy hair") has been around in some form or another since the Middle Ages, and like the silk originally used to weave it, it's always been associated with luxury. Good velvet should have a soft finish, a high shine, and a deep pile, the better to distinguish it from knockoff materials like velour and velveteen.

THE (VELVET) RULES

NO TOUCHING SOMEONE ELSE'S VELVET.*

NOT EVEN IF THEY ASK YOU TO. ESPECIALLY IF THEY ASK YOU TO. ■ SHOULD HOWEVER A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WISH TO PET YOUR VELVET, BY ALL MEANS. ■ NO WEARING VELVET BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 6:00 A.M. AND 6:00 P.M. ■ IN DESCENDING ORDER OF VERSATILITY: **BLACK, MIDNIGHT BLUE, EMERALD GREEN, CHOCOLATE BROWN, VIOLET, RUBY RED.**



THE INSTRUCTIONS

1 **Velvet is for special occasions**—parties. New Year's Eve, New Year's Eve parties—and it allows you to experiment with bolder patterned shirts than you'd normally wear. *Cotton shirt ($350) by Etro.*

2 **...But that is not an excuse to board the train to Liberaceville.** You'll want to keep the whole look grounded with dark, simple pants. A good pair of inky blue or even dark gray jeans will keep you tethered to reality. *Cotton jeans: from top, by Façonnable ($175) by Evisu ($288); by Lincs DC & Co. ($65).*

3 Wearing plain ol' lace-ups with a velvet blazer is a little like washing down a big blowout meal with tap water: fine but boring. Instead **opt for shoes with more personality,** e.g., a well-shined monk strap loafer with buckles. *Leather monk strap shoes ($795) by Bally.*

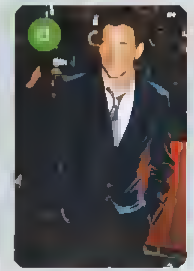




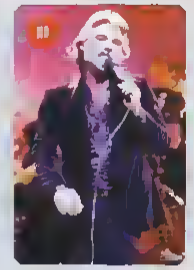
THE TELLING DETAIL

An overcoat is an overcoat, unless it has a black velvet collar. In which case it's a chesterfield. The velvet adds flair to an otherwise straightforward coat, but the detail has more somber origins. Tradition holds that French noblemen adopted the velvet collar to express solidarity with their beheaded cousins during the Reign of Terror, which in turn reputedly inspired the Earl of Chesterfield, a Regency dandy who later popularized the look in England. *Cashmere-and-wool chesterfield coat ($3,000) by Salvatore Ferragamo.*

A FEW WORDS OF CAUTION



Owen C.



Rogers K.

DON'T ATTEMPT TO MATCH YOUR STAND-ALONE VELVET BLAZER WITH PANTS OF A SIMILAR SHADE. IN FACT, IT'S BETTER TO PAIR IT WITH DARK PANTS THAT HELP BRING OUT THE BLAZER'S RICH COLOR AND PLUSH TEXTURE. SEE THE GUYS ABOVE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINA

*It creates static electricity. Plus, it's weird.

FLANNEL

[Fuzzy, Warm, Professional]



Flannel is old stuff—the name derives from the Middle English *flaunnel*—and it's traditionally made using an ancient process in which simple woven worsted wool is repeatedly dragged through piping-hot water and across log rollers until the surface takes on a polished and felted appearance. You'd be hard-pressed to find a warmer cloth for the season

THE STANDARD BEARER
FOX FLANNEL

Just as Harris Tweed carries the banner for tweed purists, Fox Brothers lays claim to the one true legacy of flannel. The British company has been in the flannel business for 238 years and today high rollers from Henry Poole and Hackett to Hermès and Ralph Lauren use the company's soft textured flannel. Always be sure to ask for it by name.



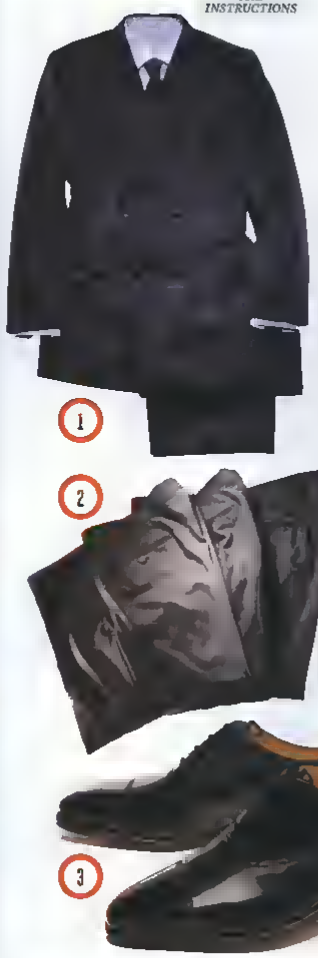
> *"I'M JUST A MAN IN A GRAY FLANNEL SUIT. I MUST KEEP MY SUIT NEATLY PRESSED. LIKE ANYONE ELSE, FOR I AM A VERY RESPECTABLE YOUNG MAN"*
>
> —Sloan Wilson,
> *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*

THE MAN OF DISTINCTION



1965
Sean Connery in *Thunderball*

THE INSTRUCTIONS



1 **Today's flannel is lighter and thinner than previous generations, and you can wear it a lot of different ways,** including in double-breasted suits like this one. You can opt for solid colors or you can choose a diffused chalk stripe like the detailed shot above; the vertical lines are woven into the flannel with the soft, dusty look of tailor's chalk. *Double-breasted wool flannel suit ($1,950) by Ascot Chang; cotton shirt ($245) by Ermenegildo Zegna; silk tie ($135) by Ralph Lauren Black Label.*

2 **Gray flannel pants are a skeleton key to the fall wardrobe,** and the lighter the shade of gray, the more versatile they are. Lighter grays can easily make the transition from work to weekends while darker shades are pretty serious business indeed. *Wool flannel trousers from left, by Ascot Chang ($670); by Joseph Abboud ($175); by Saks Fifth Avenue Men's Collection ($298).*

3 **Keep the shoes simple.** You could get away with wing tips or even sneakers on the weekend, but for the ultimate finishing touch, opt for a pair of polished black oxfords. *Leather shoes ($1,290) by John Lobb.*

Two-button wool flannel suit ($895) by Z Zegna; cotton shirt ($550) by Tom Ford; silk knit tie ($120) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label; leather monk-strap shoes ($1,750) by Santoni; white-gold Calatrava watch ($34,600) by Patek Philippe.

FOR STORE INFORMATION SEE PAGE 188. SET DESIGN BY NOEMI DONAZZI FOR MAREK & ASSOCIATES. GROOMING BY ASSUNETA CLONESSY FOR SUSAN PRICE, INC.

Newt Gingrich

[*continued from page 112*] in management theory and military history, he loved graphs and charts and maxims like LISTEN, LEARN, HELP, LEAD.

After the election of 1992, he recruited twelve disciples and named them the Conservative Opportunity Society. Then he took control of a much larger group called GOPAC and turned it into a giant recruitment and training operation, sending out a stream of audiotapes and videotapes to promote his slogans and strategies. He began comparing himself to Churchill, FDR, and Benjamin Franklin.

He became a master of wedge issues, calling Democrats unpatriotic, accusing them of sympathizing with communists, even blaming them for Woody Allen's affair with Soon-Yi and Susan Smith's murder of her children in South Carolina. To badger the moderates in his own party, he called Bob Dole the "tax collector for the welfare state" and threatened House Minority Leader Bob Michel of Illinois with extinction.

But it was the nakedness of his attack on Speaker Jim Wright of Texas that shocked traditionalists of both parties. Working the press relentlessly all over the country, Gingrich began calling Wright the "least-ethical Speaker of the twentieth century" and leaking vague but ominous charges. Was he involved in the teenage-page scandal? Did he scam a pension out of the Air Force Reserve? Did he lobby a foreign president on behalf of a Texas oil family? Eventually a few stories got printed and Gingrich passed them out, sparking more stories. A couple of senior Republicans looked into his evidence and told him he didn't have anything; others looked a second time and told him the same. But Gingrich would not relent.

One charge finally stuck—that Wright failed to report income from a vanity book he sold in bulk to supporters, earning about $60,000. The charge seems especially brazen given Gingrich's own adventures in creative financing: A few years before he had taken $13,000 from a group of wealthy friends to write a novel, he took $105,000 to promote another book, and would later use at least $1 million of GOPAC's money to underwrite a satellite-TV college class that fed the staff that produced his books and strategy memos. But it was enough to humiliate and destroy Wright.

"He was just full of hate and venom," says Beryl Anthony Jr., a Democratic congressman in those years. "He was driven mainly by trying to tear down the leadership and gain political power." "I've known Newt now for thirty years almost," says former congressman Mickey Edwards. "But I wouldn't be able to describe what his real principles are. I never felt that he had any sort of a real compass about what he believed except for the pursuit of power."

From that pursuit he would not be deterred. And so by the morning in the fall of 1994 that he gathered three hundred Republican candidates on the Capitol steps to announce his ingenious Contract with America, his transformation from fool to conqueror was complete. Newt Gingrich's ridiculous prophesies that he would change the world had come to pass.

At this point, the sun is getting low in the sky. Marianne is sitting at an outdoor table at an Irish pub eating Chinese chicken salad, laughing and talking with the easy flow of the South. She veers from one subject to another, drawing lessons and breaking off into stories that break off into other stories. She's so spontaneous and good-natured, it's hard to picture her in Washington—and no surprise that when she decamped to Georgia in the late eighties, she spent her time finishing her college degree and doing makeovers and selling beauty supplies. It gives her an unusual perspective on the seductions of power.

"Newt always wanted to be somebody," she says. "That was his vulnerability, do you understand? Being treated important. Which means he was gonna associate with people who would stroke him, and were important themselves. And in that vulnerability, once you go down that path and it goes unchecked, you add to it. Like, 'Oh, I'm drinking, who cares?' Then you start being a little whore, 'cause that comes with drinking. That's what corruption is—when you're too exhausted, you're gonna go with your weakness. So when we see corruption, we shouldn't say, 'They're all corrupt.' Rather, we should say, 'At what point did you decide that? And why? Why were you vulnerable?'"

For a man operating at his level, Gingrich was keenly vulnerable. His welcome as Speaker was a furious controversy over yet another book deal, this time a $4.5 million advance from Rupert Murdoch he had been offered before he was even sworn in. Though Gingrich had made history and achieved extraordinary power, he still felt like an outsider, and the hatred touched something primal inside him. "All he wanted was to be accepted into the country club,' Marianne says. "And he arrives at the country club and he's just not welcome. 'Yeah, but I belong here,' he said. 'I earned my way to this. *I earned it.*'"

Next came the government shutdown of late 1995, which so alarmed the country that the poll numbers for Republicans went into a steep overnight decline. "Newt's shocked, doesn't know what to do," Marianne says. "He's like, 'Whoa, wait, wait! This isn't just my fault? We need to work this out!'"

Behind the scenes, Gingrich began pushing the social conservatives and hard-liners to compromise, even abandoning his own cherished school-prayer amendment and enraging antiabortion activists by telling them to back off. But he would make the same mistake over and over again—no matter how hard he tried to be the cool, analytical leader, no matter how harsh his assaults on others, Gingrich couldn't help taking the retaliation personally. "You know what he hated most?" Marianne says. "When they talked about him being fat. That weight thing was personal."

His bitterness only deepened when the House Ethics Committee started investigating GOPAC's donations to his college class and caught him trying to hide his tracks by raising money through a charity for inner-city kids called the Abraham Lincoln Opportunity Foundation. Another charity of his called Earning by Learning actually spent half its money supporting a former Gingrich staffer who was writing his biography. Gingrich even gave out the 800 number for videotapes on the House floor. The Ethics Committee found him guilty of laundering donations through charities, submitting "inaccurate, incomplete, and unreliable" testimony, and making "an effort to have the material appear to be nonpartisan on its face, yet serve as a partisan, political message for the purpose of building the Republican party." Seven years after he had destroyed Jim Wright for a lesser offense, the committee punished Gingrich with the highest fine ever imposed on a Speaker of the House, $300,000.

He had no way to pay it. "We didn't have anything," Marianne says. "Just a house that was fully mortgaged." Down in Georgia, the press piled up outside their door.

The irony was downright painful. At the same time he was facing that huge fine with no way to pay it, not so long after fate snatched $4.5 million out of his grasp, Gingrich's success at raising money turned his party around. In the year after he became Speaker, the GOP raised $60 million, twice as much as the Democrats. Other conservative leaders saw what he was doing and started their own PACs. He had the golden touch, but he couldn't touch the gold.

That left just one way to pay the fine—he had to write another book. So the staff set aside blocks of time and he began sitting alone for hours, typing with one finger and piling up the pages. The book taking shape amounted to a dramatic apology.

When his inner circle saw what he was writing, they were shocked. "He beat the crap out of himself," Marianne says. "I mean, it was weird. It was the most self-blaming—we were all just like, 'Newt, what are you doing?'"

They all gathered at a long table in Gingrich's office and took out their red pens cutting one page after another. Newt's mea culpa would remain unpublished, a secret.

After that, Gingrich started to deteriorate. There were times, Marianne says, when he wasn't functioning. He started yelling at people, which he'd never done before, and he'd get weirdly "overfocused" on getting things done—manic, as if he was running out of time. He took to taking meetings while eating, slurping his food, as if he wasn't aware or didn't care how strange it looked. The staff responded with gallows humor. "He's a sociopath, but he's our sociopath."

One day during the summer of '97, senior members of the Republican leadership tried to stage an intervention on the Speaker's balcony. Newt was late arriving, and his leadership met first with Marianne, pleading their case, asking that she help them reason with her husband. His temper was by then volcanic. Would she stay for the meeting? And then they opened the door and Gingrich was standing there. They told him a softer version of what they'd told her—that the dysfunction was causing a dangerous level of anger in the Congress and the country. The members actually left in a more cheerful mood—Gingrich was always good at letting people think he agreed with them, Marianne says. But from then on his behavior only got more erratic.

But that was also the period of his greatest political achievement. After getting rolled by Clinton on the government shutdown, Gingrich was convinced that Republican fortunes were dependent on his ability to at last deal with the White House. He worked hard to persuade reluctant hard-liners and eventually hammered out a compromise in exchange for tax cuts—for example, he gave Clinton $24 billion to pay for health care to uninsured children. And the budget was balanced, driving the economic boom of the next three years.

These days, Gingrich takes all the credit. Liberals prefer to focus on the effect of Clinton's 1993 budget. Others point to booming revenue from a growing economy. But the truth is, it never would have happened without Gingrich. His relentless pressure forced Democrats to make painful cuts.

But it wouldn't have happened without Clinton, either, who had done things that had been thought impossible for a Democratic president. That's why Newt's next move was the secret negotiations to put Social Security and Medicare on the path to long-term sustainability. For years, the two parties had refused to agree on the necessary taxes and cuts, but Gingrich and Clinton hashed out a rough draft in a few intense weeks.

Gingrich remembers their peculiar bond to this day. "Clinton and I used to talk like it was a graduate-school session," he says. "We both like books, we both like ideas, we both like exploring language and exploring concepts and trying to find solutions."

But then in 1998, Monica Lewinsky exploded and war broke out between the parties. Of all the ironies in Gingrich's paradoxical career, this was certainly the most bitter—at the very moment when he tried to rise above the ugly partisanship he had done so much to foster, it dragged him back down.

In all his years of partisan warfare, Gingrich's talent had been in never overplaying his hand. But now his party was doing just that in spectacular fashion. Tom DeLay took charge of the impeachment, as the rest of the Republican leadership was concerned that Gingrich was "too close" to Clinton and too vulnerable to the girlfriend charge himself. And suddenly, even though Clinton was the one being impeached, it was the Republicans who were in danger of losing Congress.

One night, Marianne says, Bill Clinton called from the White House. She answered the phone and the president asked if he could please speak to her husband. Could the Speaker come over immediately? After he hung up, Newt summoned his driver and went in the back door to the Oval Office. During that meeting, he would tell her later, Clinton laid it out for him. "You're a lot like me," he told him.

Whatever else happened at that meeting, Newt Gingrich was muzzled in the critical run-up to the '98 midterms. Three weeks before the election, Gingrich got a visit from Kenneth Duberstein, a senior Republican who had served as chief of staff to Ronald Reagan. "He says 'What's going on? We're gonna lose seats if something doesn't change.'" Marianne jumped in, too. "I asked Newt, 'What are you doing? Why aren't we out there blasting them?'"

This was his true turning point, she believes. As his personal failures and his political contradictions closed in on him, he began to entertain fears about his fundamental decency. "I used to tell him I don't care if you lose Congress as long as you're standing for what you believe in and what we've worked for—as long as you don't sell out," she says. "But he wanted the life he wanted. You can call it opulent. You can call it self-indulgent. You can call it anything you want to. But that's not me."

Marianne remembers watching the election results with Gingrich in their war room down in Georgia, the dismal feeling as one Republican after another went down. The Republicans held on to the House majority, but not by much.

The next morning, Appropriations Committee chairman Bob Livingston of Louisiana threatened to run against Gingrich if he didn't resign as Speaker. His unpopularity was dragging the party down. He faxed a list of demands to their house in Georgia, Marianne remembers, insisting that Newt cede him complete power over the appropriations process.

The next day Gingrich called Marianne in to his office and told her he had come to a decision. He was going to step down as Speaker. And resign from Congress, too, though he had just won another term. Later that week, on a conference call with a few party confidants, Gingrich said, "I'm willing to lead but I'm not willing to preside over people who are cannibals. Frankly, Marianne and I could use a break." His political career was over.

In the history books Gingrich loves, exile is a defining moment when a leader's true strength of character is revealed. But his own behavior just became more erratic in the months after his fall. Some days he was full of bravado, conspiring with Duberstein and Marianne on a five-year plan to restore his reputation and rebuild his power base so he could run for president someday. He even turned down an American Express commercial that would have paid $500,000, Marianne says, because acting in a commercial didn't have sufficient gravitas for a man of his once and future stature. And he got some good news from the IRS, which said his college course didn't violate the tax laws after all.

But other days Gingrich was bleak and hopeless. He was like a "dead weight" at times like that, Marianne says. You just couldn't get him to move. The contrast reminded her of his mother and her manic depression, and she told him he needed help.

But Marianne was having problems of her own. After going to the doctor for a mysterious tingling in her hand, she was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis.

Early in May she went out to Ohio for her mother's birthday. A day and a half went by and Newt didn't return her calls, which was strange. They always talked every day, often ten times a day, so she was frantic by the time he called to say he needed to talk to her.

"About what?"

He wanted to talk in person, he said.

"I said, 'No, we need to talk now.'"

He went quiet.

"There's somebody else, isn't there?"

She kind of guessed it, of course. Women usually do. But did she know the woman was in her apartment, eating off her plates, sleeping in her bed?

She called a minister they both trusted. He came over to the house the next day and worked with them the whole weekend, but Gingrich just kept saying she was a Jaguar and all he wanted was a Chevrolet. "'I can't handle a Jaguar right now.' He said that many times. 'All I want is a Chevrolet.'"

He asked her to just tolerate the affair, an offer she refused.

He'd just returned from Erie, Pennsylvania, where he'd given a speech full of high sentiments about compassion and family values.

The next night, they sat talking out on their back patio in Georgia. She said, "How do you give that speech and do what you're doing?"

"It doesn't matter what I do," he answered. "People need to hear what I have to say. There's no one else who can say what I can say. It doesn't matter what I live."

When they got to court, Gingrich refused to cooperate with basic discovery. Marianne and her lawyer knew from a *Washington Post* gossip column that Gingrich had bought Bisek a $450 bottle of wine, for example, but he refused to provide receipts or answer any other questions about their relationship.

Then Gingrich made a baffling move. Because Bisek had refused to be deposed by Marianne's attorney, Newt had his own attorney depose her, after which the attorney held a press conference and announced that she had confessed to a six-year affair with Gingrich. He had also told the press that he and Marianne had an understanding.

"Right," Marianne says now.

That was not true?

"Of course not. It's silly."

During that period, people would come up to Marianne and tell her to settle, that she was hurting the cause.

Ten years later, Gingrich has built an empire of wealth and influence by turning the fundraising scandals of his past inside out. His American Solutions for Winning the Future is a political-advocacy group similar to

Newt Gingrich

GOPAC or the PACs that support regular candidates like Sarah Palin or Mitt Romney, but with a twist: Regular PACs can't take corporate money or personal donations larger than $5,000. Instead, American Solutions is a "527" group, which can accept unlimited contributions as long as it doesn't promote the interests of a specific candidate. So Gingrich takes hundreds of thousands of dollars from coal and oil companies and spends it to fight energy regulations and promote conservative leaders at critical moments—as the arch-conservative Townhall.com observed, the "Drill Here, Drill Now, Pay Less" campaign he launched in the spring of 2005 was "likely the source of John McCain's miraculous rebound in the polls."

And American Solutions is not just another advocacy group. Its reach is enormous. The $17 million it raised in the first five months of 2010 is more than double the money raised by the second-biggest 527 group, the Service Employees International Union—one of America's largest unions. That makes American Solutions the biggest political-advocacy group in America today, with an expansive issues agenda that just happens to advance the political fortunes of Newt Gingrich.

Then there's the Center for Health Transformation, another group Gingrich runs. On its Web site it describes its work in Georgia as a model for all its efforts and says the "cornerstone" of its work is a group called Bridges to Excellence. But CHT "had zero role in creating Bridges to Excellence," says François de Brantes, the group's CEO. CHT helped with organization for one year and hasn't been associated with them since 2008. The CHT Web site also singles out the "Healthy Georgia Diabetes and Obesity Project" as its major diabetes effort, but that was news to the American Diabetes Association. "We were not able to find any information about this," says the ADA's communications director, Colleen Fogarty. "The person that was in contact with them is no longer here." It turns out that the CHT is a for-profit outfit that charges big health insurers like Blue Cross and Blue Shield up to $200,000 a year for access to the mind of Newt Gingrich.

But it is not a registered lobby. Neither is American Solutions. So if Gingrich talks to a politician about energy policy while energy legislation is pending, he's just an intellectual exploring ideas. And he can go on TV and/or write articles without declaring his financial interest in pending legislation. One of Gingrich's former advisors told *The Washington Post* that he's "making more money than he ever thought possible, and doesn't have to tell everybody where it's coming from."

Gingrich also is a central figure in Citizens United, the fourth-largest political advocacy organization in America, the group that tested the limits of corporate power in politics by taking *Hillary: The Movie* to the Supreme Court. Was it legal for a corporation to pay to show the movie—a shameless piece of campaign propaganda masquerading as a documentary—just before an election? As it happens, Gingrich has released five of his movies through Citizens United. Most are faux documentaries just like *Hillary: The Movie*. The great conservative scholar James Q. Wilson captured their spirit perfectly with comments that were included in the Congressional Ethics Committee special counsel's report about Gingrich's history course:

"It is bland, vague, hortatory, and lacking in substance. Philosophically, it is a mishmash of undefined terms. Scientifically it is filled with questionable or unsupported generalizations. I could go on, but I dare not for fear I have misunderstood what this enterprise is all about. If this is not to be a course but instead a sermon, then you should get a preacher to comment on it."

Throughout, Gingrich's modus operandi has been startlingly similar to the way he shifted money from GOPAC to the charities that were secretly supporting his college course. And here's a mystery: According to Bruce Nash of Nash Information Services, a company that tracks movie sales, these films—some directed by a man best known for a TV show called *Bikes from Hell*—are spectacular failures. "The most popular appears to be *Ronald Reagan: Rendezvous with Destiny*, which is most likely selling a couple thousand copies a year through major retailers. *Rediscovering God in America* sells perhaps two thousand units."

But the lavish productions do afford Gingrich and his wife luxurious world travel. At the premiere of the latest, *Nine Days that Changed the World*, a film about how Pope John Paul II toppled communism, the producer joked from the podium about Gingrich's champagne tastes. "We didn't travel steerage, that's for sure." Most of all, the religious emphasis of his documentaries underscores his recent conversion to Catholicism, and perhaps helps to dim the memory of his ugly divorces.

When asked about his conversion, Marianne laughs.

Why is that funny?

"It has no meaning."

It has no meaning?

"It's hysterical. I got a notice that they wanted to nullify my marriage. They're making jokes about it on local radio. The minute he got married, divorced, married, divorced—what does the Catholic Church say about this?"

She's not angry at all. She just thinks it's the only path Gingrich could take after his idealism ched, threatening the self he had invented out of the biographies of great men. "When you try and change your history too much," she says, "you lose touch with who you really are. You lose your way."

In New Orleans, Gingrich strides onto the stage at the Southern Republican Leadership Conference to the tune of "Eye of the Tiger." Thousands of activists in a party looking for deliverance rise to their feet.

Gingrich stands there grinning, soaking up the applause.

When he begins, his voice is strong and confident. "When you speak from the heart, you don't need a teleprompter," he says, launching into his slashing and scholarly indictment of the Obama secular socialist machine that wants to take away their rights. And once again, when a man from the audience says we should just end the goddamn income tax already, Gingrich walks him back. "We've got to pay for national security." He even defends spreading the wealth. "None of the Founding Fathers would have said that George Washington, owning Mount Vernon as the largest landowner, should pay the same tax as somebody who was a cobbler."

At a moment of doctrinal crisis in the Republican party, Newt Gingrich is the only major figure in his party who is both insurgent and gray eminence. That is why twelve years after his career ended—twelve years after any other man in his position would have disappeared from view—he is ascendant.

"Will he run?" Marianne asks. "Possibly. Because he doesn't connect things like normal people. There's a vacancy—kind of scary, isn't it?"

One thing is certain—Newt Gingrich loves the question. "That's up to God and the American people," he tells you, in the serene tone of a man who already knows what God thinks. ■

Eleven Lives

[*continued from page* 137] possibility of criminal charges being filed in connection with what happened on the rig, and Kaluza pleaded the Fifth during the Coast Guard investigation while Harrell's testimony was at variance with the sworn testimony of several survivors. But what is the crime, exactly, and who or what is it against? Is it against the men? Are they innocent victims of something like negligent homicide? Or is it against something larger—the ocean, creation, God—in which case the men's role is far more complicated? The stories that each family tells about each man are stories of innocence, even blamelessness. But the story about the Deepwater Horizon is not about innocence or anything even close. It is about culpability. It is about everyone's role as an accomplice, from Robert Kaluza to Tony Hayward to the soccer mom filling up the SUV—to us. Why should the eleven men who died so close to the tragedy be the only ones spared?

"The way I look at it," Tracy Kleppinger says, "the only reason that 115 men got off that rig alive is because Karl and everybody else on that rig floor were doing their jobs. They died doing their jobs. They died fighting that well. They were the first to fight that well. The way I look at them—the only way I can look at them—is as American heroes."

But of course, if they died doing their jobs, they died drilling and completing the well, not fighting it. Does that make them any less heroic? Any less sympathetic? Any less tragic? It does not. It makes them men who died because they were willing to do dirty work—our dirty work. It makes them men who need to be forgiven as well as mourned. And it makes them the only men involved in this whole gruesome tale who deserve not just our anger, not just our judgment, but our apologies.

Sheila goes to the door of the white house in the green fields and walks outside. Don is still not home. She walks to the field across the street, a sea of corn seven feet tall. It moves in the hot breeze like water, and she touches it. "Did Don like his job?" she asks. "I don't know. Does anyone like that job? I don't think I'd like that job."

She gets in the car and drives to the Dixie Dandy. Don would have walked. The Dixie Dandy is a grocery store combined with a gas station and a barbecue shack. It is the last big business in Newellton, and Don went there—wound up there—every day. Sheila drives, and when she gets there she meets one of Don's brothers. He looks just like him: trim and contained, one of the remaining Clarks of Newellton. He explains that the Dixie Dandy is the last skin on Newellton's bones, the last thing that permits Newellton to call itself a town. "When it goes, it's all gone," he says, and when Sheila backs out of the parking lot, he calls to her: "Don't forget us."

"I wonder if Alonzo is home," Sheila says once she's back on the road. "I think I'll go see Alonzo." Alonzo is Alonzo Petty. He and his brother were the first Newellton men to work on the rigs and gave Don his application. He was on the Deepwater Horizon when Don died. After Don's memorial service in the gymnasium of Newellton's elementary school—the bodiless service of a cremated man—he came over to talk to Sheila, but he couldn't get the words out. He wanted to tell Sheila what happened, and Sheila wanted to know, because no one had told her. Transocean has never told any of the families what happened to their men. And BP has never contacted them to offer explanation or sympathy or apology. Sheila was desperate to know. But when Alonzo opened his mouth, no words came out.

Alonzo is home when Sheila gets there. He should be out on the rig, but his rig was the Deepwater Horizon. He went to Korea to see it being built. Now he is rigless, and he is mowing his lawn on a riding mower. He is wearing faded red Halliburton coveralls, the name NICK stitched on the breast, and a black skullcap. He is a wiry man with hollows in his face and a jet-black goatee. He gets off the mower and takes a seat against the garage, bringing his knees up and shooing his grandkids inside. "How you been doing, Sheila?" he asks.

She sits across from him, hunched over, hands folded between her knees, fingertips pointed to the ground. She is very quiet, and he looks at her now, slowly, his body untangling itself in his seat. "I hate it to death what happened to Don," he finally says. "I still hate it, because it could have been avoided. It was a bad hole. But it wasn't the worst hole. Anybody who says it was the worst hole just ain't been working offshore long enough. And it was finished. We were displacing it. Ain't no big deal, what we were doing. We displace holes in hurricanes. We had procedures for displacing holes. But they changed the procedures. They cut corners. Ain't no mystery what happened. They put everything on the cement job, and it was a bad cement job. They started getting mud back out of the hole. That ain't supposed to happen. You ain't supposed to get nothing back. They should have shut down that hole then." He's looking at her now, with a transfixed and transfixing glare. "The first thing I asked the fellas when we got to the lifeboat was 'Where Don at? Where Don at?' I *knew* Don. I talked to Don *every night* out there. Nothing going to bring him back, Sheila. But you need to know it didn't have to happen. Now you got to look out for Number One. You know what I'm saying? You got to make them remember your name. You got to make them remember Don's name. You know what I'm saying, Sheila?"

"I know what you're saying," Sheila says quietly. "But why didn't you tell me this before?"

His face changes, as if he's been slapped. But he holds her eye. "Because after what happened out there," he says, "I couldn't even look at you."

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Eleven Lives

The ocean is always there. They can smell it. During the day, it's blue. It's green depending on its mood, and it shimmers with wonders: pods of dolphins and whales. Flashing schools of barracuda. Flying fish. Pelicans. At night, it's different: It's black, and its annihilating prospect merges with a sky robbed of stars by the rig's frantic light. The men don't look at the ocean at night, because there's nothing to see.

Still, even if they're working at the heart of the rig—the complex of workstations and machines surrounding and servicing the drill—they can't get away from it. At the bottom of the complex is the moon pool, and the moon pool is the ocean, the hole through which the drill leaves the rig. Up one floor is the floor containing the pump room and the pit room, where the drilling mud is pumped in and out of the well. Up another floor is the shaker shack, where the circulating mud is shaken through filters, and the mud but where it's analyzed. At the top is the drill floor, where the driller and the two assistant drillers control the drill from the drill shack. The drill floor is cramped, loud, and bright, and it's where the drilling team works.

The drilling team that's working the night of April 20 is on the last shift of its hitch. Each man working is hours away from getting on a helicopter and getting off the rig. But they've been too busy to think about it. Though the well has been sealed by Halliburton with a cement plug, it's been returning mud all shift, and the mud's been gassy and impure. They're not wearing the usual Transocean coveralls but rather white ones meant to be worn around the mud. Here is where they all are:

At around 8:30, Karl Kleppinger is in the shaker shack. It's been a tough day but there's no sense of emergency, because when a floor hand comes to see Karl, he finds Big Poppa about to nod off. He nudges him alert. That's the last time the floor hand remembers seeing him. It's also the last time he remembers seeing Gordon Jones and Blair Manuel in the mud hut. Gordon Jones does not have to be there for another three hours, but he relieves another mud engineer who looks tired. Get some sleep, he says.

Adam Weise and Shane Roshto are standing at a workbench in the pump room, trying to fix a valve. They're giving each other shit, as always. At around 8:45, though, Adam calls two floor hands into the pump room and asks them to clean two pollution pans that have filled up with sludge. This is the second time during the shift the pollution pans have required cleaning. This has never happened before. It's never even happened once. "This is weird," Adam says. "I wonder what's going on."

Upstairs, on the drill floor, there are three men in the drill shack: Jason Anderson, Dewey Revette, and Stephen Curtis. Don Clark is the only one who isn't there. Though an assistant driller, he went out through the open door and is doing work out on the deck. The rest of them are doing what Dewey Revette said they'd do when he lost the argument at pre-tour. He'd said, "We'll work it out on the drill floor." That's what's happening now. The drill shack is about the size of a bedroom, with blackened windows and a mesh roof. Inside are screens and monitors and two big reclining chairs, each with a joystick. When Jason Anderson became a driller, he was so proud that the chairs were made by the company that makes the seats for Porsche. Now he's in one, in the fight of—and for—his life.

Do they know this? They know that there is a "situation". Stephen Curtis sends out a call for help from the drill shack. Jason Anderson is talking about shutting the well down. That it isn't shut down leads Jason's wife, Shelley, to believe he is not aware of the peril they're in. "I know Jason. If he knew that the situation was as serious as it was, he would have shut down the well. All he wanted to do—all any one of them wanted to do—was survive and come home to their families."

An hour after they started, the two floor hands, Dan Barron and Caleb Holloway, finish cleaning the pollution pans. They are standing on the drill floor, next to a door to the deck. They are used to "kicks," the little belches of the deep earth below the deep water. But what happens now is the earth's groaning vengeance: A methane bubble rises up through the well and when it produces when it hits looks for all the world like something from the movies: a gusher. It blows mud and seawater out of the hole, up through the derrick, and into the sky, whence it falls as black rain. Everybody on the rig floor is painted black. Everybody on the deck, too. Even people in the supply boats surrounding the rig are spattered in mud. There is an unimaginable moment of shock, panic, and crazed relief as something impossible happens on the Deepwater Horizon. Its lights burn even brighter. Its generators, force-fed methane, go crazy until the lights finally explode and go out. In that moment, Caleb Holloway says to Dan Barron: "I smell gas. Run." They go out through the door, and Don Clark is running in. Alonzo Petty says that he's heard that Don is responding to an urgent page from the drill floor; the floor hands figure he's just running instinctively toward the drill floor to help. He goes through the open door and is greeted, immediately, by the second blast, one that rips steel doors from their hinges and knocks the crane operator, Dale Burkeen, to his death. For a second, there is only the sound of gas in the darkness—the sound of a gas jet magnified to inhuman scale, the *aaaaaaah* amplified to a terrible roar—and for a second the ocean is restored to what it has always been, black and vast and as dismissive of human intrusion as it is of human hopes and human fears. Maybe even the stars come out.

Then, the fire. ■

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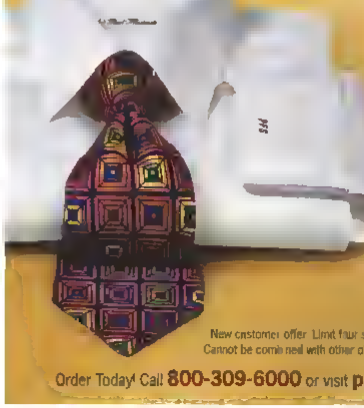
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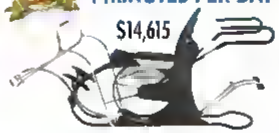
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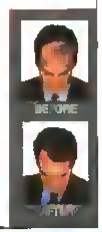


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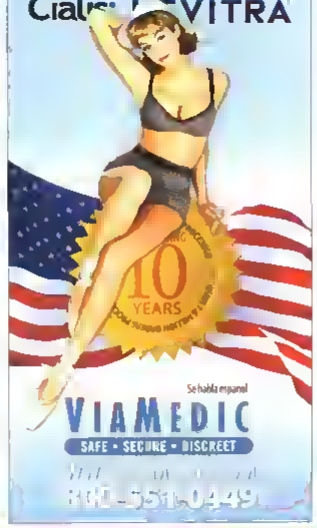
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